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OUT-OF-THE-WAYS IN HIGH SAVOY.



ais vous êtes drôle !"

The wife of the keeper of the dirty little inn at Bioge was a stalwart specimen of the Savoyard peasant woman, quite overtopping our young professor, who was essaying to know in advance what we should have to pay for a lunch for four of us. The professor is a member of the Alpine Club, and the Alpine Club men have learned by experience the propriety of knowing beforehand the charges of an inn-keeper. We had walked from Thonon on Lake Geneva since eleven o'clock,—it was now two,—and the journey between the picturesque cliffs, where breezes do not blow, had made us hungry, else we should never have invaded the uninviting tavern at Bioge with a request for dinner.

"What will you charge for a lunch for these two young ladies, this gentleman, and myself—four of us?" said the professor, walking boldly into the sanctum of pots and kettles, where stood the rugged woman with a copper ladle held like a club ready for use.

"But you are a queer one!" she cried derisively. "How can I tell how much you will eat?"

For a moment I feared that my companion would receive from the ladle a blow on the side of his head. He stood his ground manfully for a while against the giantess, but we were obliged at length to take our bread and eggs and goat's milk without knowing beforehand what they would cost. The milk was foaming fresh from the goat and innocent of all pharisaical straining, which in that place was better. When

we had exhausted our pitcher of it I asked the solemn landlord, whom the young folks had dubbed "The Sexton," if there was yet another goat; whereupon he smiled reluctantly and went for a second pitcherful fresh from its source. We ate and drank merrily, paid our three francs, wished the surly landlady a good morning, and started on up the eastern branch of the Dranse, through cliffs that were wild indeed and where there were no roads as yet for wheels. We were now off the lines of travel and fairly away from guidebooks.

We passed engineers and workmen building a road, and if the tourists do not learn to drive up this valley after the road is completed it will be only another illustration of the dullness of the traveling public. This first dash into the out-of-the-way mountains produced a great exhilaration; we strolled on through glens and gorges, stopping now and then to roll rocks into the stream, or resting by some brook that tumbled down towards us in pretty cascades, and we were inclined to call this Valley of Abondance the finest walk known. But the following days quite effaced this impression by giving us even nobler glens.

A heavy rain drove us into a sort of chalet, the human quarter of which was but one small room; the rest belonged to the "gentlemen that paid the rent," as we discovered by the sounds that reached us. A woman and a strange-looking little girl were eating bread in goat's milk upon our arrival, and space was made for us on two stools and a bench. The Savoyard is hospitable, will share his bench or his loaf with you, but he wastes no force in efforts at suavity. His speech is rude and brisk, he uses the French with some reluctance, and likes better to talk to one of his own kind in

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CHILLON FROM THE BALCONY WHERE THE AUTHOR WROTE THE ARTICLE.

the familiar patois of his mountains. The woman preferred to stand up that the strangers might sit, but she answered our questions with reserve. The child had the appearance of being not more than three or four years of age, but she was eleven—a stunted creature who was not able to talk until she was nine, and who was now learning her alphabet. When one reflects on the cretinism of the higher valleys, and sees the hard-toiling peasants whose minds are stunted domiciled under the same roof with their cattle, one cannot but think that there is a level above which man does not flourish. This child was exceptional, but such exceptions are often seen when one gets above the true man-level.

Contrasting strangely with the extreme bareness of everything else in the chalet was the high old clock in the corner—evidently no ordinary timepiece, for it had a dial in the pendulum for telling the day of the month, and was generally a most aristocratic and learned piece of furniture. Poor old clock, with its air of having graced some venerable mansion, by what rude fate did it get into a chalet, doomed forever to look down upon this pine table and

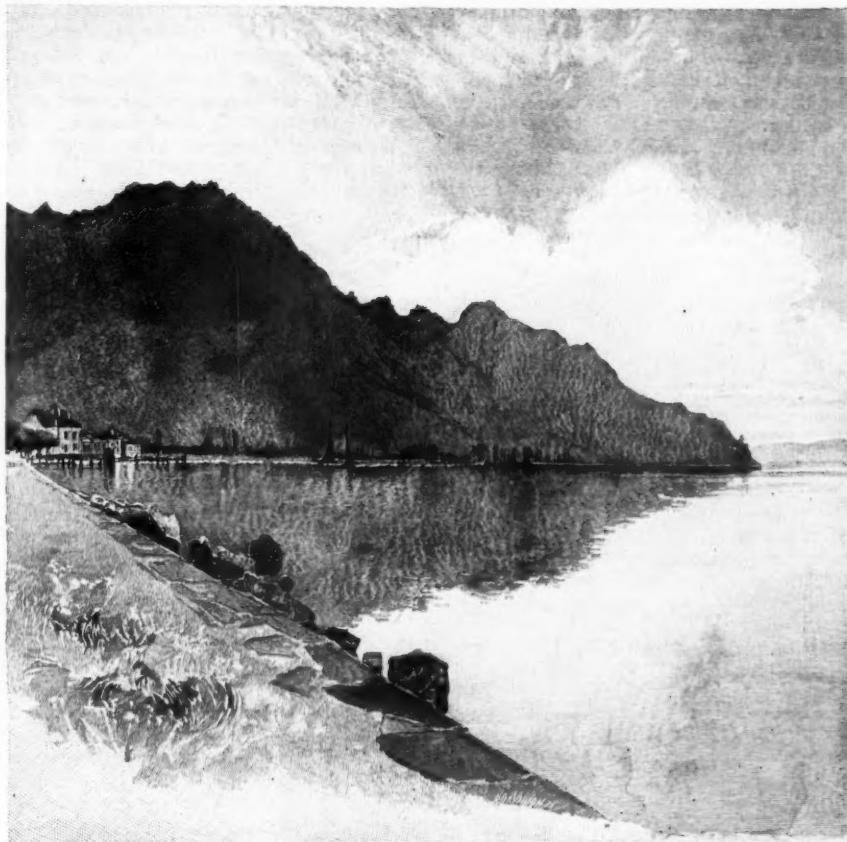
was nothing for it but to stop at the Sheep Hotel.

As the cows had by this time been sent up the mountains it was impossible to get any butter except *beurre fondu*—butter which has been melted to keep it for cooking, and which is quite unpalatable. At the Sheep Hotel one cow remained; and though we had no butter we had cow's milk at night, and by the help of a good appetite we ate our supper. As for sleeping, it was quite out of the question. There is in the mountains a tree-level and, as I have said, a man-level, but I have never yet discovered any limit of altitude for the flea. This cheerful insect is ever with the mountaineer; in the valleys in winter and in the high chalets of the summer he fulfills the end of his creation in laboring to overcome the sluggishness of the peasant. The young girls of the party sat up with their heads on a table, the professor slept the sleep of the Alpine Club, but I meditated all the long night on that hardshell preacher who found edification in reading from his Bible, "The wicked flea whom no man pursueth."

Just at daybreak, when the sleep of exhaust-

dirty bed; this yellow dog and scurvy cat; this square-built and ill-mannered woman; and this dull-eyed, brute-faced child?—doomed to hear a hard patois and the lowing of cattle, when it was meant for the library of a scholar, or the quiet, rug-covered chamber of some valetudinarian old lady? We could not find out its history, for the Savoyard is as secretive as he is brusque. But the professor whisked out his memorandum book and lead pencil, and A— took her seat in an unsavory corner of the chalet and put us all in a picture—travelers, peasants, dog, cat, and clock.

When at last the rain was over we trudged on wearily through the mud to the village of Chevenox. The "Hôtel aux Moutons" had a little sign with a sheep on it swinging in front. We had been warned against this place, but so we had also against all the inns between this and Abondance, and it was now eight o'clock in the evening with Abondance a good nine miles away. There



THE MOUNTAINS FROM VILLENEUVE.

tion began to come over us, two children, come down from the mountain perhaps, began to call outside the house : "Louison ! Louison ! O Louison !" For more than an hour this call for "Louison" was kept up. They even got a pole and knocked on the windows of the room occupied by the young ladies and the insects, calling always, "Louison ! O Louison !" The landlady woke up and scolded them, whereupon they lowered their voices to an insistent stage whisper and cried still for Louison. Who Louison may be I know not, nor why she was wanted at that unearthly hour, but I know that they did not find her. She has no doubt gone with Poe's loved and lost Lenore, for after their long calling the children shuffled away again into the unknown regions whence they had emerged.

The next forenoon brought us a walk through a lovely open valley, showing great green slopes of pasture dotted with chalets far up the majestic mountain sides. As the season advances

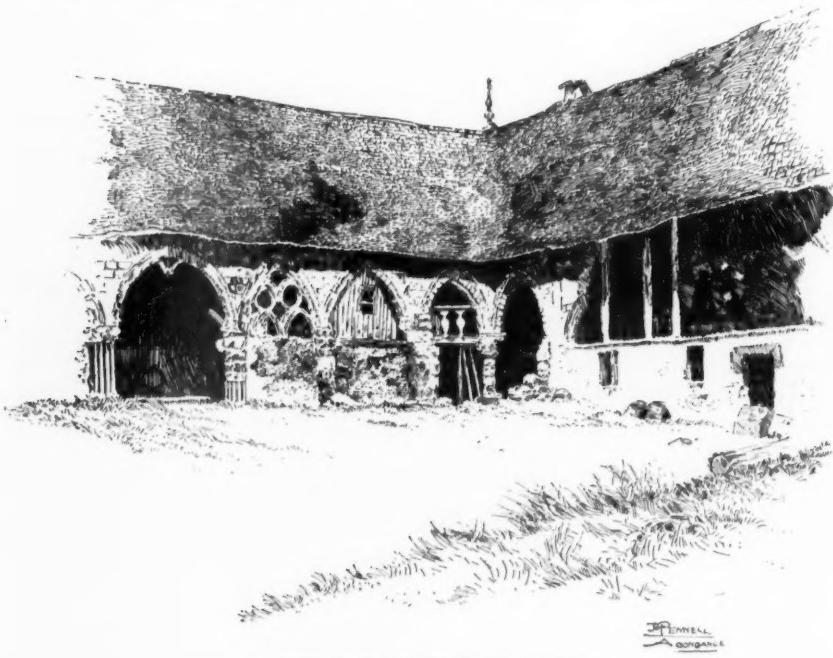
the peasants drive their herds farther and farther up, until in midsummer the highest pasturage is reached. The peasant himself migrates to the high chalets with his horses and cows, and then later in the season, as the uppermost grass is exhausted, he retreats terrace by terrace until he reaches his sheltered home in the deep valley, where the avalanche shall not find him, and where the grass has been made into hay and stored in the loft of his habitation by being carried in on the backs of women in huge *hottes*, or baskets worn like knapsacks. Family and herd live under the same roof—it is house and cheese-factory, stable and barn. The peasant is essentially a nomad ; living with and moving with his herds, he sells his cheese and his cattle to buy bread. There is nothing very poetic about his life : his chalets are only stationary tents, and he is but another sort of Arab, fencing against frost and mountain snows, while the Bedouin fights against heat and sandy plains. I have heard that the cattle

like their high pasture well, and it is quite difficult to persuade them to descend until the grass is exhausted by much grazing and summer drought. Then, as though frightened by a famine specter, they go down with irresistible eagerness.

Our road led us through Vacheresse ("Cow-

these mountains he put the human spirit into a jug like the giant in the Arabian story, and sealed the vessel with a veritable Solomon's seal, which no man has since known how to break. But the stupor of the mountains is not confined to Catholic regions.

We reached Abondance a little after midday



COURT OF THE MONASTERY AT ABONDANCE.

*D. PENNELL
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town") and on along the loveliest of mountain sides. We were now on the main road again, and we found these green mountain-flanks well peopled, though most of the peasants had gone far up with the cattle. We asked our way now of a polite country priest, now of modest little girls, and again of women suffering the awful scourge of goiter; we paused to look at the votive wreaths and knickknacks deposited before the ghastly images of Mary holding a baby Christ, or of a dead Christ, in the little shrines by the road-side; we read without devotion the lavish promises of indulgence which Monseigneur the Bishop of Annecy had made, by means of little tin signs, to all such as should say a given number of paternosters and Ave Marias before the ugly road-side crosses. To live with the beasts of the field and to go on all fours before a despotic but easily cajoled Deity is the hard lot of the Savoyard. A Protestant polemic might maintain that when St. Francis de Sales arrested the progress of the Reformation in

and staid until the next morning. After our experience with "Louison" we were only too happy to find good eating and good sleeping. The professor and the young ladies went fishing and did about as well as the enthusiastic native fishermen in the Alps do; that is to say, they caught nothing at all. You see many fishermen in these mountains, but you are happy if you see one fish to a hundred fishing-rods. Yet we did eat trout at Abondance. There came up a shower and the fishing party fled into a chalet, where A— got a sketch of the picturesque interior, and where the peasant confided to the professor his purpose to emigrate to America, about which he held very confused notions, as that the language spoken there was Italian. But he was not much more ignorant of America than many of the English and Scotch tourists that one meets.

Abondance was once the seat of a Dominican abbey; the town was a mere dependence of the abbey, indeed. The monks were driven out in 1793, but the building still stands

and is in use for communal purposes. The cure's residence and the *mairie* are in parts of it. But its beauty has been sadly spoiled. The lovely marble pillars and the exquisite arches of the cloisters have been broken and carried off one by one to prop a stable or to finish a wall. This destruction was arrested when the building was devoted to public uses, and enough remains to show how excellent the whole must have been. They were rich, these monks, and had more than one monastery in these fertile valleys; and if they lived well and had great cellars full of wine, they served a purpose in keeping alive a love of the arts and letters in a besotted age. France gained much by sending them off in 1793; but something was lost, too, as must always be the case in a revolution. It is a hard necessity that obliges us to tear down the old because the foundations are rotten. No better work has been done in America than the abolition of slavery; and yet when I remember the exceeding grace of the old Virginia country gentleman's life, as I saw it a generation ago, I cannot but feel the hardness of the necessity that obliges a revolution to go to the root and to overthrow all the grace and dignity that has grown upon a false or antiquated foundation, leaving nothing but a rubbish-heap for a new beginning. The new structure will have its beauty, more excellent than that of the old, no doubt, but never just the same. Nothing is more admirable than a brave and necessary iconoclasm, clearing the field for human progress, but nothing is more saddening.

With the early morning knapsacks, alpenstocks, hob-nailed shoes, and all the other appurtenances of an alpine party are mustered, and we are off for the Col d'Ecuelle. Mont la (or le) Grange lifts its great barn-like ridge to the sky; the rising mists unveil many fine peaks, among others the Cornettes de Bise, or Horns of the North Wind, in plain sight as we take our march up the sides of the valley leading towards the col. A little girl leaves her goats in the valley to show us the path up the mountain.

Two hours of hot climbing bring us to a high chalet in the upper pasture grounds. When we four have drunk two quarts of cream and offer to pay, the woman will not name a price. For an experiment, to see how little

she will take, I offer her a fifty centimes piece, equal to our dime, but she protests that it is too much, and is with difficulty persuaded to accept it. These are the yet unspoiled peasants, who have never seen a tourist and to whom a franc is a fortune.

We observe that our little goatherd climbs even on moderate and grassy slopes in zig-zagging; it is the art of the mountaineer, and it is thus that the paths are made. This little girl seems to be uneasy about her goats; she wishes to return. We take directions as to our way, and I find on examination that all the small change in my pocket is equal to about nine cents of our money. Considering that she has climbed two thousand feet with us, this seems little enough. I pour the coppers into her hand, but she makes great eyes and protests that I must not pay her, at least not so much. Once assured that it is all right she hies swiftly and without zig-zags down the mountain, eager, perhaps, to tell of her good fortune.

We journey on up the mountain side, hearkening to the yodling of women who lead their flocks on the grassy steeps over opposite to us.



AN INTERIOR AT BIODE.

The goats first and then the cows hasten to follow when these young women call them with this inarticulate song. Oh, it is not love of music, nor sentimental attachment to the shepherdesses, that sets every little goat-bell a-tinkling and every sweet-toned cow-bell a-ringing when the yodel is heard. The prudent herdswoman appeals to mercenary, and as one may say culinary, motives. When once the herd is close about her she takes some lumps of rock salt from her pocket and gives the cows and goats a little treat from her hand, knowing that this

will make the yodel sweet to their ears the next time. Some of the cows wear bells of elegant workmanship, the poor peasants spending often as much as sixteen francs for a fine-toned bell wrought with *fleur-de-lis* or other emblems. The very cows grow proud of their bells, and I have heard that when the bell is taken off the cow will sometimes refuse to walk at all.

We are too hungry to stay long in the ruins; at the tavern in the pretty village beyond we get a substantial dinner, and have yet some hours of daylight. When I have written a letter I stroll down to the abbey in the evening light. I find one of my daughters perched high on a broken wall, making a sketch, while the other rests in the grass, watched curiously by



A HIGH VILLAGE.

It was just at noon-time that we reached the very summit of the *col*. The red sashes which relieved the dark-blue flannel of the feminine walking costumes had been removed and the broad red flannel collars turned under, lest some monarch of the herd should take umbrage at the bright colors. But we had no trouble: the friendly women whose cattle grazed on the summit gave us milk, the one holding the cow by the horns while the other milked it; and the cows troubled us only by overfriendliness, snuffing our clothes and smelling of the little portable pot in which the professor was boiling some chocolate. There is no better place for lunch than the summit of a *col*, or pass, where the cool breeze blows between the peaks, and where familiar valleys and mountains lie behind, ready to disappear at your next advance, while a new system as yet unexplored is in front.

Lunch ended we descended the steep lateral valley, over rubble-stones and morasses, until we debouched at last, tired but cheerful, into the central valley of the Dranse just where it forms a pretty amphitheater, and where stand the picturesque ruins of the once rich Abbey of St. Jean d'Aulph.

the peasant children. The never weary professor has gone on a full run many miles down the central Dranse to explore its rocky gorges. Certainly the side and end walls of the abbey which remain are worth a day's walk to see: the gothic window is always best when one sees it in a ruined building, framing a bit of mountain or sky, and especially when one sees it in approaching twilight. This abbey has been quarried away to furnish materials for the village church, and for other buildings. The devastation is now arrested, and the walls that remain will not be disturbed. There are enormous wine vaults below, and you may easily trace the limits of the garden in which the monks walked and ruminated after dinner.

Our next forenoon brought us to one of our objective points, the little Lake of Montrond, which lies in a lateral valley at the base of cliffs fully two thousand feet high. Here we eat our eggs and drink from a bottle of cold coffee, while we watch the brooks on the other side tumbling headlong down these great cliffs. Some go down diagonally, falling now hundreds of feet and then making shorter leaps, thus forming many cascades between the summit and the bottom. There is one that breaks

into spray in its great fall and is quite blown away by the wind. The lake is low and nowhere presents so striking an appearance as Lake Taney, which we reached on another expedition a week later after a good climb from Vouvry. We went directly over a high ridge so as to see Lake Taney first a thousand feet below us, almost entirely shut in by high peaks and walls of rock. But Lake Montriond, though it has cliffs on but one side, is quite worth a visit, and it may be easily reached in a day and by carriage, following the valley of the central Dranse all the way from Thonon.

It was not in our plan, however, to adhere to carriage roads. We had heard that there was a pass at the head of this valley by which one might reach the Val d'Illiez; and assured that it was not much traveled, we felt all the more eager to cross it. But we could find no one who had crossed to Champéry by this route, and this fact, after many inquiries, became ominous. We did not want to go away around by Morzin, and over the well-worn col, so we pushed on rather blindly up the precipitous valley of Montriond.

However charming cascades may be to the traveler who cools his heated face in their spray and rejoices his eyes with the rainbows at their feet, they are tiresome to the reader, who neither feels the spray, nor sees the rainbow, nor hears the sound. We paused long to enjoy some of them, though, tramp-like, we did not know where we could find a place to rest at night. We passed a village of twenty-five chalets quite deserted; the houses with home-made wooden locks. In another village there was an old woman with a distressful neck left as guardian of houses and cabbage-patches. Now and then we met a boy carrying something in a *hotte* on his back. He had come down from the village above to sell some butter perhaps, or maybe to bring some smuggled



ABBEY OF ST. JEAN D'AULPS.

tobacco, for there are the roads of the smugglers. In response to all our inquiries we received for answer but one reply—we must rest in the chalets of Lynderet; the col was very high and could not be passed that evening. So, beating steadily up the mule-path, we yielded to the conviction that we must camp in the chalets, to the great delight of the novelty-loving young folks, to the great disgust of an old stager such as I have come to be. Have I not slept in the straw for a week in the Green Mountains, in the spruce boughs many a night in the north woods, on hard floors



TOWN OF ABONDANCE.

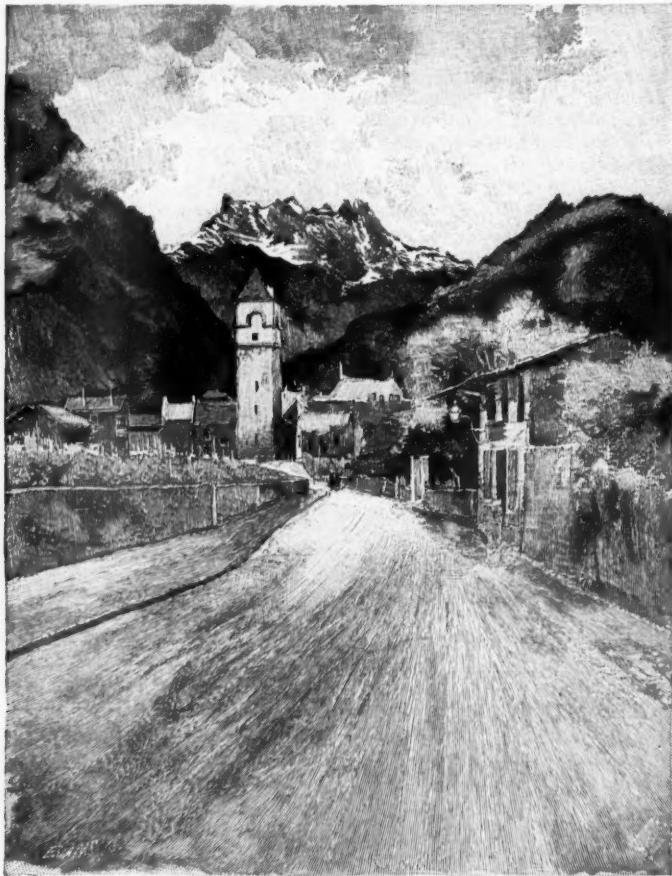
✓ on the frontier, under the "blue lift" on the top of Ascutney and elsewhere, and on a buffalo robe on the Red River of the North? And did I not pass one awful night in the hotel in Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, when I was a lyceum lecturer? But there comes a time in a man's life when the fun has gone out of discomfort, and when a man prefers a clean bed to one of the other sort.

We passed yet one other hamlet where there was no living thing. All the people and cattle had moved a week before to the high village of Lynderet, the low-browed chalets of which we could now see far above and ahead of us. When at last we entered the lofty village, in the late afternoon, we paused, as we had been directed, at the first chalet, where some little necessary things were kept for sale, and where half a dozen of the village gossips sat sewing on stools and logs in front of the door. They

scanned very curiously our walking costumes, especially the knickerbockers and long hose of the professor, and the blue flannel "sailor suits," trimmed with red, of the young girls. They did not try to restrain their laughter as we explained that we wished to sleep in some hay-loft; they offered to find beds for us that were *très propre* (very clean), but beds we did not dare accept. Finding the women very frank in speech, I bluntly told them that we were afraid of fleas and would like to find a place free from them.

"Oh, we have only been here eight days," answered the mischievous spokeswoman of the party, "and the fleas have not yet had time to come to life. But if they trouble you the only way is to feed them!"

Some of the women looked dull and over-worked, but the one who did the talking was bright in looks and speech; and there was one



ON THE WAY HOME, VILLENEUVE.



VALLEY OF THE DRANSE.

other, with a round, sensuous, Italian face and very curly hair, who seemed of a race different from the rest. There was a coquettish toss to her head; she was pretty and had been prettier, and she kept looking out of the corners of her eyes to see whether she attracted the attention of the strangers.

When we objected to the first chalet shown to us the spokeswoman chaffed us with being hard to suit, and reminded us that we were in the mountains. It is the universal apology for all filth and discomfort. I do not remember ever to have entered a chalet, black, dirty, and smoky as all of them are, without hearing the apologetic remark, "*Voilà les montagnes*," or something equivalent to it. But we found a hay-loft at last that seemed passably clean.

The professor treated the master of the first chalet to cigars and his children to bits of chocolate. We sat down in the floorless room and ate a supper of black bread, very black and heavy, with coffee and a sort of omelette. We had large soup plates of earthenware for our coffee. We were obliged to finish this in order to make room on the same plate for our greasy omelette.

From this room opened a door into the stable where the cow-bells were tinkling; in one corner of the room the fire burned on the ground floor. There was no hearth or fireplace; the smoke ascended lazily to the ceiling, through which it passed into a chimney. A

large wooden crane served to swing the great black kettle used in making cheese. This kettle was stirred from time to time by man or wife, and the short wooden ladle floated around on the milk when not in use. A second room in that part of the chalet which stood on posts or legs above the ravine, as many of these houses do,—a survival perhaps from the old lake dwellings,—was floored and contained two beds, besides a trundle-bed, one of them covered with a bit of rag carpet. We soon found that the fleas were not quiescent, and so betook ourselves to our hay-loft in another chalet.

We slept but little. We were in a high, lonesome village; no friend of ours knew where we were, and from the sinister hints of a young man who taught the little public school in the place it was evident that we were in a village given to smuggling. The high col which we were seeking was the frontier between France and Switzerland, and particularly favorable to this unlawful trade. Just as we were making nests in the hay to keep warm, a stone was thrown against the chalet, which had no other occupants than ourselves. The darkness, the prevailing rain-storm, the mischievous stone-throwing, were not reassuring. Then, too, we had been warned not to descend from the loft during the night for fear of a dangerous stallion in the lower part of the house. When a father has daughters in charge he has at least a sense of responsibility. But a philosophical spirit is always good. There were for armament four stout, sharp-pointed alpenstocks, and as we were in for it, there was nothing but to risk robbers and fight fleas as cheerfully as possible.

Tavernier, our host at the chalet where we



LAKE MONTRIOND.



WAYSIDE SHRINE.

got our black bread and coffee, was a rather handsome, half Italian-looking fellow, with large, round, inexpressive eyes, that suggested either entire naïveté or a bandit-like secretiveness. From the droll allusions made by the schoolmaster in Tavernier's presence to the business of smuggling as carried on over these mountains, and especially from the latter's round-eyed, bovine expression of ignorant indifference, I became sure that he was the chief smuggler of the place. The next morning, satisfied perhaps that we were no spies of the Government, he became more communicative than he had been, though evidently a little at a loss in using French, which he jerked out in irregular spurts. The patois in these valleys is rather more like Italian, I believe, than it is like French; and even the French which the peasants learn is modified by the accent of the patois. For example, the French word *sentier* for path is always pronounced with an *sh* sound like the soft *c* in some Italian dialects. I asked Tavernier what that hole in the wall behind the flue was for.

"Pour les chindres [cendres]."

I cite his answer to illustrate his accent. Very likely the hole in the wall is a convenient place to throw the ashes which accumulate on the earth floor, but if I were a detective I should examine the contents of it.

The peasants in Lynderet, coming from the lower villages of this narrow valley, are all complexly related one to another. Shut in by

high mountains on each side, they have naturally married in and in for generations. I have not heard that medical men have ever asked whether cretinism and goiter—which certainly do not come from the water, as once believed—may not spring from these marriages of consanguinity. The restraints of the Catholic Church work very beneficially in such communities, for the Church discourages marriages with first cousins, and our smuggler, who was a pious man, assured me that such marriages rarely took place. But as the relationships are intricate, a double second cousin, with several other strains of kinship, might aggregate more consanguinity than a first cousin.

The next morning, which was Sunday, was rainy in that saturating way which one finds only in places of great altitude. Lynderet was a village in the clouds this morning. It was quite out of the question for us to spend another night here; so we resolved, at all hazards of rain and slippery precipices, to cross the pass, which, if a fog should rise, would become dangerous. We had intended to take a lad for a guide, but found that there were few persons even in Lynderet who knew the way; one of these was our host. It dawned on us slowly that the pass was quite untraveled except by smugglers, and that of these the mild-eyed Tavernier must be chief. All the town was going to church at Montriond, in the valley of the Dranse, several thousand feet below, but Tavernier offered to put us in the path before he started. Innocent man! He knew as well as we did that such a pass as the Col du Cuboret could never be crossed by strangers without a guide on a bad morning, and he only waited the mention of pay to relinquish his pious intention of going to church.

After a very light breakfast of very black bread and coffee we set out and climbed steadily upward for two or three hours. One of the most perpendicular mountains in sight was covered with grass all the way up its steeps. It is in these places, where the grass grows horizontally out of the mountain side, and where neither cow, goat, nor man can find a foothold, that the chamois flourishes. On that very mountain side, at the north, the wily Tavernier had shot two chamois last year.

The immediate walls of the pass of Cuboret are high, perpendicular, rocky cliffs from which the peasants gather *jenipi*, some plant, I know not what, which the pharmacists buy for two francs an ounce. Tavernier, with characteristic love of daring and larger gains than the common, has gone over these cliffs at the end of a rope many times in search of *jenipi*. Only a year ago a poor fellow fell down the dizzy cliff at the left and lost his life in the search for the highly prized plant.

When in the chill airs of the higher ground we had drunk some cold coffee from the professor's bottle, and eaten some bread from the knapsacks, and had made the guide participate in the refreshments, Tavernier, walking by my side, let out the fact frankly that he had once climbed from the Swiss side of this pass laden with two bags of contraband tobacco.

"Just here," he said, "my companion and myself met two *gens d'armes*. We ran, but the *gens d'armes* were light and we were burdened. I threw away one bag of tobacco and escaped across the frontier, and passing round the mountains came in by the frontier of Morzin. It was a great loss to me — thirty-five francs' worth

softened as it was by rain. The guide trod the soft snow down so that the girls might follow in his tracks without sinking. I plucked violets not far from the snow, and found the hardy little *Soldanella alpina*, which blooms only on the high mountains where the snow is melting. My specimen I plucked within two feet of the snow.

That which we feared came upon us. As we reached the summit the clouds creeping up from the Rhone Valley covered the pass. We were obliged to descend the dangerous steep in the fog. Hardly were we all on the grassy and slippery precipice, where the path is only a foothold in the herbage and where the mountain is virtually perpendicular for hundreds of



MAIN STREET OF CHAMPERY.

of tobacco." And the poor fellow's voice fell into a plaintive key, but I could not detect the least sense of culpability. Smuggling is to him only a dangerous pursuit, like chamois shooting and the gathering of the jenipi harvest.

I do not know how high the Col du Cuboret is. If one may trust the marking of some maps it is 7550 feet, say 1300 feet higher than our Mount Washington. Certain it is that on the day of the summer solstice we found great beds of snow filling the depressions, and we many times sank to our knees in its surface,

feet, than each was seized with a fright about the others. I, clinging by hobnails and alpenstock to the dizzy side, was in terror lest the girls should fall; they were frightened lest a vertigo should seize me; and the professor was panic-stricken for us all. Such shouting to and fro, such cautions, directions, reproaches, and coaxings! Only the guide was impassive as ever. His round, bland face looked as calm as it will look on the scaffold if he ever should be guillotined for shooting one of the *gens d'armes*.

After a while our descent became less pre-

cipitous, and we presently emerged from the cloud at the Chalet de Pas, where we found many cows, and much cheese-making, and all the women wearing trousers. These were not compromises like the "bloomers" of our reformers of forty years ago, but the real Swiss peasant trousers bagging at the sides into pockets large enough to contain each a bottle of wine. It is the custom in some parts of the canton of Valais for the women to wear trousers, not from any reformatory sentiments, but simply because it is impossible to go about the morass of a barnyard in which their chalets are situated in any other clothes. These were

more than usually intelligent, pleasant-faced peasant women, and they gave us white bread, which, after our morning walk, was gladly received. That afternoon we reached Champery wet, weary, muddy, and hungry, and a beautiful walk down the Val d'Illiez the next forenoon brought us to the railway, and thus to the end of our delightful journey, namely, to this quaint old "*le clos*," near Villeneuve, on Lake Geneva where I write, looking out of a wide gallery at Castle Chillon, and round about me at a vineyard of white grapes planted centuries ago by the Knights Templars.

Edward Eggleston.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.¹

FINAL INSTALMENT, INCLUDING THE AUTHOR'S LATEST REFLECTIONS ON
THE ART OF ACTING.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.



Irish boy and the Yankee girl was a novelty, and as a dramatic feature strong in contrast.

Williams had been quite popular even before his marriage, and his union with Mrs. Charles Mestayer (also very popular), and their joint appearance in Irish drama and musical farce, was at once a success and placed them among the theatrical attractions of the day. The laugh of Mrs. Williams was infectious, and her droll singing of "Independence Day" made it the favorite local song of the time. Williams was an effective actor, and his graceful figure and attractive face made him always welcome to his audiences.

Barney and I were once walking together in a heavy shower of rain, and were near his own house, where dinner was awaiting us. As we reached the gate the Irish girl was discovered watering the flower-beds in the garden. She, like ourselves, was sheltered from the storm by an ample umbrella; but a high wind had turned it inside out. With the now useless shelter in one hand and the watering-pot in the other she was whirled about like a weather-cock in a stiff breeze, and in this helpless condition was pouring an auxiliary shower on the already drenched and dripping plants. Barney

hailed her reprovingly and demanded to know why she was doing such a stupid thing. "Sure, sir, ye told me to be after watering the flowers every day." "Yes, but not on a rainy day," said the master. "Sure, sir," said Biddy, "I thought a rainy day was every day as well as any other day." "Why, you are drenched with the rain," said Barney; "go into the house." "I will, sir, indeed," said she; "for if the posies have had enough of it, I am sure I have."

JOHN DREW.

It is said that John Brougham, who wrote the domestic drama of "The Irish Emigrant" and had acted the hero with some success, declared upon seeing John Drew play the part that he would never attempt it again. I have myself a vivid remembrance of Drew in this character. (This gentleman was the father of the present John Drew and the husband of the distinguished actress who now bears his name.) He acted a star engagement under my management in Richmond, Virginia, in 1856, appearing in a round of Irish characters with marked success. I saw him as *Handy Andy, O'Flanagan*, and the *Emigrant*, and his entrance in the last-named character was one of those simple, bold, and unconventional effects that invariably command recognition from an audience, be they high or low, rich or poor, intelligent or ignorant. A simple figure passes an open window and pauses for an instant to look into the room; then a timid knock. "Come in!" The door slowly opens, and upon the threshold stands a half-starved man,

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hunger in his gaunt form and hollow cheeks, but kindness and honesty in his gentle eyes. What a pathetic sight is this! As the character is developed through the incidents surrounding it you see always the same man, changed only as he would be by the circumstances through which he passes. There is a sincerity in this kind of artistic treatment that wins for it a lasting re-

his versatility perhaps more than any other character I had seen him in. It was that of a young English squire, gay and desperate, warm-hearted and profligate, whose condition changed from wealth and station to poverty and almost to degradation, from the bowling-green of the quiet village to the gambling-hell of a great city — these vicissitudes of for-



BARNEY WILLIAMS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGARDUS.)

membrance in the minds of those who have witnessed it. To do bright and sparkling things that for a moment trick an audience of its applause, though they be entirely out of keeping with a character, is a grave error. With whatever variety a character may be treated, the audience should feel that it is the same man whose different moods are developed by the change of his position in the story. I think it has been generally conceded that since Tyrone Power there has been no Irish comedian equal to John Drew. Power, as a light and brilliant actor, with piercing eyes, elegant carriage, and polished "school," dazzling his audiences like a comet, was undoubtedly unparalleled in his line, but I doubt if he could touch the heart as deeply as did John Drew.

We were afterwards together in Philadelphia; he played *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* with me in "*The Rivals*," Mrs. Drew appearing as *Lydia Languish*. There was one part that he acted during this brief engagement which made a strong impression upon me, and revealed

tune being brought upon him by his own careless nature, which passed from gay to grave, deeply touched by the misfortune of others and reckless of his own. Drew's treatment of this character, though it was not widely known, won for him great admiration from his artistic comrades.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

MISS CUSHMAN was a prominent figure in the dramatic history of her day — tall and commanding in person, with an expressive face whose features might have been called plain but for the strength and character in them. She was self-educated, and had consequently stored her mind with just the sort of material that would serve to develop it. The most cultivated society of England and America delighted to entertain her, and her hospitality and kindness to Americans who visited her during her sojourn in Italy won for her the esteem and gratitude of many rising young artists, whom she took great pleasure in bring-

ing into notice. Her dramatic career was a long and brilliant one, and in the legitimate drama she was more prominent than any other actress of her time.

The nearest approach to Miss Cushman was Mrs. Warner. Her face was classic and there was a grace and majesty in her presence that was very charming, but in force and fire Miss Cushman far outshone her English rival. She had great tact in society, being perfectly at ease and making every one else so. Her faculty for either entertaining or being entertained was remarkable. She could do all the listening or all the talking, whichever was the most agreeable to her guest. As *Lady Macbeth* and *Queen Catherine* she was regal from head to foot, but her most popular character with the public was *Meg Merrilles* in "Guy Mannering." As Scott's heroine critics objected to her extravagant acting and the liberty she took in standing aloof from the character in the novel, and in her re-creation of the *Meg*. As I have been guilty of the same thing, it will not do for

MRS. DRAKE.

BEFORE Charlotte Cushman reached the height of her popularity the leading tragic actress of America was Mrs. A. Drake. She was an accomplished woman, and during her whole life held an enviable position both on and off the stage. When a boy of sixteen I acted with her the page *Cyprian Gossamer* in "Adrian and Orrilla." She taught me the business of the part with great care, coming to the theater an hour before the rehearsal so as to go over the scenes with me before the actors assembled. She had a queenly bearing, and was, during her dramatic reign, undoubtedly the tragic muse of America. Her son, some years ago, knowing that I had a great regard for his mother, gave me three letters which relate to theatrical matters in general, and to Mrs. Drake in particular. I shall therefore take the liberty of inserting them here. They have never been published before; and as two of them are from John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and the other is from Washington Irving, they cannot fail to be interesting. One of Mr. Payne's letters is to Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish statesman, introducing Mrs. Drake to his notice.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, Sept. 4, 1832.

JOHN MILLER, ESQ.,

Agent for the American Legation, London.

MY DEAR SIR: As you are well versed in theatrical affairs, I would ask your advice and services for Mrs. Drake, an American lady who is about to try her fortunes on the London boards. You may already have heard of her success in the United States. I have merely had the pleasure of witnessing her powers one evening, in the *Widow Cheerly* ("The Soldier's Daughter"), and the part of *Mary* in the "Maid of the Inn"; but from those specimens am led to form a very high opinion of her talents both in the serious and comic lines of the drama. I cannot but think that, if she has a fair chance, she will make a very favorable impression on the London public.

A personal acquaintance with Mrs. Drake has still more interested me in herself and her fortune; and I shall feel it as a kindness to myself if you would do anything in your power to facilitate her views in England.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Miller,
Yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1833.

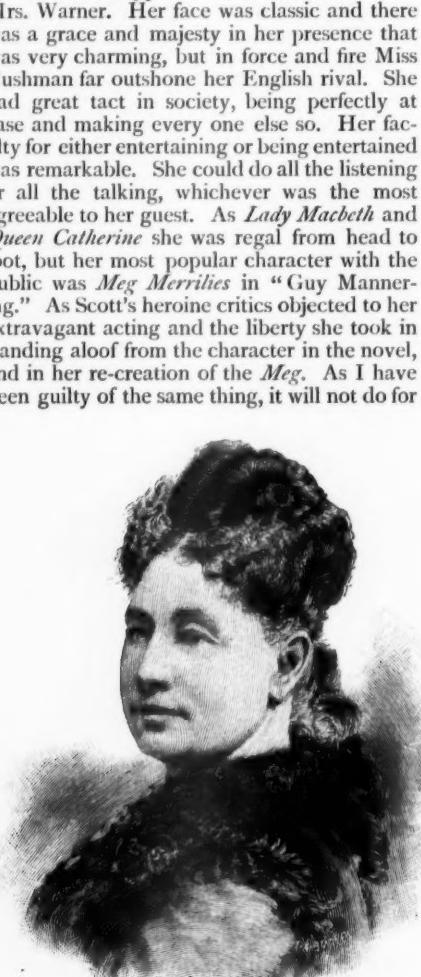
DAN'L O'CONNELL, Esq., M.P., London.

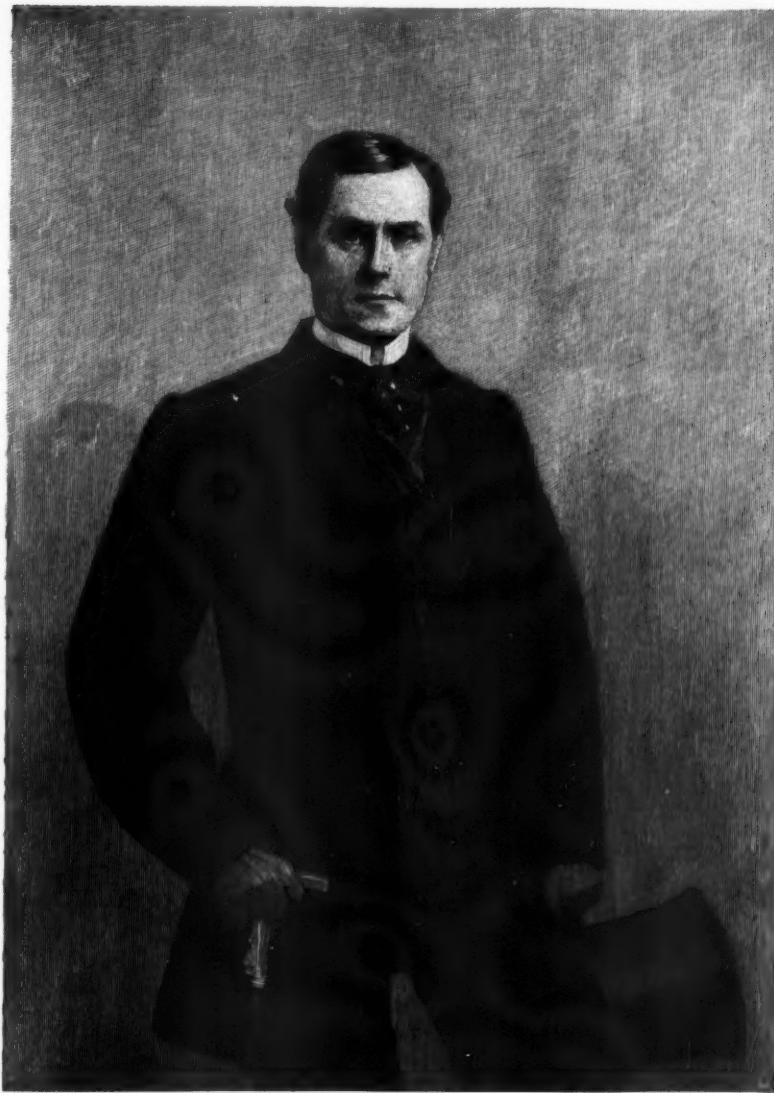
(Hand by Mrs. Drake.)

MY DEAR SIR: A lady of the highest standing both as a gentlewoman and an actress—Mrs. Drake of the Western region of our Western World—visits Europe and intends to make a professional experi-

MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.)

me to complain. But be this as it may, her acting was amazingly effective, and that quality covers a multitude of dramatic sins. She was witty and agreeable, with an immense flow of animal spirits, and I never met her without having a good laugh, either at our own expense or that of somebody else. She had a warm heart, and her charities were very numerous.





ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.
JOHN DREW. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

ment in London. I have thought I could greatly serve her and gratify you by making you known to each other; and as Mrs. Drake will probably visit Ireland, I shall consider any attention she may receive there through you as a compliment from you to our republic, as will my countrymen. Mrs. Drake is one of the few among us who are allowed by Mrs. Trollope to possess first-rate talent; and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in his Travels, speaks of her with more enthusiasm than even Mrs. Trollope. I prefer, for reasons which I need not name, giving you upon this subject the opinions

of foreigners, especially of such as are supposed to be rather prejudiced against us.

I write in great haste, being apprised of the departure of Mrs. Drake for England only as I am myself departing for the Southern States of America. I can only add how infinitely I shall feel obliged by any attention it may be in your power to offer Mrs. Drake. She travels in company with a particular friend of hers, Mrs. White, who (with her husband, a member of the United States Congress for Florida, Colonel White) is desirous of seeing Europe. Should you meet them you may

wonder a little that a part of the world so recently a wilderness should produce such poor specimens of savageness and unrefinement.

With best and most grateful remembrances to Mrs. O'Connell and all your family who may still bear me in recollection, believe me, my dear sir, with great respect,

Your obliged and faithful friend and servant,
J. HOWARD PAYNE.

NEW YORK, 67 Varick St.,
Hudson Square, Oct. 20, 1833.

MY DEAR MRS. DRAKE: You will doubtless think me most ungallant in having so long omitted to

answer your kind letter of July 1. But be assured the neglect has not been of the mind, for I have often thought and spoken of you and always intended to write to you—to-morrow. The to-morrow is now here; but whether it will guide my remembrance to you is a question which it would delight me to find answered speedily in the affirmative by your own fair hand.

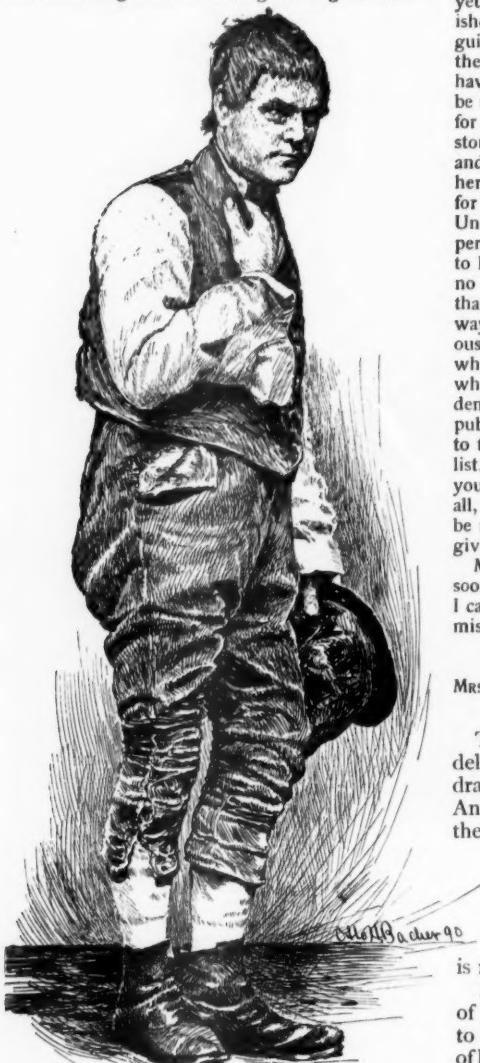
My attention since I heard from you has been entirely taken up by the project of a new periodical I am preparing: Mr. Hyde, of Schenectady, obliges me by conveying you a prospectus. I must have five thousand subscribers before I can start, and as yet the names come in slowly. People seem astonished by the plan, and still more by giving two guineas for literature! I have only about 250 of the five thousand as yet, but I mean to persevere. I have great hopes from the Western States, and should be most happy to confer with you upon some plan for taking the warm hearts you tell me of there by storm. The scheme is one I am much devoted to, and surely a nation like this ought to yield from her whole population five thousand supporters for such a project. I mean to travel through the United States myself, and in each place send out a person to solicit names. It is humiliating enough to have to *solicit* even by a second person; but if no other names offer, I will do it by myself rather than fail. I shall take Albany, of course, on the way; but when, is yet uncertain. I am very desirous, however, of ascertaining as early as may be what chance that good city offers me; and Mr. Hyde, who is a worthy and enthusiastic young man, a student of Union College and the editor of a magazine published there, has most handsomely undertaken to try what he can do towards the increase of my list. I have desired him to see you, and to get your advice. The ladies are the best friends, after all, and not only know how these things ought to be managed, but can point out the readiest way of giving their knowledge effect.

May I hope you will favor me with a line very soon, mentioning what you are about and whether I can be of any use to you in return for the commission with which I am troubling you.

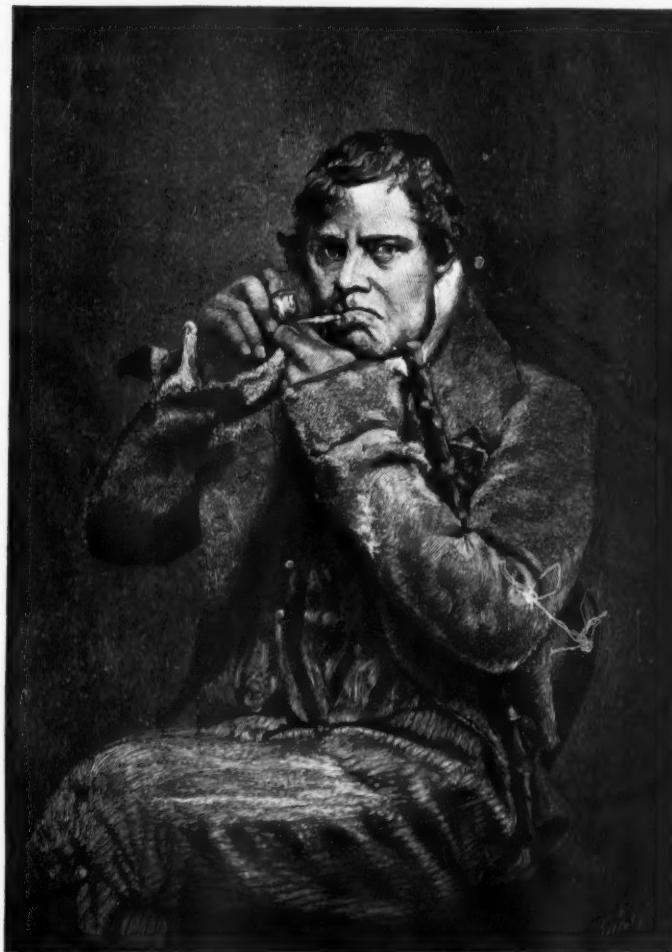
Yours in haste,
Most faithfully,
MRS. DRAKE.
J. HOWARD PAYNE.

These simple letters from two gifted and delightful men attest not only Mrs. Drake's dramatic qualities but her private worth. And it is a pleasure and a privilege to publish them, and so revive the memory of an honorable and talented lady. Had they been commonplace letters of introduction from unknown people I should not have intruded them on the reader; but as it is I feel sure that no apology is needed for their insertion.

A little incident connected with the meeting of Mrs. Drake in Louisville has been brought to my recollection while I have been writing of her. There is nothing particularly interesting about it except that it has a humorous side, and I cannot resist the temptation of noticing it here.



JOHN DREW AS "THE IRISH EMIGRANT."



JOHN DREW AS "HANDY ANDY." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

We had at that time a lady attached to our company who was a great character. Her thirst for autographs was unquenchable, and I have never seen a more perfect specimen of the female lion-hunter. She knew most of the celebrities in the country, and always kept on hand a large assortment of introductory letters ready for presentation at the shortest notice. This is an innocent kind of pastime, and if it does no good it certainly does no harm. This lady had a weakness for not remembering names. This was singular, too, as half her time was employed in the work of collecting them; but they seemed to revenge themselves for their imprisonment in her album by escaping from her memory, and it was comical to observe the woe-begone expression of her face when

she related some of her unfortunate mistakes. "It is so dreadful, my dear," she would say, "to commit these blunders; and there is no excuse for them. Just imagine my being introduced to a gentleman by the name of Smith and calling him Mr. Montgomery five minutes afterwards."

Of course she was anxious to meet an interesting lady like Mrs. Drake, and, armed with an introduction which I gave her, called on the retired actress, hoping that she would be able to collect some theatrical matter for a book that she was writing, and desiring to get the much-prized, but rather conventional, actor's autograph with a Shaksperian quotation.

In due time Mrs. Drake returned the call



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.)

and was ushered into the large parlor of the Galt House, where a number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled to pay their respects to the lion-hunter. Mrs. Drake was distinguished for a majestic bearing at all times, and any ceremonious occasion would naturally intensify her dignity. The tragedy queen was therefore with more than usual loftiness led into the center of the apartment and introduced by her hostess as Mrs. Duck. A slight titter of quiet mirth rippled over the assembled company as Mrs. Drake glared with a reproving "Lady Macbeth eye" at the nervous little hostess, who was so overcome with mortification that she burst forth with, "Oh, I beg your pardon; I mean Mrs. Goose." This of course settled it.

In dealing freely, and I hope fairly, with the players of the past, I have, for obvious reasons, refrained from passing judgment on the actors of the present. I belong to the latter group, and have therefore no right to criticize it.

There are many both in England and America that I would be pleased to praise and praise highly, but in doing this I should tacitly censure others, and this is not my mission. The first group has passed by, but we are before the public, which alone has the right to pass its judgment. Besides, actors are not by any means the best judges of act-

ing: we have our prejudices, which naturally bias fair criticism; and in referring to the past history of the stage I find that all actors of genius and originality have given great offense to the conventional school that their brilliancy disturbed. Quin said of Garrick, "If he is right then we are all wrong"; the Kembles were shocked at the fire of Edmund Kean; and so it has gone on, and will continue in the future.

Original painters seem to suffer still more than actors, and I honestly believe it is because artists are at the heads of the academies, where they sit in judgment and at times denounce the work of an original painter, refusing to hang his picture because he has had the courage to be unconventional. Corot and Millet were for years refused admittance to the Salon, and are striking proofs of the unfairness or prejudice of their brother artists; and it is quite likely if actors and authors sat in judgment on their kind that many original actors and authors would be tabooed; but fortunately the great public gets at them first and praises or condemns unbiased by professional jealousies.

The painter has no such advantage. Before his work can reach the public it must be filtered through the judgment of his brother artists of the Academy. If they are conventional,—an they generally are,—he is doomed to obscurity. Corot was fifty years old before his work was honored by a place in the Salon, and he did not sell a picture until he was past that age. After the first sale had been made the dear old man said to his friends, "Well, I have sold a picture; but I am sorry for it, for now my collection is incomplete."

REFLECTIONS ON THE ART OF ACTING.

NATURALLY other members of my profession have given as much consideration to matters connected with their art as I have, and perhaps more. It is therefore likely that a few may think as I do, many may differ with me entirely, and possibly some may not have thought about the matter at all.

If I err I shall be glad to throw off my preconceived ideas and adopt other, better, and newer methods. In fact, I have already discarded many pet theories, and, as I have grown older and more experienced, have been taught by my own observations and the successful achievements of others that there is always room for reform.

Acting has been so much a part of my life that my autobiography could scarcely be written without jotting down my reflections upon it, and I merely make this little preparatory explanation to apologize for any dogmatic tone that they may possess, and to say that I

present them merely as a seeker after truth in the domain of art.

In admitting the analogy that undoubtedly exists between the arts of painting, poetry, music, and acting, it should be remembered that the first three are opposed to the last, in at least the one quality of permanence. The picture, oratorio, or book must bear the test of calculating criticism, whereas the work of an actor is fleeting: it not only dies with him, but, through his different moods, may vary from night to night. If the performance be indifferent it is no consolation for the audience to hear that the player acted well last

of dullness is easily made, but in a theater the auditor is imprisoned. If the acting be indifferent, he must endure it, at least for a time. He cannot withdraw without making himself conspicuous; so he remains, hoping that there may be some improvement as the play proceeds, or perhaps from consideration for the company he is in. It is this helpless condition that renders careless acting so offensive.

PREPARATION AND INSPIRATION.

I HAVE seen impulsive actors who were so confident of their power that they left all to



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)

night, or to be told that he will act better tomorrow night; it is *this* night that the public has to deal with, and the impression the actor has made, good or bad, remains as such upon the mind of that particular audience.

The author, painter, or musician, if he be dissatisfied with his work, may alter and perfect it before giving it publicity, but an actor cannot rub out; he ought, therefore, in justice to his audience, to be sure of what he is going to place before it. Should a picture in an art gallery be carelessly painted we can pass on to another, or if a book fails to please us we can put it down. An escape from this kind

chance. This is a dangerous course, especially when acting a new character. I will admit that there are many instances where great effects have been produced that were entirely spontaneous, and were as much a surprise to the actors who made them as they were to the audience that witnessed them; but just as individuals who have exuberant spirits are at times dreadfully depressed, so when an impulsive actor fails to receive his inspiration he is dull indeed, and is the more disappointing because of his former brilliant achievements.

In the stage management of a play, or in the acting of a part, nothing should be left to



J. B. BUCKSTONE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & SONS.)

chance, and for the reason that spontaneity, inspiration, or whatever this strange and delightful quality may be called, is not to be commanded, or we should give it some other name. It is, therefore, better that a clear and unmistakable outline of a character should be drawn before an actor undertakes a new part. If he has a well-ordered and an artistic mind it is likely that he will give at least a symmetrical and effective performance; but should he make no definite arrangement, and depend upon our ghostly friends Spontaneity and Inspiration to pay him a visit, and should they decline to call, the actor will be in a maze and his audience in a muddle.

Besides, why not prepare to receive our mysterious friends whether they come or not? If they fail on such an invitation, we can at least entertain our other guests without them; and if they do appear, our preconceived arrangements will give them a better welcome and put them more at ease.

Acting under these purely artificial conditions will necessarily be cold, but the care with which the part is given will at least render it inoffensive; they are, therefore, primary considerations, and not to be despised. The exhibition, however, of artistic care does not alone constitute great acting. The inspired

warmth of passion in tragedy and the sudden glow of humor in comedy cover the artificial framework with an impenetrable veil: this is the very climax of great art, for which there seems to be no other name but genius. It is then, and then only, that an audience feels that it is in the presence of a reality rather than a fiction. To an audience an ounce of genius has more weight than a ton of talent; for though it respects the latter, it reverences the former. But the creative power, divine as it may be, should in common gratitude pay due regard to the reflective; for Art is the handmaid of Genius, and only asks the modest wages of respectful consideration in payment for her valuable services. A splendid torrent of genius ought never to be checked, but it should be wisely guided into the deep channel of the stream, from whose surface it will then reflect Nature without a ripple. Genius dyes the hues that resemble those of the rainbow; Art fixes the colors that they may stand. In the race for fame purely artificial actors cannot hope to win against those whose genius is guided by their art; and, on the other hand, Intuition must not complain if, unbridled or with too loose a rein, it stumbles on the course, and so allows a well-riden hack to distance it.

REHEARSALS.

VERY numerous rehearsals are not always necessary to attain perfection; on the contrary, it is the quality, not the quantity, that is important. Tedious preparation day after day will sometimes pall upon a company of actors, who, wearied by constant repetition, lose the freshness with which their performance should be given; and that quality once lost is seldom regained. It is in vain for a manager to argue that he pays the actor for his time and attention. He has a perfect right to these, certainly; but the feeling and enthusiasm with which the time and attention should be given he can no more command than he can alter the human nature of his company.

Just as an early impression is the most indelible, so the first rehearsal is the most important, and, being so, should never be called until the author and the stage manager shall have fully digested their plans and thoroughly understand what they intend to do. This course not only saves labor but begets the respect of the company, who feel that their time will not be wasted and that they are

in the hands of patient and conscientious directors.

It is the time-honored excuse of some actors that they cannot study a part until they have rehearsed it, forgetting that it is not possible to rehearse properly until they are perfect in the words. A part certainly is more easily studied after a rehearsal of it; but I am not discussing ease, remember, but propriety. How can we watch the action and progress of the play if our eyes are bent upon the book? It is merely a bad habit, and one that has grown out of a desire that some people have to shirk their duty; being naturally inclined to procrastination, they shelter themselves under this weak and conventional excuse.

Usually the scenery and properties of a play are brought into requisition during the later rehearsals, and are increased in detail till they culminate at the last rehearsal. This is working from the wrong direction. It is at the

at the last rehearsal that chairs, tables, seats, etc. are met upon the stage in unexpected places, they become obstacles to the actors instead of adjuncts.

I do not mean to say that the entire business of a play can be arranged at the first rehearsal. New ideas continually crop up during the early stages of preparation which upon consideration may be more valuable than the original ones, and actors may have suggestions to make the effect of which had not struck the author. But while a good general shows his genius best when dealing with an emergency, he does not disdain to plan the battle before the action takes place.

Better have no rehearsal at all than one that is long, rambling, and careless: a clearly cut and perfectly defined outline gives precision and finish to the work. If it were possible the pantomime and action of a play should reveal its meaning to an audience without the aid of dialogue; this would give force to the language, and enable those who do not catch all the words to comprehend their full meaning.

An audience should understand what the actors are doing if it does not hear all that they are saying. It is eager to do this, and quite competent if we only give it a fair opportunity; but inarticulate delivery and careless pantomime will not suffice.

We must not mistake vagueness for suggestion, and imagine that because we understand the matter we are necessarily conveying it to others. Sheridan, in his extravaganza of "The Critic; or, a Tragedy Rehearsed," gives a humorous illustration of this error. During the rehearsal of *Mr. Puff's* play the character of *Lord Burleigh* enters, walking slowly and majestically down to the footlights. The noble knight folds his arms, shakes his head solemnly, and then makes his exit without saying a word.

"What does he mean by shaking his head in that manner?" asks *Mr. Dangle*, a theatrical critic.

To which *Mr. Puff* replies: "Don't you know? Why, by that shake of the head he gave you to understand that even though they had more justice in their cause and more wisdom in their measures, yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy."

"Did he mean all that by shaking his head?" asks *Mr. Dangle*.

To which *Mr. Puff* replies, "Yes, sir; if he shook it as I told him."

As this satire was written over a hundred years ago, it is quite evident that the vanity of vagueness is not a new histrionic development.



MRS. A. DRAKE.
(FROM MINIATURE IN THE POSSESSION OF HER GRAND-
DAUGHTER, MRS. BLANCHE FORD.)

first rehearsal that these adjuncts should be used, and if they are not ready, substitutes should be put in their places; for if the set of the scene, the chairs, tables, and other mechanical arrangements, are placed upon the stage for an initial rehearsal, the manager and the actors know then and ever afterwards where to find them and how to arrange their groupings, exits, entrances, and stage business in accordance with the position of these useful materials; but if, after all the stage business has been arranged, the company suddenly find

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

A MEMORY OF LOUISIANA. (MONOTYPE BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.)



And here the quality of permanence as allied to the other arts and not to acting presents itself. If we do not at first understand a great picture, a fine piece of music, or a poem, these, being tangible, still remain ; so, should we desire it, we can familiarize ourselves with them, and as we grow older and become more highly cultivated we will understand a school of art that was at first obscure. But there must be no vagueness in acting. The suggestion should be unmistakable ; it must be leveled at the whole audience, and reach with unerring aim • the boy in the gallery and the statesman in the stalls.

A STORY OF BURTON.

A REMINISCENCE of some forty years ago will serve to illustrate the value of careful preparation at rehearsal.

The production at Burton's Theater of "Dombey and Son," dramatized by Mr. Brougham, was a curious combination of failure and success. Much was expected of Burton's *Captain Cuttle*, and to the surprise of the expectant critics and of Burton himself he did nothing with it. Brougham was equally dull as the two B's, *Bunsby* and *Bagstock*. The hit of the piece, at least on its first production, was made by Oliver Raymond as *Toots*. This gentleman had been previously an obscure actor, but on making a success in a play wherein Burton had failed, he came to the front at once and was the lion of the hour.

Burton's failure as *Cuttle* was easily accounted for. He had studied the character carelessly, and not only was imperfect in the text but had been absent from many of the rehearsals, relying too much upon his great powers and the spontaneity of his dramatic resources. He was usually able to command them, but during the first run of this piece they played him truant. Dismayed at his own failure and mortified at young Raymond's success, the manager took the drama from the bills and substituted another programme. Not satisfied with Brougham's adaptation,—for the novel had been badly dramatized,—he and the adapter worked together to reconstruct the play.

The great comedian now set himself seriously to work on the character, perfecting himself in the words, and amplifying the part by the introduction of stage-business and by-play. In this kind of ingenious elaboration he was a master, and clearly proved it on the revival of the discarded play. His performance was in magnificent condition when I witnessed it, and who that ever saw Burton as *Captain Cuttle, Mariner* can ever forget it ? What expression ! what breadth ! what humor ! and what tenderness !

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In the scene with *Florence Dombey* where he is trying to reveal to her that her lover, supposed to be drowned, was rescued, he sits awkwardly shifting his position from side to side, puffs his pipe and tells his tale, letting the story go from him little by little and hauling it back lest the joyful tidings should be too great a shock, his fat face drawn down with *serio-comic* emotion, his eyes protruding in a solemn, stupid stare, and his utterance choked with tears that seem to force themselves out and mingle with the smoke. As the door bursts open and the returned lover clasps his sweetheart in his arms the captain jumps from his seat, cocks his tarpaulin hat over his eyes, folds his arms tightly, and, trying to whistle a tune, bursts into tears and dances a sailor's hornpipe around the loving couple. I had heard of his missing the part at first; but he was in the height of his triumph when I saw the performance, and it was amazing to see into what a superb success he had elaborated a failure.

If any proofs were wanting that an actor, no matter how great, should arrange the mechanical details of his work before he presents it to the public, the failure and ultimate success of Burton's *Captain Cuttle* offer sufficient evidence. Here stood an actor to whom dramatic genius was universally accorded. Yet even he had been taught a lesson, and learned not to place too much confidence in the spur of the moment.

SHOULD AN ACTOR "FEEL" HIS PART ?

MUCH has been written upon the question as to whether an actor ought to feel the character he acts, or be dead to any sensations in this direction. Excellent artists differ in their opinions on this important point. In discussing it I must refer to some words I wrote in one of the early chapters of this book :

The methods by which actors arrive at great effects vary according to their own natures ; this renders the teaching of the art by any strictly defined lines a difficult matter.

There has lately been a discussion on the subject, in which many have taken part, and one quite notable debate between two distinguished actors, one of the English and the other of the French stage. These gentlemen, though they differ entirely in their ideas, are, nevertheless, equally right. The method of one, I have no doubt, is the best he could possibly devise for himself ; and the same may be said of the rules of the other as applied to himself. But they must work with their own tools ; if they had to adopt each other's they would be as much confused as if compelled to

exchange languages. One believes that he must feel the character he plays, even to the shedding of real tears, while the other prefers never to lose himself for an instant, and there is no doubt that they both act with more effect by adhering to their own dogmas.

For myself, I know that I act best when the heart is warm and the head is cool. In observing the works of great painters I find that they have no conventionalities except their own; hence they are masters, and each is at the head of his own school. They are original, and could not imitate even if they would.

So with acting, no master-hand can prescribe rules for the head of another school. If, then, I appear bold in putting forth my suggestions, I desire it to be clearly understood that I do not present them to original or experienced artists who have formed their school, but to the student who may have a temperament akin to my own, and who could, therefore, blend my methods with his preconceived ideas.

DRAMATIC WRITING.

ON the discovery of a mysterious murder, when all are at a loss as to who has committed the deed, the first thing the detective searches for is motive. If the murderer be not insane a motive must exist; and as the actions of our lives, when we are in a state of reflection and cool deliberation, spring from this cause, so must the playwright, in the construction of his plot and the action of his characters, give us motive.

Again, an audience should never be kept in the dark as to the true state of all matters connected with the play, particularly in comedy. Let the characters be deceived and entangled in a perfect labyrinth of difficulties if you will, but the audience must know just how the matter stands, or they cannot enjoy the confusion of the actors. For example, in "She Stoops to Conquer," when young *Marlow* makes love to *Miss Hardcastle* he thinks that she is the barmaid, but the audience know perfectly well that she is not; hence they enjoy his mistake. If they had not been let into the secret the effect would be lost; but an "équivoke" scene, wherein both characters are deceived as to each other's identity, is the most enjoyable, and requires perhaps more ingenuity in its construction than any other branch of writing in comedy. Such a scene, too, must be rendered with great skill and the most perfect seriousness: if a smile should steal over the actor's face, showing that he inwardly sees the humor of the situation, the whole effect will be lost. The bewilderment of the characters must be supreme, and as the scene progresses

and they become more and more entangled their blank looks of amazement delight the audience, who alone are in the secret.

A FAULT OF FRENCH ACTING.

THE supremacy in both the writing and acting of comedy has been for many years accorded to the French stage. My opinion upon this subject will be of little value. An American comedian acting only in the English language could scarcely speak with confidence on this subject unless he understood and spoke the French language as well as the French actors themselves. In tragedy the matter would be quite different. The expressions of love, jealousy, hate, revenge, pride, madness, or despair are so pronounced in tragedy that we can judge of their intensity and effect in any language. Comedy has but little to do with the violent exhibition of these passions. Its effects are more subtle, and depend much upon minute detail, accompanied by slight but most important inflections of the voice, and by delicate pantomime. No one not thoroughly and practically acquainted with the French language could offer a fair opinion upon French acting. I can only say that I saw much of French comedy in France and was delighted with it. Its grace and finish were quite perfect, and in acting their comedy I should say that the comedians were exceptionally fine; but, with all their excellence, there is one glaring fault which I think I may venture to express condemnation of, no matter in what language it occurs, and which I think they could hardly themselves defend—I mean the unnatural trick of speaking soliloquy and side speeches directly to the audience. We should act *for* the audience, not *to* the audience. To appeal every now and then to the front of the theater for recognition is an exhibition of weakness. An actor who cannot speak a speech with his back to the audience when the situation demands it has much to learn. As soon as we acknowledge the presence of the public we dispel its attention and ruin its enjoyment. We were forced to do this in the days when we were His Majesty's servants, and when it was considered disrespectful to turn our backs on royalty. How absurd to see a courtier present a document at the foot of the throne in the play and sidle up the stage with his back to the mimic king because the real article is in the royal box!

THE ACTORS OF TO-DAY.

WE have, I think, a natural tendency to dignify the events of the past beyond their deserts, and so we often throw a glamour of excellence over departed actors which we would

not accord to them if they were here. This, of course, is erring upon the safe side. The only danger is that our reverence may at times cause us to disparage the good qualities of those who are among us. Dramatic affairs, too, have undergone a change that renders a fair judgment almost impossible. For instance, the actors of, say, forty years ago rarely visited the smaller cities: they were concentrated in the larger ones; but now the demand for dramatic excellence is so great, and the facilities for travel are so extended, that the same amount of talent is diffused all over the world; so we are apt to fancy that it does not exist because it is not with us. If all the great actors of to-day were concentrated into a few companies, as was formerly the case, we would be amazed at the entertainment they would give us.

IMITATION AND ACTING.

DRAMATIC instinct is inherent throughout the human family. Savages, even of the lowest type, are never so enthusiastic as when they indulge in ceremonies representing death and destruction. They will start upon an ideal warpath, suddenly stopping to scalp an imaginary enemy. The New Zealanders, who both physically and intellectually are far above the ordinary savage, are excellent in pantomimic action. They will even act scenes and crudely represent historical traditions of their tribe.

Watch the little boy in frocks—not two years old. If you would delight him, fold a piece of paper into the shape of a cocked hat, pop it on his head, then give him a stick, and in a moment the little fellow will straighten up and begin to march about, pretending that he is a soldier. If, in another year, you supply him with a shovel and a wheelbarrow, you will see him trudge off, joining others of his own age who are building embankments or digging canals, and calling one another by names that do not belong to them, acting and pretending that they are somebody else. A group of little girls will not have been in the room together twenty minutes before one will play lady as if she had just called, and another pretend she is the hostess, and the smallest of all act mother and nurse her doll with loving care. After a time the grown-up people in the room will draw one another's attention to this little drama, and, not wishing to interrupt the play, will quietly nudge their neighbors and nod approvingly.

The lawyer often clears his guilty client by depicting the sorrow of a family who will be stricken down with grief if the jury should convict. The influence of the stage has crept into the pulpit, which to-day contains some of the finest actors of our time.

Here, then, we have evidence not only that this dramatic instinct pervades all classes of humanity, but that its possessors insist upon displaying their artistic qualities. And the encouragement of this desire is as universal as the gift; for theaters, opera houses, lecture rooms, and churches all over the world are filled with eager audiences anxious to witness any, and all, brilliant dramatic achievements. The demand, too, is increasing. Half a century ago there were but few good theaters in America, and even these were badly lighted, poorly heated, and indifferently appointed. In many of the small towns the only places used for dramatic entertainments were the dining-rooms of the hotels, from which, after tea, the tables were removed and the chairs set back that the play might be acted. Now, in nearly all of the new and rising cities, the theater or the opera house is centrally located; and it is generally the finest building, both in point of size and architecture, to be seen—heated with steam, lighted by electricity, and provided with every comfort. Within these temples actors, opera singers, minstrels, and ministers hold forth, and the same audience goes to hear them all.

The desire for dramatic entertainment has resolved itself into a tidal wave that nothing can stop, particularly as there is no desire to impede it. It has not the fleeting character of a political movement that might change with the new influence of the next Administration; it belongs to no party; it is born of no sect; but it is the outcome of a universal passion.

I think it is generally conceded that imitators are seldom fine actors, though they are usually great favorites with the public. I confess that I enjoy the exhibitions of this kind of talent exceedingly. There is something very attractive and even strange to see one man display the voice, manner, and expression of another—particularly if that other be not yourself. We may enjoy the imitation of our dearest friends, but our smiles vanish and our faces elongate if the mimic attempts to give a "counterfeit presentment" of the party of the first part. I have heroically tried on several occasions to enjoy imitations of myself, but have never succeeded. These ingenious transcripts contain a slight touch of ridicule that always offends the original. An anecdote of Mr. Buckstone, the English comedian, will serve to illustrate what I have said. He was an actor whose mannerisms were so marked that they infused themselves through all the characters he played. He was undoubtedly humorous, or, more properly speaking, funny; but whether he acted *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* or *Cousin Joe* he seemed to have no power of embodying the character—ren-

dering each of them with the same voice, manner, and attitude; consequently, he was an admirable subject for imitation.

At the close of a dinner party he had been given to understand that there was a person present who gave an excellent imitation of himself. Buckstone at once desired the gentleman to let the company have a test of his quality. The gentleman politely declined, saying that he might give offense; but the comedian would not let him off, insisted on the exhibition, and, rubbing his hands together with great glee, settled himself down for unlimited enjoyment. The imitator, seeing that there was no escape, arose, and amid breathless silence began. His hit was immense, and as he sat down the guests broke forth in loud laughter and applause: the whole table was in a roar of merriment; every one was in ecstasy except Buckstone, who looked the picture of misery.

"Well, Mr. Buckstone," exclaimed a wag, who was quietly enjoying the comedian's discomfiture, "don't you think the imitation very fine?"

"It may be," he replied, "but I think I could do it better myself."

Acting is more a gift than an art. I have seen a child impress an audience by its natural grace and magnetism. The little creature was too young to know what art meant, but it had the *gift* of acting. The great value of art when applied to the stage is that it enables the performer to reproduce the gift, and so move his audience night after night, even though he has acted the same character a thousand times. In fact, we cannot act a character too often, if we do not lose interest in it. But when its constant repetition palls on the actor it will as surely weary his audience. When you lose interest—stop acting.

FRESHNESS IN PLAYING A PART.—A STORY OF MRS. WARNER AND MACREADY.

THIS loss of interest on the part of the actor may not be visible in the action or pantomime; but unless care and judgment are observed it will assuredly betray itself in the delivery of the language, and more particularly in the long speeches and soliloquies. In dialogue the spirit of the other actors serves to stimulate and keep him up; but when alone, and unaided by the eye and presence of a companion, the old story fails to kindle the fire. An anecdote of Macready that I heard many years ago throws a flood of light upon this subject; and as I think it too important a one to remain in obscurity, I will relate it as I got it from Mr. Couldock, and then refer to its influence upon myself and the means I used to

profit by it. The incident occurred in Birmingham in England some forty years ago. The narrator was present, and naturally listened with interest to a conversation upon art between two such able exponents of it as Mr. Macready and Mrs. Warner. What they said referred to an important scene in the tragedy of "*Werner*," that had been acted the evening before.

Mr. Macready, it seems, had much respect for Mrs. Warner's judgment in matters relating to the stage, and desired to consult her on the merits and demerits of the preceding evening's performance. As nearly as they can be remembered, his question and her reply were as follows:

"My dear madam," said Macready, "you have acted with me in the tragedy of '*Werner*' for many years, and naturally must be very familiar with it, and with my manner of acting that character. I have noticed lately, and more particularly last evening, that some of the passages in the play do not produce the effect that they formerly did. There is a certain speech especially that seems to have lost its power. I allude to the one wherein *Werner* excuses himself to his son for the 'petty plunder' of *Stralensheim's* gold. In our earlier performances, if you remember, this apology was received with marked favor, and, as you must have observed, last evening it produced no apparent effect. Can you form any idea why this should be? Is it that the audience has grown too familiar with the story? I must beg you to be candid with me. I shall not be offended by any adverse criticism that you may make, should you say that the fault is with me."

"Well, Mr. Macready, since you desire that I should speak plainly," said Mrs. Warner, "I do not think that it is because your audience is too familiar with the story, but because you are too familiar with it yourself."

"I thank you, madam," said Macready; "but how does this mar the effect of the speech?"

"Thus," said Mrs. Warner. "When you spoke that speech ten years ago there was a surprise in your face as though you then only realized what you had done. You looked shocked and bewildered, and in a forlorn way seemed to cast about for words that would excuse the crime; and all this with a depth of feeling and sincerity that would naturally come from an honest man who had been for the first time in his life accused of theft."

"That is as it should be given," said Macready; "and now, madam?"

"You speak it," said his frank critic, "like one who has committed a great many thefts in his life, and whose glib excuses are so pat

and frequent that he is neither shocked, surprised, nor abashed at the accusation."

"I thank you, madam," said the old actor. "The distinction may appear at first as a nice one, but there is much in it."

When I heard the story from Mr. Couldock it struck me with much force. I knew then that I had been unconsciously falling into the same error, and I felt that the fault would increase rather than diminish with time if I could not hit upon some method to check it. I began by listening to each important question as though it had been given for the first time, turning the query over in my mind and then answering it, even at times hesitating as if for want of words to frame the reply. I will admit that this is dangerous ground and apt to render one slow and prosy; in fact, I was accused, and I dare say quite justly, of pausing too long. This, of course, was the other extreme and had to be looked to, so that it became necessary that the pauses should, by the manner and pantomime, be made sufficiently interesting not to weary an audience; so I summed it up somewhat after the advice of Mr. Lewes—to take time without appearing to take time.

It is the freshness, the spontaneity, of acting that charms. How can a weary brain produce this quality? Show me a tired actor and I will show you a dull audience. They may go in crowds to see him, and sit patiently through his performance. They have heard that he is great, they may even know it from past experience; so they accept the indifferent art, thinking perhaps that they are to blame for a lack of enthusiasm.

Pantomimic action, unless it is in perfect harmony with the scene, is fatal to the effect of a delicate point. If the situation be a violent one, such as the preparation for battle in "Richard," or where *Hamlet's* uncle rises from his seat in the play scene, dismissing the audience, the situation being pronounced and the action strong, indifferent pantomime upon the part of the actors might not be noticed in the bustle and excitement. But, to exemplify my meaning, let us take a point where the audience is called upon, not for enthusiastic applause, but for rapt attention; where the situation is so subtle that the head bowed slowly down, or a movement of the eye, will reveal the meaning. Now, at this critical point, if one of the actors should even remove his hat, or unmeaningly shift his position, he will destroy the effect. The finer the acting the more easily it is destroyed, just as a scratch will disfigure a polished surface that would not show on the face of a cobblestone.

The audience cannot look in two places at once; the eye is such a tyrant that it distracts

from the subject "then necessary to be considered," directing the attention to a useless and intrusive movement. The value of repose is so great that it is difficult to estimate it.

At rehearsal the amateur, having finished his speech, invariably asks of the stage-manager what he should do next. As soon as he ceases to be the interesting figure he should observe the action of the other characters; this is the most natural by-play, and the least likely to do harm. It acts like the distance in a picture, that, by being subdued, gives strength to the foreground. But the *tyro* is generally fearful that he will fail to attract attention, whereas obscurity instead of prominence may at that time be the more desirable. To do nothing upon the stage seems quite simple, but some people never acquire this negative capacity.

For instance in "The Rivals" it is *David's* speech that terrifies *Acres*. How could an audience get the full value of what *David* says if they were looking at the face of *Acres*? The two characters would conflict with each other, and so rob the picture of clearness. But if *Acres* here will subdue his personality and sink, as it were, into the background, the audience will get the full force of what *David* says, and become as perfectly saturated with its meaning as *Acres* himself. Now see how fully they are prepared to receive the expression of fear from the latter. After *David's* scene is over, *Acres* has the audience at his full command—the slightest suggestion from him is taken up at once. They know his character and realize his position as vividly as he does himself; it is because they have had the full and uninterrupted benefit of the previous scene. If, during *David's* speech, I, as *Acres*, show my face to the audience or pull out my handkerchief and weep, I might gain a temporary advantage, but I should weaken *David*, and in the end mar the effect of my own character; and, believe me, an audience is always grateful to an actor who directs its attention the right way. The traveler thanks the truthful finger-post, but never forgives the rascal who has misdirected him.

Nothing in art is more distressing than to see an actor attract the attention of the audience, from an interesting point in the performance, by the introduction of some unimportant by-play. At times this is done from ignorance, but, I regret to say, often through jealousy. This unfair spirit reflects back upon the guilty party, for the public resent it quietly while the offender least suspects it: their enjoyment has been marred, and the obnoxious cause of it has only consoled them by a display of unmeaning activity; they refuse this rubbish and inwardly mark the individual who has had the

impertinence to offer it. But as two pigs under a gate make more noise than one, it is still worse to see a pair of ranters or a couple of buffoons trying to outdo each other. There is but one recompense; they are both self-slaughtered in the conflict,

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art.

LEARNING TO ACT.

MANY instructors in the dramatic art fall into the error of teaching too much. The pupil should first be allowed to exhibit his quality, and so teach the teacher what to teach. This course would answer the double purpose of first revealing how much the pupil is capable of learning, and, what is still more important, of permitting him to display his powers untrammelled. Whereas, if the master begins by pounding his dogmas into the student, the latter becomes environed by a foreign influence which, if repugnant to his nature, may smother his ability.

It is necessary to be cautious in studying elocution and gesticulation, lest they become our masters instead of our servants. These necessary but dangerous ingredients must be administered and taken in homeopathic doses, or the patient may die by being overstimulated. But, even at the risk of being artificial, it is better to have studied these arbitrary rules than to enter a profession with no knowledge whatever of its mechanism. Dramatic instinct is so implanted in humanity that it sometimes misleads us, fostering the idea that because we have the natural talent within we are equally endowed with the power of bringing it out. This is the common error, the rock on which the histrionic aspirant is oftenest wrecked. Very few actors succeed who crawl into the service through the "cabin windows"; and if they do it is a lifelong regret with them that they did not exert their courage and sail at first "before the mast."

Many of the shining lights who now occupy the highest positions on the stage, and whom the public voice delights to praise, have often appeared in the dreaded character of omnes, marched in processions, sung out of tune in choruses, and shouted themselves hoarse for *Brutus* and *Mark Antony*.

If necessity is the mother of invention, she is the foster-mother of art, for the greatest actors that ever lived have drawn their early nourishment from her breast. We learn our profession by the mortifications we are compelled to go through in order to get a living. The sons and daughters of wealthy parents who have money at their command, and can

settle their weekly expenses without the assistance of the box office, indignantly refuse to lower themselves by assuming some subordinate character for which they are cast, and march home because their fathers and mothers will take care of them. Well, they had better stay there!

If Edmund Kean had been rich the chances are that he would never have submitted to the insults of the manager and some of the actors during the memorable rehearsal at Drury Lane Theater. He would perhaps have broken his engagement and retired from the stage in disgust; but half starved and threadbare, his loved wife and child living in a garret, he had a noble motive to stimulate his power, and I believe that Kean on the night of his first appearance in London was a greater actor than he had ever been before. His situation was desperate, and aroused the slumbering genius within him. The whole history of that eventful night impresses one with the idea that he was himself surprised at what he did. Fitzgerald, in his admirable "Romance of the English Stage," says that "Kean had a gallant confidence in himself all through." There is nothing in the story that implies this. He had courage, no doubt, or he could not have made the effort; but it was fitful and uncertain. Genius is seldom confident. Fitzgerald himself quotes the last words Kean said as he left his house for the theater. "He kissed his wife and infant son, and muttered, 'I wish I were going to be shot.'" There is no confidence in these terrible words. They show the brave nature of the man because he was not confident. Who can say how fervently he may have prayed as he trudged through the dark, wet streets, with a beating heart and a nervous foreboding of disaster in the approaching trial? His hit was tremendous, and, when the manager congratulated him on his wonderful success, in Kean's own description of the event he said, "The pit rose at me." This sounds confident, I admit; but the remark was made after the battle was won.

The whole picture is more interesting and truthful when we view the man as being fully alive to the danger of the situation and apprehensive lest the invisible genius within him should fail to appear. When this mysterious influence, which comes unbidden, burst forth at the theater that night, the public were amazed, the critics stunned, and Kean himself was surprised. No intellectual effort could have created this effect. The source of genius is in the soul; it seldom aims at the brains of the audience, but oftener shoots at their hearts through its own. It shrinks from assuming the arrogance that commands attention, and modestly invites it.

But whether you are rich or poor, if you would be an actor begin at the beginning. This is the old conventional advice, and is as good now in its old age as it was in its youth. All actors will agree in this, and as *Puff* says, in "The Critic," "When they do agree on the stage the unanimity is wonderful." Enroll yourself as a "super" in some first-class theater, where there is a stock company and likely to be a periodical change of programme, so that even in your low degree the practice will be varied. After having posed a month as an innocent English rustic, you may, in the next play, have an opportunity of being a noble Roman. Do the little you have to do as well as you can; if you are in earnest the stage-manager will soon notice it and your advancement will begin at once. You have now made the plunge, the ice is broken; there is no more degradation for you; every step you take is forward.

A great American statesman said, "There is always plenty of room at the top." So there is, Mr. Webster, after you get there. But we must climb, and climb slowly too, so that we can look back without any unpleasant sensations; for if we are cast suddenly upon the giddy height our heads will swim and down we shall go. Look also at the difficulties that will beset you by beginning "at the top." In the first place, no manager in his senses will permit it; and if he did, your failure—which is almost inevitable—not only will mortify you, but your future course for some time to come will be on the downward path. Then, in disgust, sore and disheartened, you will retire from the profession which perhaps your talents might have ornamented if they had been properly developed.

CONVERSATIONS CONCERNING "RIP VAN WINKLE."

WHILE acting once in Boston I received a note from the publisher of "The Atlantic Monthly," to know if I would call at the publishing house to meet Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It seems the lady had been at the theater where I had acted the night before, and in a note to the publisher had expressed a desire to see me. We had a long and, to me, very pleasant chat. In speaking of her visit to the theater she said she was struck by the scene in which *Rip Van Winkle* meets with his daughter, and that it reminded her of the situation between *Lear* and *Cordelia*. I told her that the scene was undoubtedly modeled on the one from Shakspere, and perhaps the white hair and beard floating about the head of the old Knickerbocker had some share in this likeness. She said she was sure that I could play *Lear*. I was sorry to differ with a

lady, but I told her I was quite sure that I could not.

Shortly after this I met another lady of equal intelligence who seemed much interested in *Rip Van Winkle*. Among the many questions she asked of me was how I could act the character so often and not tire of it. I told her that I had always been strangely interested in the part, and fearing that I might eventually grow weary of it, I had of late years so arranged my seasons that I played only a few months and took long spells of rest between them; but that my great stimulus, of course, was public approval, and the knowledge that it must cease if I flagged in my interest or neglected to give my entire attention to the work while it was progressing.

"Another question, please. Why don't you have a dog in the play?"

I replied that I disliked realism in art, and realism alive, with a tail to wag at the wrong time, would be abominable.

"But don't you think that the public would like to see *Schneider*?"

"The public could not pay him a higher compliment, for it shows how great an interest they take in an animal that has never been exhibited. No, no; 'hold the mirror up to nature,' if you like, but don't hold *nature* up—a reflection of the thing, but not the thing itself. How badly would a drunken man give an exhibition of intoxication on the stage! Who shall act a madman but one who is perfectly sane? We must not be natural, but appear to be so."

"One question more, and I have done. Why do you not refuse the cup that *Gretchen* offers you at the end of the play?"

To which I replied: "Should *Rip* refuse the cup the drama would become at once a temperance play. This subject has both its adherents and its opponents, and has, moreover, of late become a political question. The action would have a local and even a modern flavor. I should as soon expect to hear of Cinderella striking for high wages or of a speech on woman's rights from old Mother Hubbard as to listen to a temperance lecture from *Rip Van Winkle*; it would take all the poetry and fairy-tale element completely out of it. I would prefer that the impression on the audience as the curtain falls should be suggestive, so that they might terminate it in a manner most agreeable to themselves. Let us not suppose in the end that *Rip* and his wife get ill, send for the doctor, take pills, and die, but that they sit like Darby and Joan by the fireside and eventually go up the chimney in the smoke. If 'Rip Van Winkle' had been treated in a realistic manner it never would have lived so long." What is called the moral drama is artificial

and insincere, and I doubt if it ever taught a wholesome lesson. Mr. Gough's mission was a different one from mine. In his entertainment he announced himself as a temperance lecturer. The audience were prepared to hear and approve of his views. In my case it would be a deception to announce a play and preach a sermon, and the very people who ask for it would consider it an impertinence if it had been gratuitously offered.

The beautiful lessons contained in many of the plays of Shakspere are not thrust upon the audience. They are so delicately suggested that the listener takes the splendid truths and hugs them to his heart. The great dramatist does not stand forth and dogmatically expound his views on acting, but mark with what modesty he shows us the way to tread. One of his characters, *Hamlet*, has a play, and with kind consideration takes aside the actors who are to perform it and tells them how he would have his play delivered. These simple instructions, of not more than a dozen lines, contain the whole art of acting; the player need go no further for instruction; those who entangle themselves in a labyrinth of arguments over the proper or improper way of rendering plays or characters can settle all their disputes by this little speech.

Again, *Polonius* does not sermonize his audience. As his only son is leaving home, the youth kneels at his father's feet and asks a blessing: who would not wish that his son should go through life freighted with such precepts? These are the lessons that Shakspere has taught us, and this must surely be the way to teach them. So it would seem that Shakspere, in giving his lessons to the world, is like a kind father who when his son has been guilty of a grave offense, instead of storming at him in a temper, waits until the wrong is half forgotten, and then when they are the best of friends takes the little fellow on his knee and tells him for his own sake what he would have him do.

REALISM ON THE STAGE.

REALISM and idealism are important factors in the dramatic art. No one, I think, will question the fact that imagination has given us the highest dramatic compositions, and that it enters largely into the best form of acting; and there is a strong belief that the introduction of realism into plays of a highly poetical character often goes far to weaken their effect. We are told, by an authority that no one seems inclined to dispute, that the judgments of the judicious "should outweigh a whole theater of others"; but then who are in this case the "judicious"? May it not be the many

instead of the few? That manager is unquestionably the most useful who entertains the greatest number when he does not degrade them, and certainly there is no degradation in the realistic productions in question. So the matter stands just where it did: the audience must decide which it prefers, and the actor must consider how far these introductions may assist or mar his work.

It was my good fortune during the earlier part of my dramatic career to add the romantic story of "Rip Van Winkle" to my répertoire. I was attracted by the poetic nature of the legend, and endeavored to treat it in harmony with that feature. After acting it for many years I had various suggestions made to me for elaborating the spectacular and scenic effects of the play, among which was the introduction of several fat old Knickerbockers smoking their long pipes and quarreling in Dutch, a large windmill with the sails to work, dairymaids with real cows, mechanical effects for the sudden and mysterious appearance and disappearance of Hendrik Hudson's crew, and in the last act the Continental army with drums and fifes, a militia training, and the introduction of patriotic speeches about American independence.

So unreal a theme could not have been interwoven with all this realism without marring the play. If I were a stage-manager and were producing a plain, matter-of-fact nautical drama, where the characters are mere commonplace, everyday people, I would exert all my ingenuity in the invention of realistic effects. The ship should be perfectly modeled, the masts round, the sails canvas, and the coils of rope of undoubted veracity. On the village green I would place cottages built out and thatched with veritable straw, and the garlands of roses that hung from the May-pole should perfume the auditorium, if Lubin's extract of new-mown hay could do the business; but I should hesitate before I placed smoking hot joints on the banquet tables of "Macbeth." It does seem out of place that the audience should have their nostrils saluted with the odor of baked meat while they are gazing at the awful ghost of "the blood-bolted Banquo." According to this view of the subject, realism should halt before it trenches upon or vulgarizes the effect of a poetical play.

PLAYING "RIP" IN THE CATSKILLS.

ONE more curious incident occurs to me connected with this play.

There is in the village of Catskill a Rip Van Winkle Club. This society did me the honor to invite me to act the character in their town. I accepted, and when I arrived

was met by the worthy president and other members of the club, among whom was young Nicholas Vedder, who claimed to be a lineal descendant of the original "old Nick." Emulating the spirit of evolution, the citizens had turned the skating-rink into a theater, and a very respectable-looking establishment it made, though in its transition state the marks of rollers did "cling to it still." I was taking a cup of tea at the table in the hotel when I was attracted to the colored waiter, who was giving a graphic and detailed account of this legend of the Catskill Mountains to one of the boarders who sat nearly opposite to me.

"Yes, sah," he continued; "Rip went up into de mountains, slep' for twenty years, and when he come back hyar in dis berry town his own folks did n't know him."

"Why," said his listener, "you don't believe the story 's true?"

"True? Ob course it is. Why," pointing at me, "dat's de man."

The town was filled with farmers and their wives who had come from far and near to see the opening of the new theater, and also, I think I may say, to see for the first time the story which Washington Irving had laid almost at their very doors.

As I drove to the theater the rain came down in torrents, the thunder rolled and the lightning played around the peaks of the distant mountains under the very shadow of which I was to act the play. It gave me a very strange sensation. When I got to the theater I could scarcely get in, the crowd was so great about the door—countrymen trying to get into the ticket office instead of the proper entrance, and anxious and incredulous old ladies endeavoring to squeeze past the door-keeper but refusing to give up their tickets. The rush over, the play began. The audience was intent on the scene as it progressed and seemed anxious not to lose a word. During the scene in the last act where *Rip* inquires of the innkeeper, "Is this the village of Falling Water?" I altered the text and substituted the correct name, "Is this the village of Catskill?" The crowded house almost held its breath. The name of the village seemed to bring the scene home to every man, woman, and child that was looking at it. From this time on the interest was at its full tension. Surely I had never seen an audience so struck with the play before.

There was a reception held at the club after the play, and the worthy president in introducing me to the company was so nervous that he announced me as "Mr. Washington Irving."

If I dwell at length upon so old a subject as this well-worn drama it is not only because

the play and its hero were important to me, but for the reason that there are incidents connected with its career from which a lesson may be drawn; and while I do not aspire to be a teacher of art or set myself up as a Sir Oracle, or a finger-post to point out the road to dramatic success, I cannot resist the desire I have to give some of my young friends on the stage a few hints in relation to the conduct of their professional lives that may be useful even if they are dry and uninteresting.

The rules that would seem to promote success upon the stage are so shifting and at times so inscrutable that the most diligent and experienced actors often stand amazed at the disappointing results which have attended honest and intelligent labor. I have known members of the theatrical profession who, though possessed of great ability and an untiring industry, have never met with one cheering success, and I have seen novices come upon the stage, knowing nothing of dramatic art and possessed of no talent whatever, startle the public, and command its attention at once, and all this from the mere exhibition of youth, beauty, and confidence. This latter kind of popularity, however, is not lasting, nor does it ever revive after it has once lost its power, and here is just the point in question: an ephemeral success is worse than no success at all, for all the feverish flattery and hollow applause that may have attended it in the beginning cannot atone for the disappointment that follows upon neglect. The once petted favorite sinks under the desolation which comes from public indifference. A legitimate and well-earned success is almost perennial, if pursued by the artist to the end with the same love of his work that characterized its beginning.

"Rip Van Winkle" was not a sudden success. It did not burst upon the public like a torrent. Its flow was gradual, and its source sprang from the Hartz Mountains, an old German legend, called "Carl the Shepherd," being the name of the original story. The genius of Washington Irving transplanted the tale to our own Catskills. The grace with which he paints the scene, and, still more, the quaintness of the story, placed it far above the original. Yates, Hackett, and Burke had separate dramas written upon this scene and acted the hero, leaving their traditions one to the other. I now came forth, and saying, "Give me leave," set to work, using some of the before-mentioned tradition, mark you. Added to this, Dion Boucicault brought his dramatic skill to bear, and by important additions made a better play and a more interesting character of the hero than had as yet been reached. This adaptation, in my turn, I interpreted and enlarged upon. It is thus evident that while I may have

done much to render the character and the play popular, it has not been the work of one mind, but both as to its narrative and its dramatic form has been often molded, and by many skillful hands. So it would seem that those dramatic successes that "come like shadows, so depart," and those that are lasting, have ability for their foundation and industry for their superstructure. I speak now of the former and the present condition of the drama. What the future may bring forth it is difficult to determine. The histrionic kaleidoscope revolves more rapidly than of yore and the fantastic shapes that it exhibits are brilliant and confusing; but under all circumstances I should be loath to believe that any conditions will render the appearance of frivolous novices more potent than the earnest design of legitimate professors.

IN LOUISIANA.

THE plantation I purchased in Louisiana was at one time the property of a prominent Spaniard named Carline, to whom it had been granted when the State was under the dominion of Spain. He had made his selection with considerable judgment, as the large tract that had been ceded to him contained an island of two hundred acres, which stood at an elevation of about ninety feet above the sea and was covered with grand live-oak and magnolia trees. When it passed from Carline it fell into the hands of an old Scotchman named Randolph, who was, from all accounts, as sagacious as the Spaniard. He added to the beauty of the island by planting it with pecan and orange trees, which were in full bearing when I purchased the place.

It is currently reported by the peasantry of this section that Captain Lafitte, who was also quite celebrated under the high-sounding title of "The Pirate of the Gulf," often visited the island. This hero's virtues have been extolled in a romantic novel, several love songs, and a bad nautical drama; and history has in some measure tried to elevate him beyond the average of mankind because he refused the overtures of General Pakenham and joined the forces of General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. But the truth is, that the captain had plenty of money; the British bribe possessed no fascinations for him, as the United States Government had set a price upon his head; and there is consequently a slight suspicion that self-preservation and not patriotism induced him to cast in his lot with America. He was undoubtedly a highly cultivated buccaneer, and having with care and industry amassed a large fortune by robbing his fellow-men, he retired from business in the prime of life and secluded

his virtues under the shade of Mr. Randolph's peaceful orange groves. It is said that he became so stung with remorse at the retrospect of his piratical career that he eventually atoned for his crimes by going into the slave trade. It is further hinted that the gallant captain made this place his headquarters in the summer. The cares of piracy and slave stealing would naturally in time undermine the constitution of a sensitive nature, and it was therefore necessary that during the heated term—an unpleasant season for the latter business—he should require time for recuperation and an opportunity to hide his treasures. It is said that he generally performed this ceremony in the moonlight assisted by his gallant band, who were sworn to secrecy, and, being men of honor, could of course be depended upon. It being a foregone conclusion that this story is true, it was natural that I should have been warmly congratulated when I became the rightful owner of all this ill-gotten gold—that is, if we ever find it. I have never looked for it myself. In the first place I have never had time, and in the next I really am afraid that I should not find it. I wish the rest of the community were as skeptical of its presence as I am, for then they would stop disfiguring the shore around the lake and digging holes under every tree upon which some mischievous fellow has cut a cross. Nothing has been discovered so far except an old long-bladed knife, of a size and shape quite convenient for pirating, and a silver dollar; but as the latter was coined in 1829, it is quite evident that Lafitte was buried first, so it could not have been his property. These treasure-seekers have periodical attacks of this insanity, like the same class of idiots who ruin the clam business on Long Island by digging up the shore in hopes of discovering the treasures of the late lamented Captain Kidd.

The scenery and villages along the Bayou Teche have for years been famous for their romantic beauty, and the fine islands—on one of which we live—are still a mystery to the geologists who have examined them. Of course they all have their theories, but I fancy that they differ in their opinions. One of these beautiful spots is called Salt Island, and is owned and occupied by the Averys, a charming and hospitable family, who have lived there for many years, and who are the owners of the celebrated salt mine which the place contains. It is a weird and beautiful cavern. Arch after arch stretches far away; looking down the dark and gloomy avenues one is amazed at the inexhaustible deposit, and when it is artificially lighted up millions of crystals flash and sparkle with wondrous splendor.

Five miles from this charming place is our

island. During the first eight years of our Southern journeys the beaten track of commonplace travel ended at Brashear, which was then the terminus of the railroad. Here we used to get on board of a little stern-wheel boat, so small that contrasted with the Leviathan Texas steamers anchored in the bay it looked like a toy. Our route lay westward up the Bayou Atchafalaya to where it met the Bayou Teche. This is the point where Gabriel and Evangeline are separated in Longfellow's poem.

Our passage up the Teche was extremely picturesque. The stream is narrow, and the live-oak and cypress trees stretch their branches over it till in places they fairly meet and interlock. When the darkness came on pine knots were burned in the bow of the boat, and as she steamed up the narrow river a strong light fell on the gaunt trees that suddenly started out of the black night like weird specters. The negro deck-hands, some bare to the waist and others in red and blue shirts, would sit in lazy groups chanting their plantation songs, keeping perfect time with the beat of the engine. It was delightful to light a pipe and sit on the deck, to look upon the novel scene and listen to these strange sounds, to feel that the season had closed, and to anticipate three months of perfect rest — no letters to write, no engagement to keep, no dreadful appointments hanging over one's head!

As I have been living here for the past eighteen winters there is naturally among the peasantry, both white and black, some curiosity as to the precise nature of my vocation. The town near us has had no theater or hall of any kind until lately, so that the only public amusements with which they are familiar have been confined to the circus.

The country people know me very well, and it is a mystery to them what I can possibly do in a "show," as they call it. One day I had been out duck shooting and was being paddled slowly along the bayou in a canoe by my "man Friday," a colored boy about eighteen years of age. As a rider of buck-jumping ponies he was a wonder either with or without a saddle, and the perfect ease with which he handled a canoe made him invaluable as a guide. He would dip the paddle deep into the stream and with a firm and steady hand move the boat with great speed, and yet with such skill and so silently that he made no splash or ripple in the water. I have often sat with my back to him in the quiet of a sunset evening and listened to catch the slightest sound; but no, though we glided along the water like an arrow, John's paddle was quiet as a mouse. On the excursion referred to the silence was broken by John's voice. "Mr. Joe, will you be mad if I ax you somfen?" "No, John;

what is it?" There was a pause, then calling up all his courage he broke forth with a question which I have no doubt he had meditated upon and could contain no longer. "What does you do in a show?" I told him that it would be rather difficult for me to explain to him what my peculiar line of business was. "Well," said John, "does you swallow knives?" I told him that I had no talent whatever in that way. "Well, your son told me that you swallowed knives, and forks, and fire, and de Lord knows what all, and I believe he was just foolin' me." I agreed with him, saying that he was quite capable of it. "Well, dere's one thing certain," said John; "you don't act in the circus." I asked him how he could be sure of that. Here he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, almost tipping the canoe over in his violent mirth. "Oh, no — oh, no, sah; you can't fool me on dat. I've seen you get on your horse; you ain't no circus actor."

Near our plantation lived a famed Acadian, named Pierre Landry. When he was a boy he had seen Lafitte, and many tales of this bold buccaneer were traditional in his family. I had heard much of this old man; and, being curious to see him, set out with the intention of taking a photograph of himself and his family, and of perhaps getting some interesting matter relating to Lafitte. About three miles from the entrance gate of our plantation runs the Bayou Petite Anse. Its low banks are fringed with tall, gaunt cypress trees, hung with tangled vines and drooping moss. It would have had a mysterious and even dismal look but for the few quaint little houses scattered throughout the woods. Some of these are painted with faded pink wash, others are colored yellow, with blue and green window-shutters, and some are white, giving the place a more cheerful look. The little salmon-colored store and post-office is situated near a long and rambling bridge, made of cypress logs and earth embankments.

Strung along this crossing on a Sunday are to be seen from ten to a dozen negro women and children fishing in the bayou. This is a holiday for them and they are dressed in their best attire — clean blue cotton jean in various faded shades, according to the age of the material; some in deep sun-bonnets, and others, generally the older branches of the family, with their heads done up in gaudy colored bandanas. Upon the western side of this bayou stands a picturesque cottage with a high gabled roof, and on its wide porch, covered with rose vines and honeysuckle, sat Pierre Landry and his wife and daughter.

The old man could not walk, and had been wheeled out in his chair to enjoy the lovely spring morning. He was a fine specimen of an Acadian patriarch; his complexion was of

a rich brown, and his snow-white hair floated about his reverend brow. He had been for years the arbitrator in all questions of importance among his people—a grand old peace-maker, whose wisdom and justice settled the petty and important quarrels of his more irritable neighbors with unerring justice; and many misunderstandings that would have lapsed into ruinous lawsuits were arranged by him without a murmur from either plaintiffs or defendants, so that the attorney of the village looked upon him as a mortal foe, and on one occasion threatened to sue him for damages.

There was a cheerful aspect about the place: the birds were singing, the bees were buzzing amid the flowers, and the whirl of a spinning-wheel upon the porch, turned by old Landry's daughter, gave the spot a home-like look that told of love and peace. As we entered the little garden gate Madame rose from her chair, and with rustic French politeness invited us to enter. "Entrez, monsieur," she said, in kindly tones. I told her the intention of our visit: she seemed pleased, and said, through our overseer, that she had been informed of it and was quite ready. She then began arranging her husband, her daughter, and herself into what would have been, I am afraid, a rather stiff family group. I told her there was no hurry, and that I preferred she should take her former position, and I would wait until some fitting picture should present itself.

I asked the driver to tell her that my visit was not one of mere idle curiosity, but that I had heard what an interesting character her husband was, and as the house was so quaint and pretty I had taken a fancy to photograph it and give the picture to some magazine for illustration, and that then they would become quite famous.

She laughed at this and whispered something to her husband, who looked at us in a dazed and bewildered kind of way as if he did not quite understand what was going on. She patted him cheerfully on the back and seemed quite childlike in her joy at the prospect of becoming historical. In chatting about various matters I asked if her husband were ill. "Oh, no," said she; "but old, very old—not able to walk now." And the tears came into her honest eyes. Her daughter knelt upon the steps and looked up into her father's face. "My darling husband," the wife continued; "we have been married many years. He has been all his life so good, so brave, so noble—my own dear Pierre." She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and, half turning her head from me, looked down upon him with as much affection as she could have done upon her wedding-day. Now was the time. "Stay that way

for a moment," I said—and the picture was taken.

She could scarcely believe it was over, never having seen the operation before, and wanted to look at the picture at once. I told her that she must wait and that I would bring the picture at some future time; and so we parted. Just one year after this my wife and myself, driven by our overseer, stopped at the garden gate in front of this same cottage. How glad I was that I had taken the picture and could give it into the hands of Pierre Landry's widow; for in the mean time he had been called away to plead his own cause in another-world, and if virtue and honesty be weighed in the balance there, the chances are that he has been acquitted. The place looked much the same, but there was a curious stillness about it that seemed almost sacred, or I fancied so. The roses and honeysuckles of the year before had gone, like him whose hand had reared the vine; but new ones were in their place, and old Madame Landry sat in her husband's chair upon the porch. Coming down to greet us with some flowers in her hand to give my wife—for the driver had told her we were coming—she was about to hand them when I gave her the picture. The dear old woman for a moment seemed bewildered, the freshly gathered flowers fell unheeded at her feet, and, gently kissing the likeness of her husband, she burst into tears and sank upon her knees; then clasping the picture closely to her bosom, she cried out, "O my darling, my own, my noble Pierre! you have come back to me." My wife and I looked into each other's faces with moistened eyes, and, respecting her sacred sorrow, stepped quietly into the carriage and drove away. As I glanced back I saw the dear old woman had risen from the ground and was tottering towards the gate. With one hand she clasped the picture to her heart, waving the other almost wildly overhead in an ecstasy of grief and joy. As we passed the corner of the field the driver pointed to a mound marked by a simple cross and covered with blooming roses.

AND now I must end my life, not "with a bare bodkin," but with a harmless goose quill; and however painful the suicide may be to me it is a satisfaction to know that with the same blow I have put an end to the sufferings of my readers. Besides, an extended sojourn here, either in a literary or a personal state, may after all be of little moment. Seneca says, when writing to his friend Lucilius on this matter, "Life is like a play upon the stage; it signifies not how long it lasts, but how well it is acted. Die when or where you will, think only on making a good exit."

In Louisiana the live-oak is the king of the

forest, and the magnolia is its queen; and there is nothing more delightful to one who is fond of the country than to sit under them on a clear, calm spring morning like this. The old limbs twine themselves in fantastic forms, the rich yellow foliage mantles the trees with a sheen of gold, and from beneath the leaves the gray moss is draped, hanging in graceful festoons and swaying slowly in the gentle air. I am listening to the merry chirp of the tuneful cardinal as he sparkles amid the green boughs, and to the more glorious melody of the mocking-bird. Now in the distance comes the solemn cawing of two crafty crows. They are far apart; one sits on the high branch of a dead cypress, while his cautious mate is hidden away in some secluded spot: they jabber to each other as though they held a conference of deep importance; he on the high limb gives a croak as though he made a signal to his distant mate, and here she comes out of the dense wood and lights quite near him on the cypress branch: they *sidle* up to each other and lay their wise old heads together, now seeming to agree upon a plan of action: with one accord they flutter from the limb and slowly flap themselves away.

I am sitting here upon the fragment of a

broken wheel; the wood is fast decaying, and the iron cogs are rusting in their age. It is as old as I am, but will last much longer. Most likely it belonged to some old mill, and has been here in idleness through many generations of the crows; it must have done good service in its day, and if it were a sentient wheel perhaps would feel the comfort in old age of having done its duty.

Over my head the gray arms of two live-oaks stretch their limbs, and looking down into the ravine I see the trees are arched as though they canopied the aisle of a cathedral; and doubtless they stood here before the builder of the mill was born. Behind a fallen tree there stands another, and from where I sit I plainly see the initials of my wife's name, cut there on the trunk by me on some romantic birthday many years ago. We live here still, and it is legally recorded in the archives of the parish that this place belongs to us; and so it does, just as it did to the man that built the mill. And yet we are but tenants. Let us assure ourselves of this, and then it will not be so hard to make room for the new administration; for shortly the great Landlord will give us notice that our lease has expired.

Joseph Jefferson.



WHY PATRONAGE IN OFFICES IS UN-AMERICAN.

CIVIL Service Reform has had a stormy existence of twenty-three years. It has moved along amid the abuse of foes who have sneered at its advocates, and the loud praise of friends who have showered much indiscriminate invective on all its enemies, real and supposed. Like other causes at bottom righteous it has marched forward, slowly and painfully, yet still forward. Nevertheless in all the noise and dust and shouting the precise thing wanted occasionally becomes dim, the line of march is sometimes lost, and

the results reached are often hidden from sight. Any one who watches the course of a reform like this and sees it struggling among confusions born of much violent argument and talking hither and thither, for and against, is strongly tempted to cry out with Carlyle: "O shrieking beloved brother blockheads of mankind! let us close those wide mouths of ours; let us cease shrieking and begin considering." In the language of the shop, let us stop and take stock, that we may know the real state of the case, what we have got, what we want, and how we are to get that which is lacking. As Mr. Webster said on a celebrated occasion, after tossing on the waves of debate it is well

to take our latitude and see how far we have been driven from the true course. This is especially desirable in this instance, for no movement has ever suffered more through needless misstatement at the hands of both friends and foes than this effort to obtain better methods of administration in the public service. The very name itself is misleading, for the real intent of the movement is not to reform the civil service, but to change the mode by which its places are filled. The purpose of civil service reform is to take the routine offices of the Government which are not political out of politics, where they ought never to have been, and to substitute for personal patronage in appointments some system which shall be impersonal and disinterested. The improvement of the service itself is a secondary object, for the civil service of the United States has been as a rule very good, and a movement therefore which by its title demanded only a reform of the service, and which at the outset was chiefly urged on that ground, started on false premises. This misfortune in naming is undoubtedly the chief reason that the movement for so long a time appealed so little to the American people, who are extremely practical, and who are inclined to resent anything which seems to them merely a fanciful effort to redress an unreal or trivial grievance. It is possible that no better name could have been devised. It is quite certain that it will not now be changed, and it is also certain that its real meaning is coming to be understood rightly.

The name, however, is the least of the difficulties. Both friend and foe seem to have conspired to pile up confusions about the movement in the form of argument and description. To begin with, there seems to be an absolute determination to misstate the case historically. The especial advocates of the reform have, as a rule, seen fit to take an arbitrary point in our history and declare that there and then what they call the spoils system was born. This theory coincides pleasantly with the belief not uncommon in certain circles that things political are much worse than they used to be once upon a time, and that we have fallen away sadly from the high standards of the fathers and founders of the Republic. These admirers of the past apparently consider that the only statesmen are dead statesmen and that living public men are mere "politicians"—a word which has come to be, like the "spoils system," a term of art. In the good old days—exact date not given—the evils of modern public life, according to this doctrine, did not exist. Everybody who held office then was good and able, and was chosen or appointed solely from merit, while selfish politicians and mercenary lobbyists were un-

known. In short, human nature then was something very different from what it is today.

This is not the place to deal with this particular humbug, which springs either from ignorance or from falsification of the facts, not only of our own history, but of all history. All that concerns us here is its application to the civil service question. It appears to have passed into a dogma that political patronage began with Andrew Jackson, and that the proposed reform is simply an effort to bring the civil service back to the pure system of the early days of the Republic. The exact truth is very different. The modern method of selecting civil servants by examinations open to all was as unknown in the early days of the United States as the telegraph or the telephone. When the Government of the United States was formed the only theory in regard to appointments to office was the one then in vogue everywhere, to the effect that they were matters within the personal gift of the Chief Executive or his representatives. Acting on this theory Washington appointed the officers of the Government according to his good pleasure. That he was guided by the highest and most disinterested motives, and enlightened by the best information he could obtain in making his selections, cannot be doubted. But it is equally certain that he distributed the offices solely as a matter of patronage; that at the start, with few exceptions, he appointed only friends of the Constitution; and that after the development of parties he appointed only Federalists, laying down plainly in more than one letter the doctrine that none but those who were friendly to the Government ought to receive the offices. John Adams pursued the same general policy, and his "midnight appointments" were as marked an example of partisanship in filling offices as our history can show. Jefferson, after some delays and a few fine phrases, distributed a large percentage of the offices among his party adherents. No plainer statement of the spoils system was ever made than that laid down by Jefferson in the following letter to the New Haven remonstrants: "If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none. Can any other mode than that of removal be proposed? This is a painful office, and I meet it as such." The rest of the letter, too long for quotation, is an argument on this theme that offices are to be distributed according to politics, and removals made in order to get them. As Mr. Adams says with quiet sarcasm in his "History of the United States," Jefferson did not go so "far as to assert that to the victors belong the spoils; he contented himself with claiming that

to the victors belonged half the spoils." The restriction was characteristic of the man, and less honest than Jackson's bold and frank determination to have everything, but the principle in both cases was precisely the same. Moreover at this very time in some of the States, notably in New York and Pennsylvania, political patronage in government offices was carried out with a ferocious thoroughness unknown at the present day.

In the interval between Jefferson and Jackson political patronage subsided. Madison, long before his coming to the Presidency, had declared himself against removals without cause, which was the view of the younger Adams also, and probably of Monroe as well. The real cause, however, of the small number of changes during this period lay deeper than the personal views and characters of the Presidents. The long continuance of one party in power, followed by the disappearance of the Federalists and the merging of all parties—nominally at least—in one, was the efficient and obvious reason for the small number of changes under Madison, Monroe, and Adams. The system, however, remained at bottom entirely unchanged, and when Jackson came into power with a new set of followers and a new set of ideas he merely put into active operation a practice which had slumbered for twenty years, but which had been the same from the beginning. Under Jackson the distribution of the offices for political purposes was extended and systematized, and the theory upon which it was done was thrown by Marcy into the now famous formula, "to the victors belong the spoils." Dating the spoils system from Jackson's time, therefore, is dating it from the declaration of the formula, which has no real connection with either its origin or its practice. Since Jackson's day, as the Government has grown, political patronage has grown and spread until it has assumed the enormous proportions with which the present generation is familiar. The effort to do away with it by an impersonal and disinterested machinery of appointment is a wholly modern idea, and is not in any sense a reversion to the early practice of the Republic.

The historical view of the ardent reformer that patronage in offices sprang full fledged from the brain of Andrew Jackson seems purposeless in its inaccuracy except so far as it fits in with an *a priori* theory of modern political decadence. This cannot be said of the historical view of the enemy of the reform. Superficially more exact than that of the reformer, it is in reality even false, and at the same time it is anything but purposeless, for its object is to discredit the reform in the eyes of the people. The first historical proposition of

the opponent of the reform is that the patronage system has always existed in this country, and that the reformers seek to put something wholly new in its place. So far the opponent is perfectly correct, and he becomes misleading only when he comes to his second proposition, which is that patronage has not only always been the system of dealing with the offices, but that it is the American system of civil service, and that any other scheme is open to the fatal objection of being un-American. This second proposition is wildly false. Patronage in office is no more a peculiarly American institution than the common law. We brought the patronage system with us from the Old World, as we brought many things, good and bad. Some of these importations were in their nature suited to us and our new conditions, and were therefore American. Others were wholly alien to our theory and practice in government, and therefore were un-American. To the latter class the patronage system peculiarly belongs. After the fall of the feudal system and the rise, establishment, and consolidation of the monarchies of Europe the doctrine that the king was the fountain of honor received a great extension. It was perceived readily that as the king possessed the appointing power he had a vast opportunity in the public service and in the public revenue for reward and punishment, for corruption and profit. In offices and sinecures, in pensions and contracts, the king could provide for his bastards and his favorites, his relations and his supporters. In the monarchies of Europe this was what patronage in offices meant, and it was dispensed with a profligacy which sowed seeds of revolution destined to bear a terrible harvest. In England patronage took another turn, as was to have been expected from her limited royal power and greater popular liberty. English statesmen soon discovered that public offices were the best and surest means to strengthen and maintain their power, and that they had in them an almost unlimited fund for bribery. Sir Robert Walpole developed this system with his wonted ability and made it one of the bulwarks of the unquestioned sway which he held so long. For more than a century after his time patronage prevailed everywhere in England. With a limited suffrage, rotten boroughs, and an aristocratic government it was a most powerful engine, and the personal and political corruption which it engendered is one of the commonplaces of history. When England had cast off the rotten boroughs and had enlarged her suffrage, when her government became democratic instead of aristocratic, the royal and aristocratic system of patronage broke down,

and a system which accorded with modern civilization took its place.

In this country prior to the Revolution we had the patronage system of Sir Robert Walpole, own cousin to the foul and corrupt abuses of Louis XIV. and of the other monarchies of Europe. When the Government of the United States was formed the wise men who framed the Constitution saw and rooted out one of the evils of patronage, although not perhaps the worst. They perceived very clearly that Parliament was controlled and corrupted in large measure by the bestowal of appointive offices upon its members, and in order to preserve the legislature of the United States from this danger they put a clause in the Constitution which made it impossible for the Executive to corrupt Congress by the appointment of its members to office. This makes it clear that the framers of the Constitution saw nothing sacredly American in official patronage. On the contrary they detected in it in one direction a great peril, and in that direction they cut it up by the roots. They went no further, not from any particular faith in the system, but because they then knew no other way of filling offices than by the will and pleasure of the appointing power, and because the minor offices were so few that no man except an inspired prophet could have seen in them any danger. At all events the system thus modified has endured unchanged and unassailed until within the last twenty years, when its rottenness became apparent from the vast increase of offices and consequent growth of patronage.

The system of patronage in offices, then, we have always had, but it is none the less a system born of despotisms and aristocracies, and it is the merest cant to call it American. It is a system of favoritism and nepotism, of political influence and personal intrigue. In a word it is as un-American as anything could well be, for a system by which Louis XIV. and his successors drained the life blood of the French people, and by which Sir Robert Walpole and his successors corrupted the British Parliament, has no proper place on American soil, and is utterly abhorrent to the ideas upon which the democratic government of the United States has been founded and built up. Whatever may be said for or against the substitute which is now in part established, it is at least grounded on the American idea of a fair field and no favor, and this of itself is sufficient to prove it superior to a system which is all favor and no field at all.

So much for the historical side of the question. Let us look now for a moment very briefly at the arguments for and against the reform.

In favor of the reform it is urged that by a

mechanical system of examination combined with permanency of tenure a better quality of service will be secured. There can be no doubt that there is force in this argument. The chances are that you will get a better stenographer if you examine him on his ability to write short-hand rather than on his own political belief or that of his friends, and the same holds true of all branches of the Government service. But the improvement to be obtained in this way is neither great enough nor sufficiently obvious to make it a controlling motive in the adoption of the reform. It is a sound but an altogether subsidiary argument.

A far stronger proposition in support of the reform is, that to stake on each presidential election the livelihood of all the thousands of people who hold Government offices and support themselves and their families by Government work is to subject our institutions every four years to a grave and increasing peril, and to create a class of office-holders and mercenaries constantly increasing in numbers and seeking with the keen instinct of self-preservation to control the Government. Such an enormous stake, involving the fortunes of so many people, bids fair to convert an election from a political contest into a struggle for existence on the part of large numbers of people, and such a struggle renders men desperate and ready for desperate acts. This argument of itself is enough to demonstrate the necessity of taking the civil service out of politics, and thus preventing the growth of a large class of people who regard politics not as a question between conflicting political principles, but as a mere battle for life and for money to live upon. The reality of this danger is great, and gives a force to the argument which no thoughtful man can question.

The last and most immediately practical argument in favor of the reform is that patronage places upon Senators and Representatives, as well as upon the chief executive officers, a burden which they were never intended to sustain. The immediate result of this is that public interests are subordinated to the private interests of the office-seekers. Legislation suffers because those who ought to legislate have their time occupied, their attention distracted, and their minds fatigued by the incessant demands of persons who seek places under the Government. If the favorite theory of those who oppose the reform, that the executive officers in the various departments and bureaus are the proper persons to select their own subordinates, were carried into operation there would be little need of the reform. Department officers as a rule desire to make successful administrations and could be trusted to select their

subordinates wisely; but the fact is that the executive officers of the Government do not, and under the patronage system cannot, select their own subordinates with a view solely to good administration. As a matter of fact their subordinates are selected for them by Senators and Representatives who are entirely irresponsible in regard to matters of administration, and who are necessarily governed more or less by personal and political interests which have no bearing on the execution of the public business. It is perfectly true that a business man does not select his clerks by a hard and fast competitive examination such as is applied now to a portion of the Government offices; but, on the other hand, a business man who appointed his clerks on account of their politics, or because some politician recommended them, would soon find his way into bankruptcy. The selection of subordinates in a private business is made practically by a competitive examination of the severest kind, managed by a watchful self-interest. The men who carry on the Government and who recommend appointments have not the enlightened selfishness which business success demands to guide them. On the contrary, enlightened selfishness in their case makes personal advancement of the first importance and the success of the business a very secondary matter. It is necessary therefore that we should substitute for the severe competitive examinations which are enforced by the conditions of business and commercial life some mechanical system which shall approach them as nearly as possible. The selection of clerks by competitive examination is a system which is no doubt imperfect, but it is infinitely better than that which it replaces. It has the cardinal merit of taking from the hands of Senators and Representatives a task for which they are not fitted and with which they should not be burdened, and of making the selection of subordinate officers disinterested and impersonal. Competitive examinations are not infallible, but they are better tests of fitness than the prejudices, friendships, and personal and political interests of men in public life. The exercise of patronage, moreover, is a source of weakness to every party and to every man who touches it, and it lowers the tone of public life, to the great injury of legislation and the public welfare. Yet until it is destroyed by law every public man must deal with it whether he wishes to or not, and if he refuses, his refusal is a mere shirking of duty.

Such are the principal, and, as it seems to me, conclusive, arguments in favor of maintaining and extending the reform of the civil service and of the abolition of patronage. The arguments against it are for the most part

mere appeals to prejudice. Such, for instance, is the reiterated statement that civil service reform is un-American, to which I have already referred. This is simply untrue. Patronage is un-American, and an impersonal system which offers a fair field and no favor is as distinctly democratic and American as anything well can be. Another cry is that civil service reform is a foreign importation—of Chinese origin, according to some authorities; of English birth, according to others. Even were there meaning or truth in this, the answer would be easy. There is only one thing more contemptible than a feeble imitation of other people, and that is an equally feeble refusal to adopt something intrinsically good because somebody else has tried something like it and found it beneficial. We are hardly likely to abandon gunpowder or printing because the Chinese are said to have been the first inventors of both. Still less would it be a mark of high intelligence to revert to the Indian tongues because the language of the United States is that of England also. Another objection of the opponents of the reform, which enjoys the lonely preëminence of deserving to be called an argument, is that a permanent service will lead to a civil pension list. If the one were inseparable from the other this would be a very grave objection, but a moment's reflection shows that there is nothing in it. Men and women who enter the Government service are perfectly aware that there is no retiring pension to be looked forward to, and that if they decide to remain in the service they must trust to their own exertions and their own frugality, or to the formation with their associates of an insurance fund, to make provision for their old age, exactly as they would do if they engaged in any private business. If they are not willing to do this the remedy is very simple—they need not enter the service.

The most common form of attack on civil service reform, however, is to denounce it as a sham, and by applying to it various contemptuous names to make it ridiculous and thus drive it out of existence. There is nothing easier in the world than to sneer, and it is particularly easy to sneer at any one who is trying to make things better. But the sham in the civil service business does not lie with those who are trying to make it a practical working system, but with those who put it in their platforms, who vote for it in their conventions and in Congress, and then go about assailing it as a hypocritical humbug. It is an inspiring sight to observe the manly indignation expressed against civil service reform by its opponents on the ground that it is a sham. To statesmen, politicians, and men in public life gen-

erally, nothing is so repulsive as humbug, for it is well known that they never indulge in it themselves, always voting and speech-making and resolving in exact accord with the hard, cold facts and never for effect. They would not object to it so much, they say, were it not that it is a humbug. It is that feature which depresses and angers them. "The idea of discussing how clerks shall be appointed," says one, "when there are matters of real importance, great questions, before us! What can be more contemptible?" It does not seem to occur to them that it really is a mean thing to have appointments to office made grave political issues in every district and every State, and that they are so because they are kept in politics by patronage, which civil service reform aims to destroy. "Merit forsooth!" says another. "Clerks to be selected by merit! Bah! What a piece of pretentious humbug!" etc. This argument has the advantage of requiring no intellectual effort. Any one can make it by assuming a contemptuous tone and a sarcastic expression.

At the same time it will be noted that merit governs these same people in selections for their own service. It is only in the service of the Government that they are so liberal to the unfortunate and the unworthy and so severe towards merit. Yet another inquiry of the same type is that which asks with a sneer how men are ever to be encouraged to take part in politics if they are not to share in the rewards. It is wonderful that men should be found in the light of history to put forward such a staring absurdity as the proposition that in this day and generation you can carry on parties and win party victories by offices. Important elections turn on issues that affect the great mass of the people, not on the selfish interests of a few. In some large cities where a great mass of patronage, municipal, State, and national, is concentrated, the caucus or the convention, and sometimes the election, is decided by a compact body of office-holders, but with these exceptions offices are utterly ineffective. On the other hand, if patronage is of doubtful political advantage under the most propitious conditions, its disadvantages are glaring. To a party at large, as to an individual, it is, as an almost invariable rule, a source of weakness. The distribution of patronage is simply a distribution of factious quarrels throughout a State or a district, and no party and no man in the long run ever benefits by it.

I believe that I have now enumerated all the objections brought forward against the reform. It is rather a pitiful array, hardly to be dignified by the name of arguments; but after a somewhat protracted research and much patient listening I can find nothing else.

So far as the existing system of competitive examinations under the civil service goes its opponents are more fertile in objections, but when these criticisms are fairly hunted down they generally turn out to be either without foundation or else extremely weak. In the first place, admitting all the imperfections that are charged, the opponents have nothing to offer in place of that which they propose to destroy, and they do not dare argue openly that a return to the system of patronage would be beneficial. They are fond of declaring that the examinations are scholastic and impracticable, but it is never possible to pin them down to a specific case. The commonest habit is to mix up the examinations, those for instance of assistant astronomers with those of clerks or letter carriers, and this confusion is the closest approach in my experience to a demonstration that the examinations are not practical. There was at the outset more force probably in this objection, but under the present commission such mistakes as there were in the character of the examinations have been largely if not entirely remedied. Another point of criticism relates to the accumulation of names upon the eligible list, and a great deal of sympathy is poured out over the poor people whose names get on the lists but who have no hope of being certified for appointment. The crowding of the eligible list could of course be avoided by simply raising the standard of examination, but let us try it by the real test of a comparison with the old system. Out of every three eligibles on an average only one is appointed. Before the railway mail service went under the civil service law in May, 1889, I had over sixty applicants for clerkships in that service. It was only possible for me or for any congressman in my place to secure appointments for five. With few exceptions, so far as I could judge from my own inquiries, the applicants were all fairly eligible, and therefore it appears that under the patronage system in this instance only one name in twelve reached an appointment, instead of one in three as under the reformed system. A wider and more conclusive example can be found in the diplomatic and consular service. There are in that service, assuming that all are changed, between two and three hundred places. As a matter of fact many are not changed, and others are too trifling to excite competition. Since the 4th of March, 1889, there have been, as I am informed, 5300 applications for positions in this service, and these applications are practically confined to 119 places. In other words, assuming that all the 119 are changed, one applicant in fifty gets a place. It is not difficult to imagine all the disappointment and heart-burning, all the weary waiting and sick-

ness from hope deferred, caused by a system as monstrous as this which tempts and urges fifty men to seek an office with loss of time, money, and self-respect only to reject beyond recall forty-nine of them. It is easy also to imagine the frightful waste of time caused to the department officers to the detriment of the public business. The late Mr. Walker Blaine, of the State Department, was reported in an interview as declaring that a permanent service was imperatively needed, and such is, I believe, the opinion of all good judges.

I have no doubt that what happened in my own experience, as well as in the case of the consular service, holds true as a general rule, and the explanation lies in the fact that patronage increases applications because it makes it seem as if it must be easy to get a place when it goes by favor and costs the giver nothing. The office-seekers forget that securing a place depends not on the method of selection, but on the number of places in proportion to the number of applications.

I have tried to state fairly the principal objections brought against the system now in actual operation. There are no others in my opinion worth consideration, and the recent attack upon the civil service commissioners, which was made because they enforced the law and not because they failed to do so, has not only signally vindicated Commissioners Roosevelt and Thompson and their policy, but has shown in a general way how remarkably well the new system is working. There remains to be considered, however, one point in which both friends and foes of civil service reform are equally guilty, and which has tended more than anything else to obscure the real object of the reform and to retard its extension. This is the confusion of the patronage offices with those under the civil service law. With each succeeding Administration there is a loud cry raised that the spirit of the reform is not respected in regard to those offices which are confessedly filled by patronage. To remove without cause officers of a fixed tenure before the expiration of their term may be described as a violation of the true civil service principle, but this is all that can be said with regard to offices of the patronage class. Offices not in the classified service will be emptied and filled by any President, of any party, for personal or political motives, and whether it is done in one year or in four is wholly unimportant. If the appointing officer selects bad men he is justly censurable; but for the mere fact of thus emptying and filling offices he is not censurable, nor can any man administer a patronage system in any other way. Civil service reform is concerned with only two things—the admin-

istration of the civil service law, and its extension. If we go beyond this with talk about the "spirit" of reform and applying the reform principle to offices not within the law, great confusion is caused and an impression of insincerity is created, which does and has done more to hinder the advance of the genuine reform than anything else. In this connection it may be said that it is much to be wished that the charge of hypocrisy and pharisaism made by the opponents of the reform had no foundation. The reform itself in intent and in methods is honest, simple, and devoid of sham, but there has been a great deal of insincerity as well as of the "better than thou" tone among those who have assumed a particular guardianship over it. For example, to pass over in dead silence the removal on political grounds of a collector or a postmaster before his time by the President of one party, and then to cry out and get into a white heat with the President of the opposite party for doing the same thing, is dishonest humbug of the worst kind. This attitude has been common and has done infinite harm to the reform, because it has made the people confuse some of the reformers with the reform itself, and believe that inasmuch as the former were partisan and insincere the latter was a pretense and a sham.

What, then, has actually been obtained, despite attack and confusion, despite the mistakes of friends and the assaults of foes? We have to-day thirty thousand of the most important and best paid offices fairly out of politics and under the civil service law. The system is so firmly established that I believe its repeal is no longer among the possibilities, and the great body of the American people are coming to understand and value it. In the recent debate in the House the attempt to cut off the appropriations not only failed but increased appropriations were carried, which was the greatest victory for the reform that could have been won, and the highest assurance of the permanency of the system that could have been obtained. Public opinion too has progressed enormously, as is shown by the fact that even the worst opponents eagerly assert that they believe in real reform, but object only to this particular kind. All this represents a great advance, and is a much greater achievement than most people realize.

What remains to be done? In the first place, it is necessary to demonstrate to the people the practicability and the fairness of the reform methods, for therein rest its maintenance and extension. In the second place, every effort should be made from year to year to obtain appropriations sufficient to enable the commission to carry on their work successfully. In the third place, we must seek the extension

of the system by executive act, which can reach almost every branch that it is desirable to bring within the law, and strive also by some practical scheme to take the fourth-class postmasters out of politics. It is utterly impossible to apply to fourth-class postmasters, even if it were desirable, the system of competitive examinations; but it is quite possible to take them out of politics, and to that end every effort now should be directed, for with the removal of the fifty-seven thousand fourth-class post-offices from politics the old system of patronage will be practically at an end. Lastly,

and by way of general suggestion to those most ardent in the cause, in judging public men in this matter the same standards should be applied to all, and patronage offices should not be confused with those of the classified service. Do not make haste to criticize, in the hope of partisan gain, the manner in which patronage is distributed, but make every effort to destroy patronage by law; for by law alone can the evil and degrading system of political patronage in the distribution of public offices be rooted out and an American system of fair play and businesslike methods put in its place.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife,"
"The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

XX.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

"For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice."

"From olden faith how many a glorious deed
Hath lit the world! its blood-stained banner led
The martyrs heavenward; yea, it was the seed
Of knowledge, whence our modern freedom spread."

"So will the shine
Of soul that strikes on soul make fair and fine
This earthly tenement. Thou shalt extol
The inner, that the outer lovelier seem."



HE baron and Lady Kelder were sitting together in that confidential silence which is satisfied with the nearness of the loved one. Their thoughts were identical in kind, for both were reflecting that the following day would be the fortieth anniversary of their marriage.

In our age life is so exacting that old people have too often exhausted all poetic feeling, have become indifferent, and weary as travelers at nightfall. But this happy couple in spite of years had kept the dew of their youth. They were still easily moved and easily pleased. Their hearts blossomed like spring though near the winter of age; and their simple dignity, their green intellects, their kindness and ready cheerfulness, gave them, in spite of their gray

hairs, something of the air and the charm of youth.

The baron found his lady as beautiful as ever. Her figure was yet erect, her features were noble, her eyes as young as they were at twenty; so soft and limpid as she sat this night opposite him that he fancied he could look through them into the loving soul behind. A smile tender and gentle completed her face. It was not an inadvertent smile; it had come naturally from the wife's last glance at her husband. For she had suddenly remembered the coming anniversary, and had with the thought lifted her eyes to him.

"A man after God's own heart," she whispered; "and 't is the greatest honor I have to be loved by him."

Then her face saddened slightly; she was in a little perplexity. Always hitherto she had been able to give him some trifle that he wished for or required as a wedding token. In their earlier years it had been a handsome garment, a set of laces, a horse, or a purse; and on one memorable occasion, just before the battle of Marston Moor, the sword which typified her consent and sympathy.

In later years her tokens had usually taken the form of books. In the baron's corner the oak shelves were full of them — polyglots of Antwerp and Paris, with such colossal theologians as Augustine, Jerome, Aquinas, Calvin. On a lower shelf the dumpy vellums of Dutch divines, at peace beside Bishop Hall, and Dr. John Owen, and Mr. Richard Baxter; and

nearest of all Francis Bacon and Philip Massinger, Selden and Izaak Walton, with Quarles, Crashaw, Herbert, etc.

This year she had bought nothing. Their position was so uncertain that money had a value touching things which were invaluable. It might be required for simple existence, for comforts on which life depended; she did not dare to spend a shilling lest it should afterwards be sorely needed. Yet she was troubled at the omission. It had made her heart ache for many days. And she had ransacked her coffers and cabinets in the hope of finding something that, either for its associations or its intrinsic value, might be worthy to offer. Nothing had come of her search, and to-morrow morning she could only give him again the love that was always new and young; and she did not doubt but that her empty hands would be just as welcome as they were on the day of her bridal. Still, still she wished she had a token. In forty years it was her first failure. Then she remembered the wonderfully blessed year in which Nathaniel was born. The boy, the heir, had been her bride-day gift. So to-morrow was also Nathaniel's birthday. She had not forgotten it, but in this connection it came with a fresh significance. "A good son," she thought. "A dear good son. A worthy Kelder; and I love him with all my heart."

To this thought Nathaniel entered. She had grown accustomed to his gradual emaciation, and to the sadness in his eyes, for he had always a smile for his parents, though one that brightened his face only for the passing moment. He had been to Kendal on important business, and he talked its circumstances fully over before he spoke of his meeting with Anastasia and John de Burg.

Lady Kelder was intensely curious on this subject; and when Nathaniel described how the fierce, strong man had been, as it were, shrivelled up by fire and smitten blind by its flash she trembled and cried out, "Odinel! Odinel! You must—" Then she ceased, for she saw that the baron had covered his face, and she knew that he was praying.

After a few moments' silence Nathaniel said, "George Fox was speaking in Kendal to-day."

"Where?"

"He stood upon one of the stone tables in the open fish-market. You know it is but a little space, and quite surrounded by shops and houses. Every window was thrown open and crowded with men and women, and below him the upturned faces were solid as a floor. Father! Mother! I pray you listen patiently to me. I am this night ashamed of my faith, and I find it impossible to excuse the things I have heard."

"Surely the Quakers are not complaining again. Has not the king been very considerate of their claims?"

"T is of the Quakers in New England I speak. Let Puritans no more accuse the Jesuits; they have far outdone them in cruelty and intolerance to men, women, and children."

"Nathaniel, I wonder not as it concerns women. Women preachers are a moral shock to all good Christians."

"Tell us briefly, Nathaniel, what George Fox said."

"There is no need that I tell you of the scourgings and imprisonments, and the doing to death in various ways, that have made the footsteps of Quakers in New England red wet-shod in their own blood. Governor Endecott¹—"

"I knew John Endecott, Nathaniel, and I always thought him to be a stout Dorchester man as ever I had dealings with: a good fighter, and such a one as pleaded for free schools twenty years ago. No drinker, no dicer, and as fond of a garden and an orchard as a boy of his marbles."

"But now, father, he is sharpened and hardened by the cruel preachers at his side; and by their counsel the gallows has been set up for the support of religion. On it they have already hanged—"

"Well then, Nathaniel, we have heard of the hanging of the two men and the woman preacher many a time and oft, and we have—if it please you—heard only the Quaker side of the matter. T is like enough they pushed themselves presumptuously where the Lord sent them not; vain and vulgar men."

"Indeed, mother, they were neither vain nor vulgar, Robinson being the son of a great London merchant, well bred and well learned, and Stephenson a Yorkshire farmer who heard while at his plow the 'call' which made him instantly leave his wife and children and home and go as the Lord sent him to testify on the gallows set up by priests on Boston Common. As for the woman, Mary Dyer, she was a comely and grave matron, with the soul of an evangelist and martyr. But, as my mother saith, 't is an old story, and there is newer matter to complain of. On the 14th of last January they hanged William Leddra, a Cornishman—"

"But what for, Nathaniel? T is a kind of folly to say a man is hanged and then complain of it, for the punishment infers the crime."

"Not so. They could find no fault in him save that he preached Christ without their license, and assured the people that Christ spake truth when he said, 'I will come unto you, and abide with you'; not that he would

¹ Spelled so at this date.

send by any priest or preacher. And there are other men left under sentence of death, and women whipped barbarously through the streets, and cruelties unmentionable practiced. Father! Mother! I must away yonder, even if I perish with my friends. I die daily here, I do indeed."

"Your friends, the Prideaux? Are they not in the Dutch colony?"

"Indeed, I know not. I had short speech with George Fox, and he said he had cause to think that Roger Prideaux was in Boston; and if he is there, and in prison, Olivia will—" He ceased speaking. A deathly paleness overspread his face, and large tears rolled unchecked from under his closed eyelids.

Lady Kelder looked at him in silence, and then rose quietly from her chair and left the room. The baron sat musing, with his eyes cast upon the rug at his feet. Silence, pregnant with thought and feeling, brooded between the men. At last the baron spoke.

"Nathaniel, I wish you to have the woman you love so truly. Go to her; go to her to-morrow."

"My mother will never consent; and unless she give me some token of kindness to Olivia I go in vain. Olivia will not marry me without your blessing and my mother's welcome. That I know most surely. But give me your blessing, father, and I will go and see her once more; for my heart is rent with sorrow and anxiety, and I say truly that I am dying day by day."

"Go, my son, and my blessing with you. And do not fear concerning the estate. Had De Burg been able to prejudice me therein, we had felt his hand ere this, I think."

"But if question of this kind should arise while I am away?"

"I will call upon Strickland, and ask him to plead my cause."

Nathaniel looked the thanks he felt little able to speak. He was worn out with physical fatigue and mental emotion, and glad to escape to such oblivion as a sleep tormented with fears for Olivia brought him.

Lady Kelder had gone away to think, but her bitter disquiet did not suffer her for some time to concentrate her mind on the subject filling it. She called Jael, and found that Jael had gone to visit a sick child. She wandered to the window, and with her heart full of the two men before the parlor fire she looked into the night. The trees, made thin by autumn winds, let her vision sweep through them far off to the horizon, and a feeling of loneliness and immensity widened her soul. She cast her eyes upward, and the heavens spoke to her in their speech; and then, she knew not how, but her heart was softened, and she began to weep. Few and far between are such moments of god-

like condition, but they do come, and blessed are they who have the grace to salute them.

So as she stood there in the twilight, silent, motionless, humbly receptive to all good influences, she thought of her husband and son as she had never before thought of them, and some heavenly power put an idea into her soul that threw all her nature into tumult. A great thought, if she were only great enough to entertain it. She had been longing for a wedding token for her dear lord, and it was shown her how to offer him one most acceptable. But it was a gift only to be given by an absolute surrender of her closest self. Was she able to make so great a sacrifice? As she sat still in the dim light, searching the very depths of her feelings and intents, Jael entered. She lit the lights and prepared her lady's night toilet, moving very softly about, until Lady Kelder said:

"Jael, what of the sick child?"

"Dead, my Lady. Only the soul's leavings there now. A bonny lad, and so like himself to the last moment that it is hard indeed to think of him as changed at all."

"Poor mother!"

"Well, my Lady, Mary Skelton has a big family, seven lads and lasses, and the last one not a month old. He'll get little Geff's name belike, and step into his place."

"Jael, you speak foolishly. One child can never take the place of another child. Would I give to any other daughter the place of my lost Alice? God forbid! Ah, Jael, the dead loss and the vacant place are better than such compensation."

This loyal thought towards the dear dead hallowed and softened still more her gentle thoughts of the dear living. She fell asleep with a troubled and tossed and anxious heart, but the spirit of love brooded over the soul's tempest. When Lady Kelder awoke in the morning the sunshine was streaming through the east windows, and she opened her eyes with a smile. Jael, busy about her lady's toilet, noticed her cheerful alacrity; noticed also that her usual morning fret was lost in a silent preoccupation that had nothing unhappy about it. But she thought the mood well accounted for by the anniversary it held in memory.

Now there are some gracious souls who like to make the doing of a kindness a sort of personal festival. Lady Kelder bid Jael bring her handsomest silk robe, and she watched its arrangement before her mirror with a critical pleasure. Deep ruffles of fine English point shaded her yet beautiful hands, and a hood of the same lace fell with a picturesque and veil-like grace across her white hair. Jael settled every fold of lace and silk with a proud approval; and as the love of inferiors is generally grounded upon personal or social advantages,

she left her mistress that morning exceedingly conscious of her superiority to all other women.

For a few minutes Lady Kelder stood motionless in the center of her room. The sunshine fell all over her noble face and figure, her silk robe glistened in it, and her hands with the white ruffles above them had a startling delicacy against its somber splendor. To her still face and dropped eyelids it gave a specially luminous character, for as she stood thus she was blind to outward surroundings; she was searching with spiritual vision the very depths of her nature.

She was asking herself: "Can I do this thing with all my heart? Can I do it without reservation? Can I do it not only at this hour, but during all the days of my life?" Still as the woman stood and looked she was fighting a great battle. "Can I do it? Can I do it cheerfully? Can I do it all my life?" For a few minutes this solemn inquisition impressed a serious religious gravity upon her countenance.

"For my dear love's sake! For my dear son's sake! For my Lord Christ's sake, I can do it! I can do it with all my heart, and for all my life!" She whispered the words to God and herself, and as she did so her face grew bright, and she lifted clear open eyes to the heaven which by faith she apprehended.

As this act of self-renunciation was accomplished she heard the baron's voice. He was in the garden beneath her window, and with a strange and happy exaltation she went to greet him. And as she was a very woman, she was conscious, even in its higher atmosphere, of a certain pleasure in her rich apparel and handsome appearance.

The baron stood with his son a little way down the main avenue. They were talking of Nathaniel's proposed voyage, and the young man leaned against the straight bole of a large larch tree. The baron stood erect, facing him, and he had a few late flowers in his hand. Lady Kelder called their names in a joyful voice, and, daintily lifting her silk skirt to avoid the dew on the shrubs, went towards them. Both turned their faces, alight with love and admiration, ceasing from speech, to watch her approach. With a pleasant imperiousness she took the first word.

"Odinel! Husband! Dearest heart! This day I give myself again to you. Nathaniel, this day I thank God again for your birth; and for my wedding token to you, Odinel, and for my birth token to you, Nathaniel, I have one true gift — my heart's welcome to the girl Nathaniel loves. She shall be to you and me, Odinel, as a dear daughter; and I surely believe she will be to you, Nathaniel, a true and loving wife."

It was a supreme sacrifice and a supreme thanksgiving under the drooping larch branches. A few words sprang hot from each heart, and Nathaniel kissed the happy tears off his mother's eyelids, and Lady Kelder kissed them off her husband's and her son's. Somehow the white late flowers were in her hand, and her hand was on her husband's arm, and Nathaniel, radiant and smiling, was walking at her side.

And she was not a woman to retract a tittle of her gift. On the contrary, she entered into Nathaniel's plans with a generous detail. She wrote a letter of welcome to Olivia, and stinted no word of her loving right as an adopted daughter of her house. She packed Nathaniel's clothing, and gave him wise and practical advice as to his marriage; and she sent a swift messenger to Hannah Mettelane to inform her of Nathaniel's intentions, and bring back such letters as she desired to send. And when, on the second morning afterwards, Nathaniel left Kelderby for his long journey, she bravely kept her cheerful heart to the last moment, and sent him away with her love and blessing.

Perhaps she had some doubtful and unhappy moments in the solitude of her room, but not even Jael knew of them. For to Jael she had accepted Olivia as her future daughter with such a complete ignoring of her former dislike as forbade any allusion to it.

"My son goes to America to bring home Mistress Prideaux as his wife," she said with a calm complaisance. "'T is a good marriage, and a great content to the baron and myself. And as 't is the first marriage in Kelderby in forty years, we will bring home the bride with songs and garlands and a great feast. That is but right, I think." And Jael looked at her placid face and accepted the situation without remark or demur. For in its haughty reticence it said as plainly as possible: "I have changed my opinions. I choose to forget. I choose to accept what I once rejected, and I will suffer no remarks on my conduct."

In the mean time Olivia was quite unconscious of the joy hastening to meet her. Her mind, open and thoughtful as silence, had long ago admitted that there never yet was gain without some loss in it. She had not found the wilderness free from bewildering human mysteries and agonies, and her needs there had often been as close and urgent, and heaven and help apparently as far off, as ever she had found them in the crowded habitations of men. Life came to her uncalled for, and from every point; and she was touched and moved by influences flowing in, she knew not how or whence.

Nothing had happened just as Roger had

planned. His proposed settlement had been broken up by circumstances no human foresight could have prevented, and instead of "settling," the way had been opened for travel and preaching in a remarkable manner. It was more than a year after touching American soil before he had a house of his own; and then every room in it, excepting the one built especially for Olivia, was a "prophet's room," and "Prideaux's" soon became known as a resting place and a gathering place for all Friends passing to and fro on religious journeys.

So, then, the solitude and quiet which Olivia had anticipated were not realized. The house was never empty of guests: there were many meetings and discussions, and people coming and going; and even if she went far into the woods for meditation she was not sure but others of like mind would meet her there.

One morning early in November this perpetuity of companionship fretted her calm soul to the verge of tears. She could not help wondering if there would not be, among the hills of God, "coverts" where "rest in the Lord" could not be broken in upon. She knew there was an inward peace which could consume like a fire all murmur of discontent, but she could not reach it while Anna Copeland was telling Rachel Sanderson of her great deliverances, and Roger and three men Friends were sitting together for directions.

Yet she blamed herself for her inability; she believed her weakness grew out of vain longings, and thoughts which were so sacredly personal that she could share them with no earthly being. For never had the memories of the past haunted her so vividly and so persistently. She had not been able to listen to Anna Copeland for the sound of the bees in the clover fields round Mettelane, and from Mettelane to Sandys and Kelderby how swift was the soul-flight!

It was an exquisite day, full of that still serenity which precedes the advent of winter. The sun was pale, the air subtle. The trees had suffered their yearly enchantment, and now and then they talked soughfully among themselves, in soft murmurs, with long silences between. She sat down under a large maple, and at first her gaze was full of that total indifference which comes from sheer weariness; perhaps also from some disappointment, as if she had looked at her ideals too closely—a fatal mistake in life.

She appeared a little older, but still had that virginal beauty of promise which sets "the budding rose above the rose full blown"; and as she sat musing under the great vault of bare branches it was difficult to say what of the unknown and unseen was in her lonely simplicity.

She was thinking of Nathaniel; recalling his nobility of nature, the eager tenderness of his wooing, the sorrowful atmosphere in which their love had grown. Often she had thus thought of him, until the sense of his presence had been so sure and so sweet that she had lifted her eyes to see if he were not coming, and listening intently had thought she heard his voice calling her. For the ear has its own memory. It watches for an accustomed sound, and sometimes imagination will not let it be disappointed.

This morning, when the same sense of nearness made her heart beat and her face flame with hope, she did not raise her head. Movement would break the spell; she would hold it breathless, and save the influence to the last moment. But it did not fade away; it grew stronger. There was a strange stir among the fallen leaves; a familiar sound of quick, even steps; a low, intense voice calling her; some one coming nearer, nearer—some one different from all others, infinitely dearer and closer.

She stood up and cast her eyes down the narrow path. There could be no mistake. The tall, erect figure, the clear, happy face, searching the woods as it came onward, were the figure and the face of Nathaniel Kelder. She went swiftly to meet him. She answered his call with a whisper on his lips.

Nathaniel could have come at no more favorable moment. Her heart had been pleading for him longer than she knew; for it had learned many things in exile that she had not intended it to learn. Among these things was the conviction that God was not more easily found in solitude than in the stress of daily life; that the soul makes her own peace quite as often in the strife of cities as in the loneliness of the woods; that in loving and doing and suffering it is possible to be closer to the Divinity than in simple meditation.

These convictions, so easily stated, had been arrived at only through disappointment and sorrow; and they were not explained to Nathaniel without sweet delays and mutual confessions and experiences. When they returned to the house Roger was sitting alone at his door. He was greatly changed. The pious, kindly master of Sandys had become an enthusiast and evangelist—rugged, muscular, sunbrowned; and, though spotlessly neat, dressed in the plainest materials. His eyes kindled when he took Nathaniel's hand, and then he looked at Olivia with inexpressible love and resignation.

"Thou art come for Olivia?"

"Yea, Roger. Deny me no longer, I entreat you."

"I cannot deny thee what God hast given thee. For the last month I have felt an evi-

dence that the Lord would break my last tie. Henceforward I am only his. He can send me through the wilderness, or to the lands far off. What news for the Lord's people hast thou brought?"

"I have brought news full of hope and comfort. Edward Burrough has made all the sufferings of the American Friends known to King Charles."

"Will he care for them, Nathaniel? Nay, for his heart is wholly set on the pleasures of this world."

"He cares for his own authority, which the Massachusetts colony have held in contempt."

"In what special?"

"Some Friend, denied all show of justice in Boston, appealed to the laws of England, and Denison mockingly bid him do so, saying, 'This year ye will go to complain to the Parliament, and the next year they will send to see how it is, and the third year the government is changed.' And when the king read these words he called his courtiers round him and with great significance said, 'Lo, these are my good subjects in New England; but I will put a stop to them.'"

"Ah! His own rights being in question."

"Then Edward Burrough spoke boldly before Charles, and showed him what a vein of innocent blood had been opened in his dominions, and the king angrily cried, 'I will stop that vein.' 'Then do it speedily, O King!' answered Burrough. 'As speedily as you will. Call the secretary, and I will do it now,' said Charles. And so there and then he wrote to John Endecott, and to all and every other governor of plantations in New England, that they should cease to punish or even judge Quakers; but that if they did aught worthy of trial, they should be sent to London for judgment."

"When it pleases God, kings shall plead for us."

"Also the king's message was sent to Governor Endecott by the hand of Samuel Shattuck."

"Friend Samuel Shattuck!"

"Yea, the despised Quaker, driven from his home by Boston priests, goes back as the representative of their sovereign, carrying with him a crushing token of the royal anger. I see not how Endecott will endure it. My father knew him once, and thought well of him."

"In some things I also think well of him. He has taught the little settlements the wisdom of unity, and brought over many good men by his good government."

"But he is a bigot, or he had not cut from the flag the sign of his salvation."

"Twas, I think, a deed of passion against a foreign power anxious to recall the charter of New England and establish episcopacy.

For truly, with the carefulness of a crusader, he wears always the sacred symbol clearly marked in the form of his beard—a perpetual witness, Nathaniel. And he is such a man as will not bear opposition, and the priests set him on fire through his prejudices."

"T is the great mystery of our religion, this tyranny and brutality of the priesthood."

"Nay, 't is no mystery, Nathaniel. The influence of priests rests upon the idea that they are endowed with attributes denied to common men; that they only can interpret God's word and declare his will. But our God speaks not in riddling oracles, and why should he want an interpreter between himself and the soul which came forth from him? Nor are these priests in any way better than we be. No extra sense is given them for the great place they usurp. They have a full tale of mortal frailties. They are sick as other men are, and death comes to them with no special reverence. Then thou must see that if men listen to the voice of God within them the voice of the priest must fail, and the power of the ministers will be broken. They are their own Diana, and they would persecute Paul, or Peter, or Christ himself, if they preached anything by which their craft was in danger to be set at naught. Dost thou wonder, then, that Friends are hated by them? That John Wilson, priest in Boston, should scream out in his pulpit, 'I would carry fire in one hand and fagots in the other, and burn all the Quakers in the world.' That John Higginson, another priest, should preach, 'The Inner Light is a stinking vapor from hell.' That John Rayner, a priest of Dover, should stand laughing for joy to see Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose flogged through the town on a freezing day for saying 'the Inner Light was none other but Christ, who lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'"

"Oh! I wonder men with English blood in them suffered such things in their sight and hearing."

"They did not. The priests gloried in stripes and torture, but the people cut the bleeding women from the cart which dragged them, and saved them from an awful death. Priest Norton sneered and mocked at the agonies of William Brend, but the people of Boston succored the victim of one hundred and seventeen lashes as he lay senseless on the floor of his dark cell. Charles Chauncy, preaching, told his congregation since 'they could not have the blood of the Southwicks by law, to kill them like wolves.' Oh, and much more I could add, Nathaniel; for priests have ever exhausted human torments in slaying those who rebelled against the enslavement of their own souls."

"We are free men, Roger."

"Not if our noblest part is in thrall to a man-made priesthood. But I can see the day surely coming when men, having full liberty of thought and speech and worship, shall reverence the names of those despised Quakers."

"Yea, Roger; and great as are the givers of political freedom, the men who have wrestled for us with the powers of darkness for spiritual freedom will be the heroes who shall have the world's eternal gratitude."

"And then, Nathaniel, truly these men who are now thought to be nobodies, who are dead and buried, shall have their lives searched, and their memory shall be hallowed forever."

He ceased suddenly, with the glow of this anticipated triumph lighting up his rugged face and kindling his dreamy, wistful eyes into a flame of rapturous prediction. Then there was silence for a few minutes, and Nathaniel with a heart full of happiness watched Olivia setting out the service for the midday meal, and going in and out about her household duties with the same serene grace and dignity that had made her so charming as mistress of Sandys. Indeed this beloved interest had been so present that Roger's passionate arraignment and prophetic justification had not touched Nathaniel as they might have done. In his own happiness it was so difficult to be sorrowful for the misery of others; in the joy of the present hour he did not feel much the satisfaction of some far-off victory over wrong.

It cost him a slight effort to say: "King Charles has also been kind to the Friends in England. Many are out of prison, and they have a sort of right to speak for themselves. A few days before I left John Dutred met a Friend in open argument in Kendal town hall."

Roger lifted his face to Nathaniel's, and there was a fine pity on it as he answered:

"With such clumsy tools as arguments and logic men only fumble at the lock of the spiritual world. I tell thee, Nathaniel, that if thou desirest truth, seek it by listening to the voice of God in thy soul. Divine faith and love come not through the reason or the intellect; they are a divine work in the soul.

"Who that one moment hath the least despaired
Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him?
Pleasures and powers that are not, and that
are?"

"Yea; if we had all vision, Roger."

"Vision in the spiritual world is like vision in the natural world — of no use unless there is light. Be more inward with thy God, Nathaniel. If thou canst commune with thy own spirit,

canst thou not also commune with the Spirit of God which is within thee? A poor man, a poor man indeed, is he who has not been far beyond arguments and logic in spiritual matters."

"You go deep and high, yet I presume not to limit."

"Who can limit the experiences of a soul bared to all the influences of God's special revelations? It is impossible to say what the Lord Jesus Christ will do for those willing to live through him as he lives through the Father."

"As regards this world, Roger, nothing has happened as you expected?"

"The plans I made failed, for God had better ones. I thought to do so and so, but from which things I have been hindered and withheld by that Hand which is my guide and helper."

Spiritual things had become so much Roger's life that it was not until the close of the day that he remembered certain worldly affairs would have to be attended to in regard to his daughter's marriage. "Thou wilt have to take thy wife without money, Nathaniel; I have spent much, and I shall spend all in the cause of truth. For this reason God blessed me in my business, and when I would have sat down in fair Sandys he tore my nest to pieces and said unto me, 'Go east and west, and preach a free and everlasting gospel.'"

"I want neither gold nor silver. I want only Olivia."

"My sister Hannah is indeed rich, and in the way of probabilities —"

"We will not speak of them."

"Thou wilt be a kind husband to her?"

"I promise it."

Roger's eyes were full of tears, and Olivia coming into the room quickly noticed his emotion. She went to him, and laying her cheek against his cheek, said:

"Father, if thou art sorrowful, where then is our joy?"

"Though I drop tears, think not that I am left comfortless. The same goodness that was my morning light is now my evening song. I have an apprehension of duty to visit the West Indies. When thou art gone away with Nathaniel I shall go there."

"T is a long way, father."

"Far or near, every way is the way home. I have often gone through the wilderness hungry and thirsty and weary as to the flesh, but so upheld by His Spirit that I felt as if my feet took no hold on the ground."

Then he rose and went out to some Friends sitting in the shade of a great tree, but his smile was a benediction as he left the lovers together.

XXI.

KELDERBY AND SANDYS.

"She surpassed
All of her own age in beauty and mind,
Therefore the noblest man of wide Troy married
her."

"After Sorrow's night
Dawned the morning bright;
In dewy woods I heard
A golden-throated bird,
And 'Love, love, love,' it sang,
And 'Love, love, love.'"

As Nathaniel wished to return by the same ship that brought him to America, it was necessary to hasten the arrangements for his marriage with Olivia. But these were of the simplest description, for both Puritans and Friends alike regarded the marriage covenant as one of too solemn and significant a character to be consummated with laughter and merry-making.

The weather was singularly beautiful. The late Indian summer lingered for the lovers' joy. They spent hours together in the still forest, conscious of the serene sky above them and of the woody fragrance which their soft, slow feet pressed from out the fallen leaves, as anew and anew they told their hearts to each other—in words old as Paradise, yet young and fresh as to-day's poet sings them.

"I love you, sweet! How can you ever learn how much I love you?"

"Thee I love even so, and so I learn it."

"Sweet, you cannot know how fair you are."

"If fair enough to earn thy love, so much is all my love's concern."

"My love grows hourly, sweet."

"Mine too doth grow, yet love seemed full so many hours ago."

"Ah! happy they to whom such words as these
In youth have served for speech the whole day
long,
Hour after hour remote from the world's throng;
Work, contest, fame, all life's confederate pleas,
What while Love breathed in sighs and silences,
Through two blent souls, one rapturous under-
song."

But at length the sweet, short interval was over. The ship was ready to sail with the evening tide, and in the morning about twenty Friends gathered at "Prideaux's" to witness the troth-plighting. The Countess Mordee was among them. On the day previous she had brought to Olivia a present of some exquisite lace of Brussels, and remained to assist her in its arrangement upon the white lawn which was to be the wedding garment.

So that Nathaniel did not take his bride without some of the insignia of the wonderful

event. Fairies might have woven the delicate, transpicuous tissue of flowers of finest thread which gave to her simple robe the effect of lace-like gossamer. A veil of the same illusive beauty fell across her bright brown hair. A Bible bound in silver—also the gift of the motherly countess—was in her hand. "Look now, Olivia," she said; "it was the gift of a very good man. It was my own wedding book, and upon it I have asked for thyself and thy husband the marriage blessing desired by the young Hebrew bridegroom—'Mercifully ordain that we may grow old together.'" And tears of fond remembrance filled her eyes: she looked backward nearly fifty years to see her own bridal, and then, mid-way life, the green grave of her companion.

At sunset the hour of parting came, but it was not a parting without hope. Roger had such a confidence in the love of God that he believed he would sometime send him by way of England, and thus permit him to see his daughter's happiness in her own home and native land. A few natural tears were shed, and then Nathaniel and Olivia looked together into their future with the gladness of those who have no self-reproaches.

In about ten weeks they were in London, and a few hours after their arrival Nathaniel, walking on the Strand, met Baron Strickland and his bride.

"I count this a fortunate meeting," said the young noble, "for I assure you it is full time you kissed the king's hand. If your friends had not been as ready to make excuses as your enemies were to make complaints, I surely think ere this the Kelders would have lost Kelderby."

"It is your kindness I must honor, Strickland, and your advice goes well with my own intentions."

"I shall see the king to-night. Let me ask for an audience for you."

"You will do me a great service if you do."

"I will bring you word to-morrow. If his Majesty receives your visit and accepts your allegiance it puts you out of all fear."

The friendship intended by this offer was gratefully accepted, and the following day Strickland brought a favorable answer. The evening named, however, would occasion a delay in London of nearly two weeks.

"A fortunate delay," said Strickland. "It will permit you to provide a suitable dress. And let me assure you that the king is a great observer of such matters."

This was good news to accompany the letters to Kelderby and Mettelane, and the messenger was urged to make all possible speed. In both homes he was expected and watched for. Love is a close calculator, and the pos-

sibility of his arrival had been surmised for some days.

The winter hitherto had been an open one, but there was every sign of an approaching storm. With anxious hearts the baron and Lady Kelder watched it coming. The distant hills were already turbaned with great bands of snow; the bleak, leafless garden was still and sad under the lowering, threatening clouds; the dull sky was fast darkening down to the edges of the dull sea. The baron walked thoughtfully about the room; Lady Kelder had her "Book of Religious Meditations" upon her knee, but her own meditations were far closer to her sympathies. Then came the sharp shower of sonorous hail, and after it the soft, thick flakes of the mesmerizing snow. While the storm lasted day to day must be so like, so very like.

The baron sat hopelessly down, and with Lady Kelder began to count again the weeks of Nathaniel's absence, and to persuade themselves it was really foolish to expect his arrival for some indefinite time. While they were thus engaged Jael entered, and with suppressed excitement said:

"Here be a gentlemanly make of a man from London—from the young master. All is well, my Lady—well as can be; nothing but prosperity, as I can hear of; and God bless us all."

"Bring him here at once, Jael. Why not?"

"My Lady, he is beat out, and is having a few oddments of meat and bread. He left Kendal at strike of day, and has had a fight to get in with the storm."

The storm now meant little to Kelderby. Nathaniel was in London with his wife. Nathaniel was going to court with her, and in that event it was likely the weary suspense they had so long endured would be over. Every one was so greatly excited that Lady Kelder could not avoid a little scornful criticism on the mood.

"I vow, they are as set up with the coming of the bride as if it were her Majesty; but, God knows, it is the feasting they look for that moves them so. Quaker or queen will do for an occasion."

"Is feasting a necessity, Joan?"

"Let me tell you, Odinel, if we make not some show of company our neighbors will say the bride is not to our liking. And matters being as they are, the bride is very much to our liking—as far as the general public are concerned."

"I think, dear, that privately also we shall soon enjoy the same opinion."

"Odinel, what say you? Shall we ask Mistress Mettelane to meet her niece here?"

"It is a kind thought, Joan; 't is most like you. There is no holdback in your grace."

The praise was pleasant to her, and she smiled with a happy complaisance as she added, "I have a mind now to take, with Olivia, all that belongs to her."

"Mistress Mettelane is a good woman, and well spoken of. She is rich also, and it may be—"

"If she be rich, that is a cloak big enough to cover all her faults. But in truth, Odinel, I thought not of her riches. I am sure that some will want to talk to me about Olivia as if they disparaged Nathaniel's wife, and I shall not let slip such occasions to say, 'Here is also my daughter's aunt, Mistress Mettelane, and a very dear friend of mine.' If all others are silent, be sure Mistress Duttred will push in Olivia's Quakerism. She will find ways and means to bring in that discourse, though it be by head and shoulders; and it is most like to be in a manner of pleasing me by praising me. 'T is a great trial as ever any poor lady had—and you have a large charity, and the like words; and I shall say, 'Mistress Duttred, there is greater charity in the Word than you and I have yet found out, and 't was there I got the warrant, not only to love my neighbor, but to judge her not.' Oh, I assure you, Odinel, that if our friends will float at either they shall be forced to their ill-nature without a veil of my finding."

When the storm was over the proposed invitation was sent to Mistress Mettelane, and the preparations for Nathaniel and his bride commenced. Concerning them Lady Kelder was almost hypersensitive. The finest wing in the house was chosen for their occupancy, and she took a careful pleasure in making everything in it fit her own exact and rigorous ideas of what was included in her promise to accept Olivia as her daughter.

Yet alone she had moments of bitterest sorrow, and she did not look forward to the consummation of her personal sacrifice without many mournful reflections.

"I shall never feel the same again. Kelderby will never be the same: a strange woman going about the house—always there, morning, noon, and night; how can I bear it? I have been chief and only here; now I shall have to endure the homage given to this superexcelling creature. I shall even be obliged to add my pinch of incense to the general oblation burnt in her honor. 'T is a hard case indeed to have to change all when life is so near its close. Well, then, it is perhaps the loosing of the link which is to scatter the whole chain. God help me! He only knows how much easier it is to make a fine resolution than to work it out hour by hour, and day by day."

There were a few tears in her eyes—the tears of age are cold and few. Once her heart-

ache would have been washed away in a warm and plenteous rain, leaving life calm and clear-skied after it. Now such clarifying storms were almost impossible to her.

She was taking from her dower chests scented linen and fine tapestry hangings, and the act was a tangible translation of the sacredness of her promise. Was it made less precious by the heavy solitary drops that sealed its honesty of purpose? Alas, no! the sorrows of the aged must count for double. Their sense of loss looks for no redemption from the morrow.

The baron never guessed how hard a discipline his wife was bearing, or he would have made it lighter by a constant loving sympathy; and the household mainly believed her to be thoroughly enjoying the coming change. Jael, however, knew precisely how her lady carried the cup she had to drink. For to Jael Lady Kelder made few pretenses of any kind; and having once signified her resolution to receive Nathaniel's wife publicly with honorable welcome, she permitted herself privately that sincerity of speech which she knew Jael would respect.

It was some gratification also to point out her self-denial; even Jael's approval was pleasant. It was indeed the only human approval she could expect, and there are few hearts whom the divinity quite satisfies.

"If my son were bringing me a daughter worthy of my utmost honor could I do more, Jael?" I intend Nathaniel's wife to have all her due, Jael."

"My Lady, you have been generous beyond all; the best room, the newest furniture, a maid hired for my young lady's own use. If you could only give her a little love —"

"Love is not bought in the market place, Jael. I try to be considerate. Is not Mistress Mettelane asked to meet her niece? At any hour now I may have to entertain her; and she is quite my inferior, and a church-woman as well. I know little about church-women."

"They aim to be about right, I should say, my Lady. And as we begin to age we can give our hearts a bit of favor, and leave the young ones to see that things are kept straight. Mrs. Mettelane wrote you a very proper letter. I never heard tell of a properer one. I could not help thinking that it was well such a good one had had the bringing up of Master Nathaniel's wife. She's well come of, I'll warrant."

"She is a statesman's¹ daughter, and some of these statesmen have coats of arms older than a crusader. I don't know about the Mettelanes."

"We may as well hope they are pretty old.

¹ A landowner.

But this or that, she has plenty of the 'where-with,' and it is little matter, my Lady, whether gold be old or freshly minted."

"If the girl were not a Quakeress."

"My Lady, a rose is a rose wherever it grows."

"But differences in roses, Jael — hedge roses and garden roses. You cannot pin a woman with a proverb. And if you don't want roses of any kind, what then, Jael? I have shed more tears lately than I thought ever to shed again."

"If your heart is full, weep, my Lady; 't is the unshed tears that are never wiped away."

Such conversations had their use, for to do kind deeds and then take in private a little grumble about their necessity is the condition making much public virtue possible. And many a trouble comes with a blessing in its hand. When Hannah Mettelane arrived the hospitable instincts of Lady Kelder led her to give a welcome whose kindness left nothing to desire, and every moment afterwards the two women drew closer together.

On the third evening of her visit they were going together through the rooms which had been put in such beautiful order for the coming bride. Hannah Mettelane walked between the baron and Lady Kelder, and having admired and suggested until the subject was exhausted, they sat down before the blazing fire which was already brightening Nathaniel's private parlor.

Hannah had become very quiet. Her heart was busy, and her large, intelligent eyes moved with a slow speculation between her companions.

"You have made a home beyond everything for the children," she said, "and I know about what it costs. I mean in love, and in other feelings, mayhap still more unselfish. I could n't have done it. I like my house to myself, and I had my little plan about the children. You see, I thought of Sandys."

"Sandys!" said the baron. "I thought your brother sold Sandys."

"He sold it to me. I thought it a pity to let such a fine bit of land go out of the family. Indeed, after Cromwell's death it would have been hard for Roger to get any one to look at the title he could give, and many thought in the general turn-up at the king's homecoming the heir-at-law would be found."

"I think myself it was a great risk to take."

"But, counting all these risks, I got Sandys for a little price; though 't was money enough for the unlikely things driving my brother to strange lands. Then by using such friends as I had claim upon I made haste to certify my right, and looking forward always to the marriage of my niece with your son, I have kept the place in such order as its worth asked for."

"Indeed, such order as constantly raised the wonder of all."

"So you see"—and she spoke slowly, with her eyes dropped, and a happy smile lighting her large, calm face—"it is ready for its owners. For if Olivia married the heir of Kelderby, Nathaniel Kelder married the mistress of Sandys. A week ago I made it over, house and land, silver and furnishings of every kind, to Olivia Kelder; and may God bless the house forever!"

"Mistress Mettelane, this is indeed great news," said the baron, "and we cannot but take it well of you. 'T is a noble home, indeed it is."

"And, as I thought, near to Kelder, and not far away from Mettelane. In my home, also, there shall be rooms made ready for the children's visit; but I know right surely that age dwells not happily with youth, and that youth soon grows sad with age."

"Think you so?"

"In truth I do. Age is the chapel of life. When we sit down in its quiet the busy cares and pleasures of youth come into it like an offense. I know it is well for all that Nathaniel and Olivia should have their own home. I hope that it may be Sandys."

"They could have no fairer or finer one," said Lady Kelder, softly. Her eyes were full of tears, and she drew her chair nearer to Hannah's and took her large, capable hand within the clasp of her own small ones. A kind intelligence that needed no speech passed from face to face. From that moment they were true friends.

"The silver and linen, the crystal and the fine pewter service, with the curious ornaments, I have had at Mettelane. They left Ambleside in Stephen Airey's wagon, and must now be at Sandys. If you, my Lady, will go over there with me, we can see to their unpacking and safe bestowal. I should n't wonder if all the old servants are already there. The women have worked on D'Acre's land, one way or another, since Sandys shut; and I called on Jane D'Acre as I passed, and she was crying happy at my news, and D'Acre said Olivia's old women should all be loosed from his claim and go back to Sandys. The D'Acres will be good friends, I trow."

"If they get not cool, or hot, on their religion," said Lady Kelder, scornfully. "As for me, I think D'Acre a fair-weather friend."

"I heard that he stood not trial. But, dear me! we must n't ask friends to think as we do. 'T is too much, and beyond all. If souls were all made on one pattern, then possible, perhaps; but, God knows, souls differ as much as faces—not two alike. What then, Baron?"

"Charity, Mrs. Mettelane. If we could

only love each other half as well as God loves us all."

"Not being God, we could n't do it, Baron," said Lady Kelder; "and God knows that there are some people God himself could n't love—no, not even for Christ's sake. Let us not talk of them. 'T is better to go to bed and sleep on the good fortune Mistress Mettelane has brought us; for, if she will, we shall take the road for Sandys very early in the morning."

Her face shone with pleasure and kindness as she rose, and in the noble, smiling inclination of her head to Hannah Mettelane she expressed a grateful happiness that delighted the simple, truthful woman. And that night Lady Kelder was conscious of a gratitude that humbled and silenced her. Had she not been grudging Olivia a few rooms in Kelderby, and lo! the stately home of Sandys was waiting for her? Had she not been fretting at the introduction of a new element into her life, when too old to desire it, and there had never been any foundation for the fear except in her own heart?

"It was not necessary to God's goodness," she said sadly. "Wanting to bless Nathaniel and Olivia, he has done it without my help." Tears filled her eyes, and she murmured: "I tried hard, indeed I did! If God had only understood—" The baron entered at the moment, and she voiced her heartache to him.

"Indeed, dear heart, I think God did understand. He saw you wished to be unselfish, and he said: 'It is enough. That will do.' Think you he did not understand how precious the quiet of Kelderby was to both of us? Joan, our God is such a one as cares for our little likings, and is heedful of our daily happiness."

"How provoking kings are! Charles might have seen Nathaniel on the asking. Then he would have been home ere this."

"Never hurry your happiness, Joan. And I think it was not the king's fault, but Strickland's kindness. Doubtless he thought of such an important matter as court dresses, and in that respect sought time for the children."

The delay in London, however, had not been a profitless or unpleasant one to Nathaniel and Olivia. During it their friendship with the Stricklands had been placed upon a lasting basis; for each had discovered many personal sympathies besides such as sprung from the similarity of their domestic and social condition and their identity of interests as future neighbors.

At length the evening appointed for their interview with the king arrived, and they went together to Whitehall, making a sufficiently remarkable group both individually and by way of contrast. Marmaduke Strickland, rep-

resenting one of the oldest families in England, and a passionate royalist in sentiment, was arrayed in all the splendor of the Stuart fashions. But so lofty was his stature and so imposing his manner, that he carried with a certain fitness of courtly manhood the long, flowing curls and flaunting finery of his order. His beautiful young wife wore her bride-dress of gold brocade, and its jeweled bodice and long train were but the suitable accompaniments of the gems which glittered in her hair, and lay on her bosom, and clasped her bare arms.

Behind so noticeable a couple Nathaniel and Olivia were still more noticeable. For Nathaniel's suit of Genoa velvet and Genoa point was made with Puritan simplicity, and Olivia's dress of soft white satin was without a single jewel. Its only ornament was the large collar of Brussels lace which covered her throat and her bosom, and the cuffs of the same material, which were turned back over the long satin sleeves almost to the elbows. But the glistening of her garments, the radiant serenity of her face, and her starry eyes, gave her a singular charm. She appeared to shine where she stood. And the easy grace and confidence of her manner were a wonder even to her companions. For none at that moment reflected that the soul accustomed to contemplate the solemnities of eternity is not to be affected by the gilded show of what is constantly passing away. Yet the scene through which she walked was to her a very strange one, and as far apart from her sympathies and intelligence as the east is from the west.

The large apartments were brilliantly lighted, and the air was heavy with many perfumes and the rich odors of southern wines. Gaily dressed dissolute women and men were playing basset round a large table with a terrible eagerness. Their sharp, strained voices, and the chink, chink of gold mingled with the notes of a French boy singing love songs, with laughter half subdued, with the rustle of silken garments and the gurgle of flowing liquors.

The king sat amid a bevy of handsome women, toying with the loosened hair of one who held in her hand a goblet of wine; everywhere around the god of this world and the great lord of lusts ruling with prodigal wantonness.

But Charles knew how to assume in a moment the attitude belonging to the king of a great people. He stepped majestically forward, and won Strickland's heart anew by a greeting at once respectful and familiar, and by the genuine glance of admiration which he bestowed upon his bride. She knelt to kiss the hand he extended, but Charles quickly raised her, and touching her cheek said, "Kings are

the servants of beauty." With the words, he took a ring from his finger and gave it to her.

Then Strickland introduced Nathaniel Kelder, saying, "He brings to your Majesty a loyal service."

"A recovered loyalty is greatly prized by us," answered Charles. "Some of our subjects do not credit us with much conscience, but we credit conscience to our subjects — and know how to value it." Then, while offering his hand to Nathaniel, he turned to Olivia.

She was regarding him with an almost childish interest, and he smiled frankly into her innocent face. It seemed to have a great and yet not an offensive attraction to him; he scarcely heard Nathaniel speaking; he was too earnestly trying to comprehend the pure, womanly countenance to heed words, until the name of Prideaux was mentioned. Then he recollects what Strickland had told him of De Burg, and Kelder, and the Quaker Prideaux, and he understood the holy eyes, and the face upon which the dove visibly brooded, and the ravishing simplicity of manner and dress. His glance went from Olivia to Nathaniel, and he regarded both with great favor.

"I think, Mistress Kelder, that the king has in you a loyal subject."

"Yea; for thou hast been kind to many suffering wrongfully. In the day when all need mercy, may God give thee mercy."

"Be it so."

"I offer thee neither lip service nor knee worship, but my heart hath none the less truth and honor." Then perceiving him about to unfasten a jeweled clasp of great value, she said, modestly:

"Give me the rose thou weardest, and I will keep it for a token of thy kindness to me and to my people."

Instantly Charles understood her. He had been on the point of making her a much richer present than the one given to the wife of his faithful adherent — a present, also, which her principles forbade her to wear. But that wisdom which springs from an unselfish heart had prevented a gift likely to bring unkindness and embarrassment, and it was with a sentiment of grateful admiration that he took the rose from his jeweled vest and gave it to her.

An act of such evident favor at once attracted attention. Indeed it was impossible, in that company, for Olivia to escape a critical regard. The gift of the rose was to many who understood none of its motives a gift suggestive of the evil in their hearts. "The king is freshly smitten; 't is a love gift," was the universal comment.

One woman, however, was not so deceived. She saw in it the expression of a respect which Charles believed very few men or women de-

served. It was Mistress Chenage. She was with the players at the basset table, and though a bank of at least two thousand pounds in gold lay before her she was thinking only of the king's rose.

At first when she saw Nathaniel and Olivia, with the Stricklands, enter the royal presence, she had wisely determined to be indifferent to them. But the exclamations about Olivia's beauty, her angelic face, her charming simplicity, had been gradually growing more frequent and emphatic, and more difficult for her to endure. The gift of the rose, attended by a general murmur of pleasure and admiration, roused her to that pitch of jealous envy which demands the relief of offensive speech.

As the Kelders retired from the audience she was conscious of their every footstep. The closer to her they came the more imperative and insolent her temper grew. She turned with the cards fan shaped in her hand, and watched with her old mockery the approach of the party. Her beautiful face was flushed with wine and anger; her dark hair, combed back from her forehead, fell in heavy curls over her shoulders, and mingled with the pearls that clasped her slender throat and the lace which affected to cover her bosom. A dress of pink brocade and silver threads clung to her form with seductive grace, and she flung its heavy folds aside to display her little feet, shod in pink and silver shoes, as she rose from the table and stood directly in the way of the retiring visitors. Strickland was first. She made him a sweeping courtesy and suffered him and his bride to pass; then, in a challenging voice, she said :

" Cousin Nathaniel, be not in such a hurry to hide your Quaker wife. Come here, Saint Olivia. If you kiss me, I vow to show you how to cheat the devil at a game of basset."

" If thou playest with the devil in any wise thou wilt lose thy soul. And what gain will profit thee for that loss?" Nathaniel could feel his wife's inward tremor as she spoke, but outwardly she was calm as a lily motionless in the moonlight; and with a stern courtesy he said : " We are in the king's presence, Cousin Chenage. You shall show your anger to me at a more fitting time."

" How wise are we grown! How strangely loyal! How beyond all comparison excellent! Here, boy, I will give you a song for this great and grand monseigneur —

*" Que son mérite est extrême!
Que de grâces! Que de grandeur!
Ah! combien monseigneur
Doit être content de lui-même."*

This little episode had not occupied more time than the ordinary salutation of friends

would have done, but it had made a much more pronounced impression. The hurry of the beautiful Mistress Chenage, her rapid speech, the excitement which made her forget the cards in her hands and led her to intercept the king's special visitors, gave to the interruption a marked character. A swift intelligence of its spirit passed through the great hall; the players held their next throw in suspense, the singing boy was humming at Anastasia's elbow, "*Que de grâces! Que de grandeur!*" and the woman who was leaning against the king's shoulder said :

" Sire, Chenage hath a temper again. A bride or a beauty is a red flag to her."

Charles laughed with scornful good nature. " On my honor! 't was a red rose that bred the present temper"; and the king's wit raised the laugh which Anastasia felt she paid for.

Her game was every way lost. While she was turning Nathaniel's virtues into a ridiculous rhyme he had passed quietly out of her presence. Her anger had missed its mark, and she was equally unsuccessful in her play. She lost heavily, she provoked the temper of her companions, she had evidently offended her genius by taking revenge into her own hands. Never had she felt so utterly foiled and humiliated.

She went to her lodgings in a fever. " The king openly forsoothed me," she cried passionately, as she tore off her robe of pink damask and the pearls from her neck and wrists. She looked at her long white arms, they were exquisitely formed; she looked at her white throat and bosom, no woman in the presence was lovelier than herself. But the king had "forsoothed" her; treated even her passion as matter for laughter. She held her fair face between her hands and muttered :

" Alack-a-day! I am but a wretched woman. Everything in life deceives me. Every plan I make fails. My lovers adore and then leave me. My father has so small a sense of what I have done for him that I have the heartache for it. Failure is writ all over my life. I wish I had been born good, for the devil is a cheat of all cheats. I have been mortified beyond all endurance. I have lost more money than even John will like, and my poor head is in a sad taking with the wine. Nathaniel Kelder kissing the king's hand! Saint Olivia with the king's rose at her breast! Lord, if I swear a little, write me innocent, having such good cause. But I shall tell John to-morrow, and he will curse them all for me!"

For she had not come to London without John. He had a lodging at Greenwich by the seaside, and there he sat in the sunshine and heard the cries of the sailors and the voice of the ocean once more. " I shall tell John to-morrow. He will find out a way. Lord, how

my head aches!" Then she bent herself towards a half-open drawer, and took from it a soiled pack of cards. She shuffled them to and fro a few times, and then, with a slow and vicious hatred, tore them, one by one, to pieces. "You, too, are prophesying liars. A plain undoing you have been to me. What devil is behind you?" So she sat musing until sleep mastered her, and, only half undressed, she threw herself upon the bed.

But in the sinful and tragic events of the last four years she had lost the aptitude for that deep, animal-like sleep which had once made her so cruelly *riant* in her perfect health and perfect spirits. She could not escape the chagrin of her position. The *phantasmagoria* of the Whitehall, with its gamblers and drinkers, its clinking of gold, and its murmur of song that no one listened to, troubled her consciousness, and made her frequently start with that cry of mortification and that catch in its expression which denotes the extremity of painful vexation. Her lovely flushed face amid the scattered hair of sleep, her white arms flung upward, her white bosom troubled with her restless breathing, showed that her soul, left without excuses, was wandering in those halls of remorseful memory in which the wisest of all sacred seers saw the sleeping wicked vexed.

The unhappy incident did not much disturb either the Stricklands or the Kelders. They went from the palace to Strickland's lodging and talked about it a little, and so rubbed the slight annoyance away. For both felt that they had received that favor which kings give to men whom they delight to honor, and from Nathaniel's heart there had dropped, even at the king's feet, that heavy load of apprehension concerning his estate which he had so long carried.

It was past midnight when Nathaniel and Olivia reached their own inn. There was a large letter on the table, and Nathaniel saw at a glance that the direction was in his mother's writing. He lifted it with a slight fear of annoyance, but the first words dispelled his anxiety.

FOR MY BELOVED CHILDREN, NATHANIEL AND OLIVIA
KELDER — THESE.

DEAR ONES: If you will be pleased to know that I wish you with me, 't is a satisfaction you may perpetually have. There is great and good news, and I am so little selfish that I will not keep it for my own delivery, but at once add it to the joy of your bridal. Mistress Mettelane came here two days ago, at my own invitation, and never was I more pleased with myself for a kindness; for truly she hath astonished us all with her excellence and her

generosity. I had indeed made such preparation for your comfort in Kelderby as our means and the house permitted, but she has far outdone all, having brought with her the vellums securing to you and yours the house and estate of Sandys. And, to be plain-hearted with you, I went there this day, and with Mistress Mettelane put into place all the silver and linen and ornaments which had been taken away for safe keeping, but brought back with such good intent as I cannot but honor and join in. Jane D'Acres was also there, busying herself about filling the posy bowls with holly and wood berries and house roses, and hanging the pots of sweet musk, which she saith Olivia dearly loveth. So then, if God is willing, you are coming to as fine a home as any in England. But both houses are ready to entertain you; and if you come first to Kelderby, we shall take the daylight with us some bright morning, and father and mother and aunt and neighbors put you safe inside the portals of Seat Sandys. And, as Mistress Mettelane said, may God make your home there until your father and I have seen the twentieth Odinel Kelder of full age and worthy of his name. As you know, I am but a poor scribe, and I write now in such haste and excitement as cannot satisfy myself, nor express my thoughts as I mean them; and if I did, I should have more to say to you than this paper would hold. Dears, shall we not be very happy? Indeed I think the promise of it infinitely above what I can deserve, and more than God Almighty usually alots to the very best of people. Pray have a care of your healths. I would fain say more, and yet it would only be saying with more circumstance that I rest to each of you a loving mother.

JOAN KELDER.

They read this letter together twice over; and smiles, and little laughs, and sweet asides, and sweeter kisses interpreted it. And then Nathaniel drew his wife close to his side. For a few moments they made a still picture of wondrous beauty. Nathaniel's stately figure in the somber richness of his velvet habit, Olivia's slender form in the pearly splendor of her white satin robe; the masculine beauty of one bending face luminous with love, the feminine beauty of the other lifted face transfigured, speechless, yet saying things unutterable—the spiritual woman making sweet the mortal woman.

Nathaniel kissed the words upon her lips, and then, with a sigh of deep content, said softly, "Many blessings are ours, dear heart, and many others are sought for us; but tell me, in thy judgment, which is best of all?" And she laid her cheek against his, and whispered between her kisses, "Beloved! that we may receive the great grace of our bridal prayer: 'Mercifully ordain that we may grow old together.'"

Amelia E. Barr.

THE END.

ON METEORITES AND THE HISTORY OF STELLAR SYSTEMS.¹

T is only within the last few years that photographic processes have been so far perfected as to make it possible to photograph a faintly luminous celestial object. The success attained has already been so great that we are made aware of the existence of a multitude of stars which would never have been otherwise perceived, even with the finest telescope and under the purest air. The sensitized plate sums up the effects of light, so that under prolonged exposure even a very faint light at length produces its mark. In this respect the advantage is all on the side of the photograph as compared with the eye, for prolonged gazing is actually detrimental to the acuteness of vision.

The exposure necessary for an ordinary photograph in the broad daylight may be only a fraction of a second, but with the feeble light of the stars three or four hours are found to be necessary or advantageous. Fortunately for the astronomer the heavens move uniformly, and the instrument can be made to follow the object by clockwork. But as clocks are imperfect, the motion of the photographic telescope has to be constantly regulated by hand, so as to keep exact pace with a star, which is viewed through a second telescope attached to the first one. It may easily be conceived that it has required an enormous amount of skill and patience to attain to the present high degree of perfection. But the details of celestial photography are outside the scope of this paper, and I am only concerned with some of the conclusions which have been drawn from the photographic method.

Mr. Isaac Roberts of Liverpool has recently photographed a portion of the heavens, embracing about four square degrees, in the constellation of Cygnus, and he estimates that his plate shows about sixteen thousand stars, none of which are, I believe, visible with the naked eye. A good idea may be formed of this picture by imagining a sheet of dark paper

¹ This essay formed the subject of a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution of London on January 25, 1889. It gives a popular account of a paper read before the Royal Society in the previous November.

thoroughly splashed with whitewash. The recent advance of celestial photography is well illustrated by the fact that this same portion of the heavens, when photographed in 1885, appeared to contain only about five thousand stars. Thus four years has tripled the number.

Four square degrees comprise only about a ten-thousandth of the whole heavens, and if space were everywhere as thickly peopled as the constellation of the swan, the whole number of stars photographically visible would reach the stupendous total of one hundred and sixty-seven millions. But the Milky Way runs through Cygnus, and this is a crowded portion of the heavens. Yet there is little doubt that a hundred millions of stars would already be perceptible if the whole heavens were surveyed with equal thoroughness.

These celestial photographs bring vividly before us the utter insignificance of this world and of ourselves; for our planet is of almost contemptible smallness, and our sun is certainly a star of no great magnitude.

And yet it is nearly twice as far from the sun's center to his surface as from here to the moon, and the planet Neptune is distant nearly three thousand million miles from the sun. The mind fails to grasp such a number of stars as a hundred million, and a limit to the perfection of celestial photography has certainly not yet been reached.

Each of these millions of stars has its history, and there are among them representatives of every stage of evolution. If they were not, even with the telescope, mere specks of light, we might see the whole process before us, and might study them like the objects in a museum.

Among the stars there are, however, small luminous clouds called nebulæ, which are not immeasurably small. They have of course been examined with all the finest telescopes for many years, and many strange vagaries in their structure have been noted.

It is true that we know the stars and nebulæ to be made of materials found on the earth, and we can estimate approximately how hot they are, and which are old in their history and which are young. All this has been discovered by means of that wonderful instrument the spectroscope, but it cannot show us their

shapes and structures. Within the last few months, however, there is reason to hope that the telescopic photograph may really bring before us in an intelligible shape many objects from the celestial museum.

Notwithstanding the paucity of definite knowledge, many theories have been propounded as to the sequence of changes through which the solar system has passed. The most celebrated of these is that associated with the names of the great mathematician Laplace and of the philosopher Kant. It is remarkable that substantially the same theory should have been independently formulated by two men whose intellects were so different.

They both suggested that the matter which now forms the sun and the planets existed in primitive times as a globular nebula of highly rarefied gas in slow rotation, and their theory is accordingly generally known as the nebular hypothesis.

Every portion of this nebula of course attracted every other portion, and therefore there must have been a condensation at the center, at which point a dense nucleus must ultimately have formed.

The rotation made the nebula fly out like a trundled mop, but the outward tendency was counteracted by attraction. This battle between the attraction due to gravitation and the repulsion due to rotation caused a flattening of the globe, so that it became orange shaped.

The gas of which the nebula was composed possessed heat, the central part being probably very hot and the external part very cold, as estimated by terrestrial standards. As the energy of heat was gradually lost by radiation into space the globe shrunk, and at the same time the central portion became still hotter.

In consequence of the shrinkage, the rate of rotation was increased. This mechanical effect may easily be illustrated thus: if I whirl a stone attached to a string and let the string wind itself up on my finger, the stone will whirl faster and faster as the string shortens.

Lastly, with increased rate of rotation the increased repulsion due to centrifugal force augmented the flattening of the globe. At length a time arrived when the globe was flattened until it became more like a disk than a globe, and gravitation was then no longer capable of holding it together in a single shape.

Everywhere in the nebula the gas was being pressed by the surrounding gas, attracted towards the center of the nebula, and repelled by centrifugal force away from the axis of rotation. The attraction diminishes and the repulsion increases the farther we go from the center. If at a place near the edge of the disk-like globe the attraction and repulsion are

just equal to one another, pressure is not called into play in keeping the gas in its place. At this distance from the center, then, the gas which is outside does not press at all on that which is inside, and the inner gas may part company with the outer gas without disturbance to it.

In fact, according to the nebular hypothesis, when the flattening had reached a certain degree a ring separated itself from the equatorial regions. The central portion, thus relieved, regained a more globular shape, continued to contract and to spin quicker, until a second crisis supervened, when another ring was shed. A succession of rings was thus formed, and after the detachment of the last the central portion, continuing to contract, at length formed the sun.

Each ring, as soon as it was free, began to aggregate round some denser portion in its periphery. Subordinate nebulae were thus formed, and they in their turn contracted and shed rings. The nucleus of the secondary nebulae formed the planets, and their rings condensed into satellites.

This is an outline of the celebrated nebular hypothesis. I shall now show what an interesting confirmation this theory receives from a recent photograph.

There is in the constellation of Andromeda a nebula so remarkable that its nebulous character was recognized even long before the invention of the telescope.¹

This nebula was first photographed with conspicuous success,² in October, 1888, by Mr. Roberts, and again on the 29th of the following December, 1888. Our illustration is from the latter of these, in which the exposure was for four hours.

The result is of the greatest interest, for in it we actually see what Laplace pictured with his mind's eye. There is a bright central condensation surrounded by ring after ring, gradually dying away into faintness.

In one of the rings there is a region of greater brightness, which may fairly be interpreted as the center of aggregation for a planet. At another place which is clearly more remote from the center, although brought nearer by foreshortening, we have a brilliant round luminous ball — surely a planetary nebula already formed. At a much greater distance there is an elongated nebulosity, which we may conjecture to be a planetary nebula seen edgewise,

¹ It has, of course, been examined with all the finest telescopes. In 1848 Bond of Harvard College made a fine drawing of it — fine at least as a drawing, but now principally serving to emphasize the immense superiority of the camera to the eye.

² The very remarkable results attained by Mr. Roberts are due, I believe, to the fact that he has been the first to try very long exposures.

but in a further state of advance than the other. It is worthy of notice that the remote planets Neptune and Uranus rotate about axes nearly in the plane of their orbits, and from the direction of elongation of this subordinate nebula it seems as though the like must be true here.

In 1848 Bond measured the positions of these two bright small nebulae relatively to the large one, and they seem to have changed their positions since that date. This confirms the theory that they are planets, but it must be admitted that measurements with reference to an ill-defined object like a nebula are hard to make with precision.

I should suppose this to be the greatest triumph yet achieved by celestial photography, and I owe my sincere thanks to Mr. Roberts for allowing me to reproduce it.¹

But these pictures, while confirming the substantial truth of the nebular hypothesis, fail to clear up many of the obscurities which surround the evolution of a planetary system. There is one difficulty indeed so fundamental that it has led some astronomers virtually to throw over the whole theory, and it forms the special object of this essay to discuss it.

It is the very essence of the nebular hypothesis that the nebula should be formed of continuous gas, one part of which exercises a pressure on another part; for we have seen how gaseous pressure is instrumental in imparting the globular form to the whole, and how when the globe loses heat and shrinks it is just along that line where the pressure vanishes that the ring splits off.

Now there is no perceptible trace in the solar system of that all-pervading gas from which the whole is supposed to have been evolved; for the planets do not suffer any sensible retardation in their motion round the sun, as would be the case if they were moving through even a highly rarefied gas.

On the other hand, there is evidence of abundance of solid bodies flying through space. When these bodies meet our atmosphere they glow up white-hot with friction, and are called falling stars or meteorites. Though they are generally dissipated into dust in their passage through the air, yet once in a while one of them owes its preservation to its greater size, and falls on the earth. We thus know them to be strange-looking stones, largely composed of iron.

The ring which surrounds the planet Saturn was obviously suggestive of the nebular hypothesis to the minds of Laplace and Kant. But it has been conclusively proved by the researches of Roche and Clerk Maxwell to con-

sist of a swarm of loose stones—a shower of brickbats, as Maxwell was fond of calling it. And now within the last three years spectroscopic research has led Mr. Lockyer to suggest that the luminous gas, which undoubtedly forms the visible portion of the nebulae, is simply gas volatilized from the solid state and rendered incandescent by the violent impact of meteoric stones.

These gases, he tells us, cool quickly, cease to be luminous, and condense again into the solid state, but the collisions being incessant, the whole nebula shines with a steady light. Mr. Lockyer supports his view by an elaborate comparison of the spectra of stars and nebulae with those of actual meteorites, fused by the electric spark in the laboratory. I have not the knowledge of spectroscopy which would be necessary to examine his theory, but his general conclusions seem to be of the highest importance in the study of stellar systems.

All these lines of observation conspire to indicate that the immediate antecedent of the sun and planets was not a continuous gas, but a swarm of loose stones. And yet the nebular hypothesis seems as good as proved by this photograph of Mr. Roberts. Here then we find ourselves in a dilemma; on the one hand we have the meteoric theory denying the continuity of the matter which forms the nebulae, whilst on the other hand the nebular hypothesis demands such continuity. I wish to emphasize this point—either a nebula is made of a cooling gas, such as hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and the vapors of metals, or it is not so. The nebular hypothesis apparently says it must consist of gas, whilst this is denied by the strong evidence that it consisted of an enormous number of stones. It seems at first that either the nebular hypothesis or the meteoric theory must be untrue.

I believe, nevertheless, that there is a way in which these conflicting ideas may be brought into harmony and made to reinforce one another, and the special object of this paper is to effect such a reconciliation. But before coming to that we must leave for a time the world of stars, and must consider the ultimate structure of a gas, such as the air we breathe. A gas is now known to consist of ultra-microscopic molecules, all exactly alike in weight, shape, and structure. Although they are invisible, they can be counted and timed; there are found to be millions in a cubic inch of air, moving indiscriminately in all directions, with great velocity. For example, in the air, at a temperature of 60° Fahrenheit, their average speed is 1570 feet a second—half as fast again as the velocity of sound. The temperature of a gas simply depends on the rate at which the molecules

¹ Since this paper was written he has continued his researches and has produced results of no less interest than the present one.

are moving. Millions of times in each second each one of these molecules happens by chance to strike one of its neighbors, and the two which have struck rebound from each other as though they were of India rubber, or at any rate after such an encounter they behave as though they were perfectly elastic. If we could watch the crowd we should see the individuals darting about in a zigzag course, being deflected into a new direction at each collision. I have often been reminded of this so-called kinetic theory of gases, when watching the dance of a little swarm of house-flies as they zigzag about and sharply change their paths, when, for a second, two of them get entangled together. Perhaps this familiar example may help the reader to realize the dance of the molecules in a gas.

The incessant agitation of molecules is quite independent of winds and drafts, and when as many molecules are going in any one direction as in any other we consider the air to be calm. What we call a wind is when more molecules are going in the direction of the wind than in any other.

The molecules of a gas are not aimed at one another, and as a collision is all a matter of chance it is clear that a molecule is sometimes nearly stopped, sometimes impelled faster, and sometimes merely deflected. Thus they are moving with all possible speeds, but the great majority are moving with about the average speed of the whole crowd.

According to this theory, the pressure of a gas is merely the cannonade of millions of molecules against the side of the vessel containing the gas; as the number of impacts per square inch and per second is enormous, the effect is indistinguishable from that of continuous pressure.

We are accustomed to make statistical inquiries into any question affecting groups of men, and the same method has to be applied to the collisions of the molecules of a gas. These very complex statistics have been profoundly studied by Maxwell, Clausius, and others, and they have shown how to compute from the temperature and density of a gas the average velocity of its molecules, the average frequency of collision, and the average distance traveled between successive collisions.

It will not be possible to go into these difficult questions at present, and it must be accepted that a gas is actually composed of constantly colliding particles or molecules. But when we look at a gas from this point of view we must take care not to confuse the single molecule with the gas of which it forms part. Gas is merely our word for a crowd of molecules, much as nation is a word for a crowd of men. National history is no more to be learned

from the doings and character of a single man than the properties of a gas are to be learned from the doings and character of a single molecule. In "gas" and in "nation" the relationship of all to all is involved.

Now that the internal structure of common air has been explained, let us examine a little more closely its relation to ourselves.

If we were to shrink to a ten-millionth of our actual size, how different would air seem! It would then seem to consist of cannon-balls flying about in all directions, at rare intervals, and at a prodigious rate. And yet the supposed change in us would not have affected the nature of air, and it would still be a continuous gas to our former senses. Thus the description we should give of a gas is all a matter of the relative scales of largeness of ourselves and of the gas.

Now this theory of a gas affords the idea by which I seek to reconcile the conflicting theories of the evolution of stellar systems. My suggestion is that celestial nebulae are drawn on so large a scale that meteorites may be treated as molecules, and that the collisions of meteorites are so frequent that the whole swarm will behave as though it were a gas. The relationship of us men to this coarse-grained meteoric medium is exactly that of the ideal pygmies to common air.

But it is not enough to make such a suggestion as this; the details of the idea must be examined. We must consider what may be supposed to happen when two stones clash together, and must see whether they can come into collision often enough to make the swarm into a kind of gas.

In comparing the behavior of meteorites to the molecules of a gas it will naturally occur to inquire whether they can be supposed to possess that high degree of elasticity which is necessary for a kinetic theory. I believe that this question may be answered in the affirmative. Meteoric stones move with speeds which are very great according to our terrestrial notions; and even without Mr. Lockyer's direct spectroscopic evidence we could not doubt that enough heat is generated in a collision to volatilize part of the solid matter of each stone, and to make the gas incandescent. Now a sudden generation of gas at the point of contact of the two stones would be exactly like the explosion of a charge of gunpowder between them, and they would be blown apart with great violence. As far as regards their velocities after collision the result would be much the same as though they were highly elastic, although this virtual elasticity is of quite a different character from that tendency of a strained solid to recover its shape, which constitutes ordinary elasticity. I may call to

mind, as an example of an abnormal elasticity of somewhat the same sort, how a leaden bullet bounds from the surface of the sea, although lead is a very inelastic solid and water is not solid at all.

It is not claimed that these considerations prove absolutely that two meteorites would bound from each other as if they were very elastic, but it seems highly probable that they would do so, and the matter is not susceptible of strict proof. But granting the elasticity, there is another point to consider.

If two stones meet, the chance of their fracture is greater if they are great than if they are small, and the breakage may go on only until a certain size, dependent on the average velocity of the meteorites, is reached, after which it may become unimportant.

When the gases generated on collision cool they will condense into a metallic rain, and this may fuse with old meteorites. Some actual meteorites show signs of the fusion of many distinct nuclei. Thus there are both abstract reason and direct evidence in support of occasional fusions. The mean size of meteorites in a swarm probably depends on the balance between the opposing forces of breakage and fusion.

No doubt when two stones meet directly each is shattered to fragments. But glancing collisions must be indefinitely more frequent, and in these we may suppose that fracture is comparatively rare, and virtual elasticity great.

The possible frequency of fracture undoubtedly does present a difficulty in the theory, for it would seem as though the whole swarm of stones must gradually degrade into dust. There must be some way out of this difficulty, for meteorites of considerable size fall upon the earth, and unless Mr. Lockyer has misinterpreted the spectroscopic evidence, the nebulae do now consist of meteorites.

I hold that these considerations justify us in maintaining a rough similarity between meteoric stones and the molecules of a gas, as far as regards the actual collisions. If this is so, what is called the temperature of a gas must be translated as meaning the average energy of motion of the meteorites.

We must now go on to consider how often meteorites collide, and try to discover whether a swarm of meteorites possesses a fine enough texture to permit the applicability of the theory. For this part of the discussion numerical calculations are necessary. Calculations require numerical data, and these can only be derived from a known system, and of course the only one known with any precision is the solar system. The fineness of grain is obviously independent of the amount of flattening of the

nebula which arises from rotation. In order therefore to simplify the matter, and to consider one thing at a time, the nebula is supposed to be one in which there is no rotation.

The weight of the sun in pounds is four with thirty zeros after it, and I suppose the sun to be broken up into that number of meteorites, each weighing one pound. If the meteorites are supposed to be of iron their exact size is known, because the dimensions of a pound of iron are known. This supposition as to the weight and size of the meteorites is merely adopted as a type, but it suffices for our present purpose. These one-pound iron-stones are to be distributed in a swarm extending beyond the present orbit of Neptune. To give numerical precision, let us suppose that the swarm extends half as far again as Neptune's orbit; that is to say, let it extend to forty-five times the distance of the earth from the sun.

In this condition the nebula is of extreme tenuity, and if the stones are not then too sparse to make the swarm behave like a gas, it will, *a fortiori*, behave like a gas when the nebula has shrunk and the stones are more closely packed. The supposition made as to the extension of the solar swarm, therefore, puts the theory to a severe test.

In the case of a town, density of population means the number of people to the square mile, and for meteorites what we may still call the density of population is the number to the cubic mile. The swarm is not supposed to be rotating, and is therefore a perfect globe, and the layers of equal density of population are also spheres.

The stones will not be evenly distributed in space, but the density of population will be much greater towards the middle than towards the outside. The reason of this is that every stone is attracted towards the middle, and is only prevented from yielding to the tendency by the blows it receives from its neighbors. Think of a crowd struggling for tickets at a railway station, and you have a picture of what happens. The men squeeze and push and sway about, but the crowd remains of about the same density at each distance from its middle. So in the swarm the dance of the meteorites is incessant, but it arranges itself automatically into a steady condition, in which the density of population has no tendency to shift.

It is natural to ask why the stones should be moving at all, and how they acquired their great speed. This is a question that imperatively demands an answer, and we are able to answer it with certainty. They derive their speed from gravitation; they have fallen in from a great distance towards a center of aggregation. A description of the way in which

they may have come together will make it clear why they are moving, and will also give the reader some idea of how the actual velocity may be calculated in a swarm of given mass and size.

Imagine that somewhere in space there is an aggregation of meteorites,—no matter how it got there,—and conceive a stone released from a state of rest at a very great distance. Under the attraction of gravitation the stone falls towards the center of aggregation, and on reaching the confines of the swarm it will have acquired a certain velocity. It then penetrates the swarm for some uncertain distance, until it happens to strike another meteorite. Henceforth its path is zigzag, as it happens to strike, and we need not suppose ourselves to watch it any longer, since it has become one of the swarm. It is, however, important to remark that the supposed visitant from outside space has imported energy of motion into the system, which energy it gradually communicates to its neighbors by collisions; it has also increased the mass of the swarm. When another stone is allowed to fall in, since it is attracted by a slightly greater mass, it arrives at the swarm with slightly greater speed than the first. So if we imagine the swarm to be increased by the addition of stone after stone, we see that in the course of accretion the energy of agitation of its constituent meteorites gradually increases. Also the volume of the globe throughout which (if anywhere) the swarm possesses the mechanical properties of a gas is at the same time gradually increased. We must suppose that at length all the stones in that part of space are exhausted, the materials of the nebula are collected, and it only remains for them to work out their future fate.

By this sort of reasoning we find out how fast the stones are moving, but it is proper to add that an important correction has to be applied to allow for the fact that at each collision some speed is lost. In the process of settling into the steady condition each stone retains only seven-tenths of the velocity it would have had if it were a fresh arrival from space.

It will make no material difference in these results by whatever process the stones were brought together, and this account which I have just given of the formation of a swarm is not intended as a contribution to its history, but is only meant to render intelligible the mechanical principles involved, and to show in a general way how the matter may be subjected to calculation.

By such a line of argument as this I found that, when the solar swarm extended half as far again as the planet Neptune, in the central

region the stones were moving at an average rate of three miles a second,—two hundred times as fast as a fast train,—but that in the outer portion of the swarm the velocity was less.

We have now to find out how often the stones came into collision, how far they traveled between collisions, and whether the collisions were frequent enough to allow us to consider the whole nebula as a kind of gas, as is demanded by the nebular hypothesis.

To how small a pygmy would air still be air? The answer is that the pygmy must be just large enough to be struck so often that he loses the sensation of the individual blows, and is only aware of their average effect. It will insure this if he is struck hundreds or thousands of times in the average interval between two collisions of a molecule of air; or we may say that his bulk must be great enough to contain thousands of molecules, or his length thousands of times as great as the average path traversed by a molecule between two successive collisions. These conditions are amply satisfied in the relationship of the smallest microscopic animalcule to our air.

It must, however, be a giant who would not feel the individual blows of meteorites, but only realize their average effects. If we might consider the nebula, as a whole, to be a living being, we might say that if she is to behave like a gas she must realize herself as a gas, and so she must be the giant to whose perceptions the meteoric nebula is to be a gas; hence the giant must not be larger than the nebula itself.

It would not be easy to explain the exact reasoning by which a comparison is made between the dimensions of the giant and the texture of the nebula at every part of itself. It must suffice to say that the comparison is best clothed in a form which may appear something quite different, but which is really substantially the same.

Except at the moment of a collision, a meteorite is like a very small planet, and accordingly moves in a curved orbit, but at each collision it starts in a new orbit.

I say, then, that the nebula will behave sufficiently like a gas to allow the nebular hypothesis to be true, if the average path of a meteorite between two collisions is so short that the bit of orbit described departs very little from a straight line.

We now at length come to the numerical values to which we have been tending, and shall see how often the stones of the solar nebula came into collision with one another when the nebula extended in a swarm of one-pound iron meteorites half as far again from its center as the present distance of Neptune from the sun.

In this case I find that at the middle of the swarm a meteorite would on the average come into collision every thirteen hours, and would travel 140,000 miles between collisions; at the distance of the small planets, called the asteroids, it would collide every seventeen hours and would travel 190,000 miles between; at the distance of Uranus the collisions would be at intervals of twenty-five days, and the path six million miles; and lastly, at the distance of Neptune, the interval would be 190 days and the path 28,000,000 miles.

I have said that the criterion we have to apply depends on the amount of curvature of the average path of a stone between two successive collisions. Now it may be shown that the amount of departure from straightness is greater the farther we go from the middle of the swarm; and I find that even at the distance of Neptune the collisions are, speaking relatively, so frequent that gravity only suffices to draw the meteorite aside from the straight path by one sixty-sixth of the path it has traversed. The fraction one sixty-sixth is then the value of the criterion which was to be applied. Now one sixty-sixth is so small a fraction that it may be concluded that the meteoric swarm passes the proposed test, notwithstanding that the great extension which has been attributed to the nebula strains the hypothesis severely.

It follows, therefore, that if meteorites possess virtual elasticity, and if breakages are counterbalanced by fusions, then a swarm of meteorites provides a gas-like medium of a fine enough structure to satisfy the demands of the nebular hypothesis.

Some such numerical examination as the foregoing is necessary in order to assure us that the quality of a gas can have been imparted to a nebula in the suggested way, and so to lift the hypothesis out of the realms of mere conjecture.

We may conclude from this discussion that it is possible to justify the contention that the meteoric theory is reconcilable with the nebular hypothesis, and that we may accordingly hold the truth of both of them at the same time.

If space permitted I might go on to consider some of the conclusions fairly deducible from this view of a nebula, but it must suffice to say that this theory seems likely to prove fruitful in the further elucidation of this complex and necessarily speculative subject.

Up to this time we have been occupied with proving, or rendering probable, a modification in Laplace's theory. But it would hardly be satisfactory to leave the matter at this point. I wish it were possible to gain an insight into the origin and previous history of these stones, but on these mysteries I have no suggestion

to make. It is, however, possible to see pretty clearly what happened after the nebular stage, and how all this bears on the state of things of which we are witnesses to-day.

At the various centers of condensation which we now call sun, planets, and satellites the swarm of meteorites became denser and denser. The collisions were too frequent to let the gases cool and condense again, and thus by degrees the meteorites were entirely volatilized. Thus round these centers we should have at length a mass of glowing gas, and towards the middle fluids and solids. All this must have occurred comparatively early in the case of the sun, later at the planets, and last at the satellites.

Outside of these condensations there were numbers of free meteorites, but the majority of the stones which formed the swarm in primitive times were already absorbed, and the absorption still went on gradually.

The collisions among the free meteorites became rarer, because they were scattered more sparsely; and less violent, because at each successive collision some relative motion was lost. Finally the collisions were nearly annulled. The residue of the meteoric swarm then consisted of sparse flights of meteorites, moving in streams. Such streams give us no evidence of their existence, except under special circumstances.

The zodiacal light is a lens-shaped luminosity, seen in the east or west shortly before sunrise or after sunset—not commonly in the latitude of England, but frequently in the south. It is probably due to the reflection of sunlight from millions of meteorites which have not yet been swallowed by the sun.

Again, if a stream of meteorites moves in a very elliptic orbit, at one part of its course it passes near the sun. In this part of its orbit the flight is packed into a smaller space than before, so that collisions are largely multiplied. Moreover the flight dashes through a region thickly peopled with the meteorites which make the zodiacal light. It has been proved that there is an intimate relationship between comets and flights of meteorites, and Mr. Lockyer suggests that the luminosity of comets is caused jointly by the collisions internal to the flight of stones, and by those which occur as the flight plows its way through the zodiacal light.

But meteorites are still frequent far outside of the zodiacal light, although there may not be enough to reflect sunlight to a visible degree. Of this we have familiar evidence in the shooting star.

The orbits of several streams of meteorites are known, and each year, as on certain days the earth crosses those orbits, their existence is



NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA.

proved by volleys of falling stars, which emanate from known radiant points in the heavens.

But these are the dregs and sawdust of the solar system, and merely serve to give us a memento of the myriads which existed in early days, before the sun and the planets and their satellites were born.

In this paper I have attempted to touch on only a few points in a large subject. The attempt to reconstruct the history of stars and planets involves ideas grand in themselves; but the events to be recorded in that history relate to a past so remote that our conclusions cannot but be speculative. Thus the value of

the investigation of which I have given an account will appear very different to different minds. To some men of science it will stand condemned as altogether too speculative; others will think that it is better to risk error in the chance of winning truth. To me, at least, it seems that the line of thought flows in a true channel; that it may help to give a meaning to the observations of the astronomer and of the spectroscopist; and that many interesting problems may perhaps be solved with sufficient completeness to throw further light on the evolution of nebulae and of planetary systems.

G. H. Darwin.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



SAKA, September 18.—We have come to Osaka to spend an entire day in bric-à-brac: to arrive early at the big shop; to have tea offered us in the little back room of the merchant, which looks out and steps out upon his garden of a few trees and little pebbly walks and some stone lanterns—a garden that is for us, which his own may or may not be. Then cigars, and pieces of porcelain brought from the store-houses; then more tea, and an inspection of the many rooms full of odds and ends. Then more tea, and more pieces slowly and reluctantly drawn from the storehouse, as if we could not be so unreasonable; then lunch and tea, always in the house; then adjournment to the upper rooms, when the hundreds of *kakemonos* are unrolled, one after the other, to a crescendo of exasperation. Then re-discussion of matters below stairs, and visits to other rooms full of wares not spoken of before; then more tea, and the last pieces grudgingly produced from the same occult store-houses; purchases amid final bewilderment; tea again, and departure.

We had come to Osaka on our way back from Nara, and we again return to Kioto, which we left three days ago. The trip to Nara was fatiguing and delightful, and I should

like to recall it for you, but I have no time and have made no notes; and, besides, my memories are again beginning to merge one into another, and they themselves to blend with what I see in Kioto. But certainly something floats over, which a few lines can give.

We were out in our *kurumas* early in the morning, each with three runners. We found Oye San waiting for us patiently, outside at Inari, where he had expected us from the earliest morning. It is from him that I get the little clay fox, given me for good luck, in a partnership with the one he retained. I need not speak of the heat. The roads were dusty and dry where they were not muddy and wet, in the country paths we took. We passed the edge of the city, which ends suddenly in rice fields, occupying what were once streets and houses. For Kioto is only a part of what it has been; and even when it was larger, not so many years back, it must still have been only the remainder of a greater past.

As we get into what is really the country, passing from broad roads to narrow tracks, our runners sometimes lifted us over soft, wet places, or bumped us over narrow ditches, or guided us, at full tilt, on the edges of the stones that are bridges. Sometimes more patiently we halted to allow the files of black bulls to meander past us, dragging loads on wheels or carrying bales.

Rarely we met peasants, and then usually women, sometimes with horses of a larger breed than that we saw last month in the east. Once, among rice fields in the basin of a circle of low hills, I saw the grove which covers the tomb of some divine emperor of early times. As we circled around the slope, far away from this solitary oasis of trees, we could see the



KIOTO IN FOG—MORNING.



PEASANT CARRYING FODDER, AND BULL CARRYING LOAD.

grove on every side, finished and complete and rounded by time, as if sculptured in nature from some of those sketches that Japanese artists make for carving when they give all four sides, and the bottom and the top, on a single page. Nothing else, but perhaps some uninscribed stone, marks the tombs of emperors, dotted about the plains of this oldest province of Japan. Strange enough, even in this strange country, is this evidence of the extreme of simplicity in death, as in life, of the oldest line of Oriental despots, absolute lords and masters, ever-present patterns of the deity, who make this one solitary exception of simplicity in history. It is as if Japan itself was their tomb, as if they passed back into the nature of which their divine ancestors were gods—the gods of the sun and of the earth.

Blue hills and pagodas, and temples in the distance, and we came into Nara, which is but a breath, a ruin, a remnant of what it was. I had been told so often of the place, as a ruin among rice fields, that I was unprepared for the beautiful lay-out of what remains—for the well-planned roads and avenues, such as may well have belonged to some great capital, such as would have been heard of by travelers who, returning in days of Charlemagne from other Eastern cities to Byzantium, might have talked of Zipango.

Nothing remains but a few buildings, belonging to temples, but their approaches are splendid, even though there be often nothing more than the general grading and disposition. I should have written to you from our inn, where I looked, in the evening and morning,

towards the slopes of distant hills, and heard, out of the darkness, the sound of the great bell which rang first some eleven centuries ago, and the singing of the frogs in the fields which were once a city. It is now too late to begin to describe anything of what I saw; anything of temple buildings, from one of which to another we wandered, nor of the old statues and relics, nor of the religious dances of young girls which we looked at, standing or sitting near the balustrade of the dancing-shed, while inside, in the greater shade, they moved to the music and hymns of the priests—red and white figures, with long tresses of black hair and chaplets of flowers; with faces all painted white, and brilliant, indifferent eyes that saw me sketching clearly, however, and hands that waved, in a cadence of routine, fans and bunches of little bells with long streamers of violet, blue, green, red, and white. Nor of the great park-like avenue, that made me think of England, through which still wander tame deer, as did those that, long ago, served as models for Okio the painter. I fear that what I have seen will remain only as an embroidery upon the stuff that my memory tries to unroll.

It was late on a sweltering afternoon when we managed to leave Nara, and we reached Horiuji for too short a visit; for we were due in Osaka the next day. We wandered in the late afternoon and evening through its courts, kindly received by the priests, for whom we had the recommendation of a friendly name.

At least I had time to see the Golden Hall, one of the earliest buildings, now more than twelve centuries and a half old, and the noble



PEASANT WOMAN — THRESHER.

paintings on its walls attributed to some famous sculptor of that day. Their placid elegance, the refinement of their lines, their breath of religious peace, explained those claims to a solemn and glorious past for Japan, which look like a conventional exaggeration in a to-day that is delicate and small and dry.

The recall of Greek perfection was not forced, and while still vaguely unwilling to confuse one excellence by referring to another, I could not help again thinking of the Greek and of Tanagra images, when I saw, by the light of the torches, in the great pagoda, as old as the great hall, groups modeled in clay by the same old sculptor, whose name is given to the paintings — Amida and Kwan-on and Monju, and the scenes of the death of Buddha. An admirable antiquity was to be the continuous impression of the evening, carried out into our last looks at the Treasure House. Its very air of an old New England barn or crib raised upon posts, its rough red painting, the high wooden steps of entrance, the gigantic wooden latch-key with which the guardian priest fumbled at its door, gave the note of extreme early simplicity — the feeling of a per-

sisting indifference to the adornments and changes of centuries of fashions.

It has been useless all along to detail anything, but the impressions of the last things seen remain with me as types of all. For there hung on the old walls of the Treasure House a framed banner, once carried in ancient battles, its brocaded pattern exactly that which we know in Babylonian art: the circles with the lilies between, and in each circle the Assyrian monarch struggling with lions — imitation or original of coeval Sassanian Persia, I suppose, but housed here all these thousand years, and in its persistence of pattern connecting with that heavy and oppressive antiquity of Nineveh which knows nothing older than itself for our story, except oldest Egypt.

BUT I was yet to find something old that would be directly meant for me; a painting by the legendary painter of Japan, the Cimabue of a thousand years ago, inheritor or student of still older Chinese art — Kose-no-Kanaoka.

The painting is still in fair condition, though injuries of time reveal, as usual, the methods used by the painter. And it was a delight to me, in this mood of veneration for past greatness, to recognize in the veilings and sequences of this painting of the lotus methods I had used myself, working at all this distance of time and place, when I had tried to render the tones and the transparency of our fairy water-lily; and I know you will forgive the superstitious sense of approval of my re-inventions from this indefinite past of art.

We wandered among the buildings until night had set in; we signed on the register of visitors, and contributed a small sum to the repairs of these decaying relics of the greatness of Japan; we received some little gifts of impressions and prints in acknowledgment, and then rested in the neighboring inn, waited upon by fat, good-natured tea-girls, most certainly belonging to to-day.

We had now to take a long night ride, and at length we rushed out into the moonlight, our fourteen runners appearing and disappearing as we came in and out of the shadows in the long procession of our train.

We whirled past the houses of the small town, indiscreetly close to the paper screens, lighted from within, against which were profiled the shadows of faces, sometimes with pipes or cups lifted to their lips or the outlines of coiffures piled up on the head — all pictures more Japanese than their very originals; then between rounded hills on which stood masses of maple trees; then near to empty spaces of water; then sank into dark hollows, at the bottom of which a river ran as fast the other way.

I watched and looked as long as fatigue allowed, but fell asleep in the uncomfortable kuruma, waked every now and then by some sudden jolt to my extended arm and head.

Occasionally I had dreamy glances at what I remember as a vast blue plain, with lofty colorless mountains at one side, and perhaps I saw glimpses of the sea. The night air was cold in the hollows after the sweltering day, and I found my arm and face damp with the dew. A Japanese poet would have said that

hotel in the morning to bid us a still more final good-by. Oye San alone remained faithful to his self-intrusted care of us, and determined to see us as far as the land would allow; that is to say, to the shores of Biwa Lake.

The caravan was smaller now, diminished by our parting with Awoki the interpreter and the men necessary to trundle him about. Still we were a goodly company — nineteen men in all, of whom three were masters, one the servant, and the rest the runners who were



A RUNNER IN THE RAIN.

it was but the spray from off the oars of some heavenly boat which sailed that night across the starry stream of the Milky Way.

In the dawn we saw the white walls of the castle of the city of Osaka, and ran across its many bridges, all silent in the morning.

A JAPANESE DAY.—FROM KIOTO TO GIFU.

NAGOYA, September.—Notwithstanding the long parting, which kept us up very late, the same courteous Japanese friends were at the

to get us and our baggage to Otsu on Biwa Lake long before noon. There was to be no novelty on our road, it being merely the highway from the capital to the lake. It was a lovely morning, the sun long risen, and all the places and buildings now a part of our memories glistening in the shadow and the dew. We turned our backs for the last time on Kiyomidzu, and ran through the great gate of the temple near us, then, bumping down the steep steps under it, skirted the great wall of Dai Butzu and the interminable side of the Sanju



FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.

sangendo (the hall of the thirty-three spaces),¹ along which in old times the archers used to shoot. Then we gradually got out of the city, into the road filled with traffic going both ways. There seemed to be no break between town and country. Here and there the mountain side, covered with trees, descended to the road. But the effect was that of a long street, deep among hills, and continuously spotted with buildings. Long trains of beautiful black bulls, drawing lumber or merchandise or carrying straw-covered bales, streamed peacefully along. We passed peasant women, hardy, tall, sometimes handsome, with scarlet undergowns held up; occasionally one riding on a pack-horse, or in her place a child perched on the hump of the wooden saddle. Or, again, peasants bearing loads on their backs, or carriers with weighty merchandise swung between them on poles; priests, young and old, stepping gravely in their white, or yellow, or black dresses — some with umbrellas open, others, whose quicker step meant that they had not far to go (perhaps only to some wayside temple), protecting their shaven heads with outspread fan. Or a kuruma, usually with one runner, taking into town economically two

women together, one old, one young, and followed by another kuruma carrying some old gentleman, very thin or very fat, the head of the family. Kurumas carrying Japanese tourists or travelers, with hideous billycock hats, or Anglo-Indian helmets, or wide straw hats *à la mode de* Third Avenue, these abominable head-pieces contrasting with their graceful gowns, as did their luggage, wrapped up in silk handkerchiefs, with their European traveling rugs. Or, again, other kurumas carrying unprotected females in pairs, with the usual indifferent or forlorn look, or couples of young girls more gaily dressed, with flowery hairpins, the one evidently a chaperon to the other; then a Government official, *all* European, with hurrying runners; sometimes, but rarely, the Japanese litter or *kago*, or several if for a party, their occupants lying at their ease as to their backs, but twisted into knots as to their feet, and swaying with the movement of the trotting carriers. Bent to one side by the heavy ridgepole, which passes too low to allow the head to lie in the axis of the body, sweet-eyed women's faces, tea-rose or peach-colored, looked up from the bamboo basket of the litter. With proper indifference their lords and masters looked at us obliquely. On the

¹ Three hundred and eighty-nine feet long.

roofs was spread a miscellaneous quantity of luggage.

From time to time troopers or officers, of course in European costume, mounted on Japanese chargers, cantered past. Two hours of this; then the sides of the road, which had risen and fallen with hill and valley, melted away, and the harbor of Otu and Lake Biwa and blue mountains over the water, and others sketched in the air, were spread before us in the blaze of sunlight seen through the cool shadow of the mountains.

We rode down the hill to a little jetty, marvelously like a North River dock, with big sheds where passengers were waiting, and a little steamer fastened to the wharf. We bade good-by for the last time to Oye San, who said many things that we appreciated but did not understand the words of, and who pointed to the square Japanese sails glittering in the far-off light, saying, "Fune, Fune!" ("The boats, the boats!") We dismissed kurumas and kurumaya and sailed off with Hakodate (the courier) alone. We stretched ourselves on the upper deck, half in sun half in shadow, and blinked lazily at the distant blue mountains and the great sea-like lake.

Two hours later we had landed at a long jetty, in a heavy sea, with tossing dark blue water, different from the quiet azure of our sail. The brisk wind, blowing the white clouds over the blue sky, was clear and cold. We got out of its reach, as I felt neuralgic, and tried to sleep in a little tea-house, waking to the screams of the tea-house girl, "Mairimasho!" and I had but time to get into the train. Whether it started from there or had arrived there, I never knew. I had been glad to forget everything in dreamland.

I remember little of my railroad ride, what with neuralgia and heat, and the effects of the dance of the little steamer on Lake Biwa. There were mountains and ravines, and vast engineering protections for our path, and everywhere the evidence of a struggle with the many running waters we crossed or skirted. The blue and silver of the lake that we had crossed, and the sweetness of its air, were shut out in the dust and the heat of mountain sides. We had not seen the Eight Beauties of Biwa Lake.¹ The "Autumn Moon from Ishiyama" had set long before we passed, and the idea of other temples to be seen brought out A——'s antagonism to more climbing, only to be rewarded by promenades through lanterns and shrines and confused struggling with dates and divinities. "The Evening Snow on Hira-yama" was not to fall until we should be across the Pacific; nor could we ask of that blue September morning "The Blaze of Evening at Seta" nor

"The Evening Bell of Mii-dera"—though we heard the bell early, and wondered whether it were still uninjured, from the time when big Benkei carried it off and exchanged it for too much soup, exactly seven hundred years ago; nor "Rain by Night at Kara-saki," the place of the famous pine tree, which was growing, they say, twenty-four hundred years ago, when Jim-mu was emperor. There I might have met, perhaps, the "Old Man and the Old Woman" you have seen over and over again in the pictures and on the fans. (They are the spirits of the other old pine trees of Takasago and Sumiyoshi, and they are fond of visiting each other.) Nor did we see "The Wild Geese alighting at Katada," but I felt as if I had

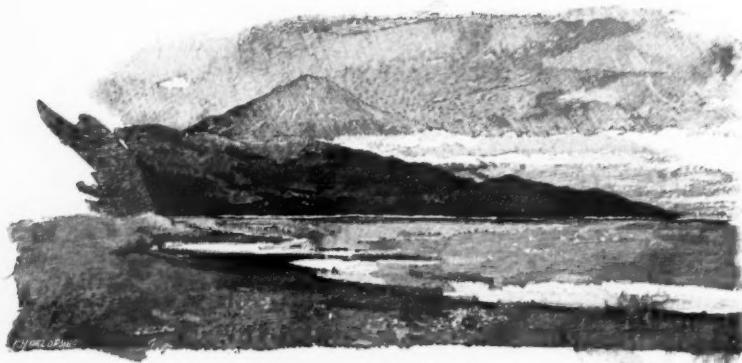


¹ Omi-no-hakkei.

A PILGRIM.

seen "The Boats sailing back from Yabase" and "The Bright Sky with a Breeze at Awadzu." If I had not, I still had seen boats sailing over and under as lovely a blue as can be spread by early September days. I suppose that our friend Oye San was trying to recall these last classical quotations to me when he bade me good-by at the landing in Otzu. An ocean rolls

order, neat and trim, the thatch of every building. What the prince was looking for is what we call the picturesque. To miss all the charms that ruin brings was too much for his esthetic soul, and he ordered the wheels of his chariot to be turned for home. So did not we. Neater and neater grew the inclosures, farms, and villages; the fences had pretty gates,—curious



FUSIYAMA FROM KAMBARA BEACH.

between his Parnassus and ours, but he lives much nearer to the mood that once made beautiful the names of Tempe and Helicon and the winding Meander.

With all this dreaming I fell asleep, and woke free from pain, but stupid and unimpressionable, as our train stopped at the little station from which we were to ride to Gifu. This was a little, new way-station (of course I don't remember its name), so like and so unlike one of ours, with the same look of the railroad being laid down—"imposed"—on an earth which did not understand what it all meant—grass struggling to get back to the sides of filled-up ditches; timbers lying about; new, astonished buildings, in one of which we washed, and waited, and dined. Meanwhile Hakodate went after the runners who were to drag us on our afternoon ride, and then if "we suited" to run with us the whole week, thirty-five miles a day, along the Tokaido, back towards Yokohama.

When all was ready it was late afternoon, and our procession ran along what seemed to be a vast plain of table-land, with high mountains for an edge. All seemed as clear and neat as the air we rode in. Somewhere there we must have passed the hill of "The turning back of the Chariot": this means that, long ago, that is to say about 1470, the regent Yoshimoto, while traveling here, found that the inhabitants, to do him honor, had put in

patterns of bamboo pickets,—a far-away, out-of-the-world flavor of Holland or Flanders. Even the ordinary setting out of wayside trees, in this province of forestry, insisted on the analogy, confused perhaps with a dream of Lombard plains and mountains in a cool blue distance, for the mind insists on clinging to reminiscences, as if afraid to trust itself to the full sea of new impressions.

As I rode along, so neat and clean was each picture, framed in sunlight if we were in shadow, or in clear shade when we were in sunlight, that I thought I could remember enough small facts for sketches and notes when I should get to Gifu. We reached Gifu in the early twilight, and had no special one impression; we were framed in by the streets, and confused by turning corners, and disturbed by anxiety to get in. But we had one great triumph. Our guide was new to the place—as we were; and we chose our inn at our own sweet will, with a feeling of authority and personal responsibility delicious to experience after such ignominy of guidance. Up we went to our rooms, and opening the *shojis*¹ looked out upon the river, which seemed broad as a great lake. Our house was right upon it, and the open casement framed nothing but water and pointed mountains, stealing away in the obscure clearness of a colorless twilight. The

¹ Sliding screens, which take the place of our windows.

running of the river, sloping down from the hills on a bed of pebbles, cut off the noises of the town, if there were any, and the silence was like that of far-away country heights. In this semi-painful tension the day's pictures disappeared from my mind. I was all prepared to have something happen, for which I should have been listening, when suddenly our host appeared, to say that the boats were coming down the river. The chilly evening air gave us new freshness, and off we started, deaf to the remonstrances of Hakodate, who had prepared and set out his very best for supper. We rushed past the artist in cookery, whose feelings I could yet appreciate, and plunged after our host into the dark streets. In a few minutes we were by the riverside, and could see far off what we took for our boat, with its roof and lanterns. The proffered backs of our lantern-bearing attendants gave the solution of how we were to get to it. Straddling our human horses, we were carried far out into the shallow, pebbly river, landed into the boat, and poled out into deeper water, nothing to be seen but the night and the conical hills, one of which I fancied to be Inaba, where was once Nobunaga's castle. Some faint mists were white in the distance, as if lighted by a rising moon. At no great distance from us, perhaps at a quarter of a mile, a light flickered over the water. On our approach we could distinguish a man connected with it, who apparently walked on the dark surface. He was evidently a fisherman or a shrimper, and his movements had all the strangeness of some long-legged aquatic bird. He knew his path, and, far out, followed some track of ford, adding to the loneliness as does a crane in a marshy landscape. Then I saw him no more, for he headed up the river towards an opening between the hills. Suddenly a haze of light rounded the corner of the nearest mountain, then grew into a line of fire coming towards us. Above the rustle of the river's course, and our own against it, came the beating of a cry in unison. The line of flame broke into many fires, and we could see the boats rushing down upon us. As quickly as I can write it, they came in an even line, wide apart — perhaps fifty feet or so — enough for us to pass between, whereupon we reversed our movement and drifted along with them. In the front of each boat, hung upon a bent pole, blazed a large cresset filled with pine knots, making above a cloud of smoke, starred with sparks and long needles of red cinders. Below in the circle of each light, and on its outer rim, swam many birds, glossy black and white cormorants, straining so at the cords that held them that they appeared to be dragging the boats. As they spread like a fan before the dark shadow of

the bows the cords which fastened them glistened or were black in the light. Each string ran through the fingers of the master-fisher at the bows, and was fastened to his waist and lost in the glittering straw of his rain-skirt. Like a four-in-hand driver, he seemed to feel his birds' movements. His fingers loosened or tightened, or, as suddenly, with a clutch pulled back. Then came a rebellious fluttering, and the white glitter of fish in the beaks disappeared — unavailingly; each bird was forcibly drawn up to the gunwale, and seized by the neck encircled by its string-bearing collar. Then a squeeze — a white fish glittered out again and was thrown back into the boat. The bird scuttled away, dropped back into the water, and, shaking itself, was at work again. They swam with necks erect, their eyes apparently looking over everything, and so indifferent to small matters as to allow the big cinders to lie unnoticed on their oily, flat heads. But, every few seconds, one would stoop down, then throw back its head wildly with a fish crosswise in its mouth. When that fish was a small one it was allowed by the master of the bird to remain in the capacious gullet. Each pack guided by a master varied in numbers, but I counted thirteen fastened to the waist of the fisherman nearest to us. Behind him stood another poling; then farther back an apprentice, with one single bird, was learning to manage his feathered tools. In the stern stood the steersman, using a long pole. Every man shouted, as huntsmen encouraging a pack, "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" — making the cry whose rhythm we had heard when the flotilla bore down upon us.

Ten minutes, a quarter of an hour more, passed as we kept alongside with motionless celerity. I tried to sketch in the insufficient light — making sometimes one sketch right upon another, so little could I see my lines in the treacherous light. Then the boats swerved off and were driven to the shore together, or as far as we could get to it, in the shallow water. Above us rose the steep green hillside, the trees and rocks lit up in an arabesque of light and dark by the now diminished flames.

The birds rested, standing in the water, preening their oily backs and white bellies, and flapping their ragged wings, which seemed to have been clipped. The apprentice caressed his bird, the fisherman and the steerers laughed and exchanged jokes and chatted generally, with all the good nature and making light of hard work which is so essentially Japanese.

Then the birds began to fight, and to show that peace was not their pleasure. Fresh pine knots were thrown into the cresses; each man took his place; the polers pushed off; the birds strained at the strings; and all da

capo. A little longer we watched, and then we let the boats glide past us; the fires faded again into a haze of light as they went down the river towards the bridges of the town, now dotted with people.

Then we were carried to the shore as we had left it, and were piloted home through the streets, now filled with lanterns and movement. We found our outraged artist in cookery still indignant over our neglect of food, but he was gradually appeased, and made up for his hungry masters a fairly sufficient meal. Cigars, a scrutiny of my despairing sketches, and a long look at the lovely melancholy of the river and mountains before we closed the *shojis* for the night.

FROM KAMBARA TO MIYANOSHITA.—A LETTER FROM A KAGO.

SEPTEMBER 28.—I am writing in a kago.¹ You do not know what an achievement this is, but I shall explain later on what a kago is, why I am in it, and why it is not exactly the place to expect a letter from. To begin at the beginning, we were yesterday afternoon at Kambara, on the gulf of Suruga Bay. We had eaten there in an inn by the water, while I watched through the screens the waving of a palm tree in the wind, which was now blowing autumnally and had cleared the sky and enlivened us with a hope of continuous view of Fuji. Along the beach, as we rode away, the breakers ran far up the sand, and the water was green as emerald from the brown, wet shore to the distant blue haze of the ocean in the south. At the end of the great curve of the gulf stretched the lines of green and purple mountains, which run far off into Idzu, and above them stood Fuji in the sky, very pale and clear, with one enormous band of cloud half way up its long slope, and melting into infinite distance towards the ocean. Its nearest point hung half across the mountain's base, more solid than the mountain itself, and cast a long shadow upon it for miles of distance. Above, the eye could but just detect a faint haze in the delicate blue of the sky. Best of all weather, we thought; a breeder of bad weather, according to our men, who, alas, knew more of it than we did. For a mile now, perhaps, we ran along between the sea and the abrupt green wall of hills, so steep that we could not see them, and turning sharply around a corner beheld Fuji, now filling the entire field of sight, seeming to rise even from below us into the upper sky, and framed at its base by near green mountains; these opened as a gate, and showed the glittering streak of the swollen Fujikawa, the swiftest river in Japan.

¹ Pronounced Kang'go.

The lower eastern slope was cut off by cloud, but its western line, ineffably delicate in clearness, stretched to the left out of our range of vision. Below its violet edge the golden slope spread in the sun, of the color of an autumn leaf. Along the center of this province of space the shadow of the great cloud rested. The marks of the spurs of the mountain were as faint as the streaks of the wind on a grain field. Its cone was of a deep violet color, and as free of snow as though this had been the day of poetic tradition upon which the snow entirely disappears to fall again the following night. No words can recall adequately the simple splendor of the divine mountain. As A—— remarked, it was worth coming to far Japan for this single day.

Right into this marvelous picture we rode, through green plantations and rice fields, which edged the bases of the nearest hills and lay between us and the river. There we found no means of crossing. All bridges had been carried away by the flood. The plain was inundated; travelers had been detained for a week by a sea of waters, and were scattered there and in neighboring villages, filling every resting-place; and, worst of all, the police officials would not allow us to tempt the fishermen to make the dangerous crossing.

The occasion was a solemn one. The police representative, upon seeing us come in person to request help, slipped off the easy Japanese dress which he was wearing in these days of forced idleness, and reappeared from behind the screen clad in his official European costume. I have no doubt that our interpreter explained to him what important persons we were, and what important letters we bore to important people of the land, for he kindly suggested that we might sail past the mouth of the river, from near Kambara, whence we had just come, so as to land far away from the spread of all this devastation; and he offered to send a deputy with a requisition for a junk and sufficient sailors, from the nearest fishing village on the bay—and so we returned. While Hakodate and the messenger went on to make all arrangements, A—— and myself stopped at the place where we had had our view of Fuji, to make a more careful sketch. You can have no idea of how much closer the clearer mind worked out the true outline of the mountain, which my excitement had heightened at least a couple of thousand feet; nor should I forget how my two-legged horse of a runner held my paint-box for me, and seemed to know exactly when and where I wished to dip my brush. It seemed to me that only a few moments had passed when the messenger returned to say that the boat was ready to launch, and that we must hurry to be out at sea before

sunset; this too in view of the storm, which we might escape if we hurried. The implied threat made no impression on me. The picture before us had not changed any more than if painted by man. The great cloud hung fixed, apparently, in the same place. All was still: perhaps in the uppermost sky one could distinguish some outlines of white in the blue. Still we hurried off, and arrived upon a scene of confusion and wild excitement. A captain and a crew had been found; their boat stood high up on the crest of the surf, now beating on the shore, and carried the line with which to pull out the small junk, still far up on the beach. The wheels of our kurumas had been taken off and their bodies had been placed in the hold.

As we got on board at least a hundred naked men pushed and tugged to start the junk upon the slope of sand. The sun was setting suddenly behind the headland of Shizuoka, and the air was filled with the moisture from the sea; a rosy bloom, pink as the clouds themselves, filled the entire air, near and far, towards the light. On the other side the distance was fading into gray and violet mist. The great mountain was still a great clear mass, but colorless, like the northern sky behind it, while bathed in the color of fairy-land we rose and fell over the breakers—the spray, the waves, the boat, the bodies of the men, glistening and suffused with pink.

No painter ever saw a more ideal light. And suddenly it faded, leaving us in a still brilliant twilight, through which we looked at the tossing of the hazy sea. The mast was lifted and set, the great square sail was hoisted, and the captain took hold of the ponderous tiller. We stretched ourselves on the poop deck, prepared for a dance of seventeen miles; then under my protecting blanket I fell asleep—to wake and see before me a sheet of rain. The predicted storm had flooded us; we lay in the water that covered the deck, our water-proofs insufficient, and glad to be able to find some protection under the Japanese rain-coats of straw, whose merits I had not yet understood.

From under my shelter I could see that our mast was lowered, and that the captain and the sailors forward were working at the heavy sweeps. Below, under hatches, I could hear the groaning of our seasick runners. Between the gusts of rain came the voice of the captain, now in the straining agony of seasickness, next keeping up a steady, chanted talk with a mate forward. A lantern was lashed to the post of the tiller, and the captain's bare feet rose and fell with his steps at the great oar, showing sharply the action of tendons and muscles. I tried to sketch under my cover,

then dozed,—sleepy with the rocking and the cold and the wet,—and with every waking hearing the whistling of the wind and the continuous monotonous voice in a language not understood. So passed the night.

We saw the morning break on a lonely, high, gray bank, streaked by the sea lines of different tides, and crowned with a line of pines of all sizes and shapes, stretching for miles dark green against the white clouds, which were as solid as they, and which covered the base of the mountains behind. Out of these white banks stood dull blue peaks, while the highest mountains were lost in cloud, and all was gray and desolate with the rain. The surf broke on the sand, not more than a hundred yards from us. We lay there some time, waiting for more light, for all wind had ceased; then four men swam ashore with a rope, and towed us along the bank. The surf had abated, but landing was too difficult, and we were to be dragged, while our other men worked at the big sculls and pushed us along. We wore along four miles to a little bar, over which we were pulled by the men now in the water into a singular little harbor with an entrance not more than a hundred feet wide. On this the surf broke gently—white on the gray sea. To our left the backs of two sand spits dotted the water, and on the right, looking out to sea, rose the edge of a grove of pines, with four or five houses, heavy roofed and thatched, against its green darkness.

On the curve of the beach before it stood a high pointed rock almost touched by the water, edged around and covered with pines—all but the perpendicular side facing the harbor. On its summit a little red temple, whose back we saw. On the other side, landwards, as we left our boat, and followed our guides ashore around its base, a hundred steps ran straight up to the front of the little shrine—so steep and sudden that we could just look along their edge. From the high rock, recessed, ran back the shore, on which stood in a row three large junks with their sterns to the sea—behind them trees and houses. On the opposite side of the little harbor four of our men, up to their middle or up to their armpits in water, slowly dragged our junk nearer to the shore. All was quiet and gray—the men reflected in the moving water, the boat creaking along slowly. As I went up the beach, following our guide and the boatmen, I thought how like this was to the Homeric haven—the grove looking out to sea and frequented by “fowls maritimal”; the sacred rock; the meadows and the little stream; the long galleys drawn up on the beach. The little houses of the fishing village were surrounded by gardens, and their walls largely

made of plaited bamboo. There was no inn, but we found a house half shop, and were welcomed to some tea and to a room which the family hastened to abandon for us. There were only two rooms besides the entrance, which was a large passage floored with earth, and along one side of it a raised surface, from which began the level of our flooring.

Sliding partitions, hurriedly run up, made us a room, but the outside screens were full of holes, through which, in a few minutes, peered all the women and children of the village, who occasionally even pushed aside the screens to see more completely. The little passage in front of our open room was filled with girls and children intent upon our ways of smoking, of taking tea, and of eating—for we had biscuits with us, and fifteen hours at least without food had made us fairly hungry. Meanwhile the men landed their wagons and the trunks, and took their meal of rice, hastily made up, on the ledge of the platform on which we sat. This they did in a row, the whole twenty eating quietly but rapidly,—I was going to say firmly,—shoving into their mouths the rice from the bowls, and tearing with their fingers the fish just cooked. Meanwhile, among all the ugliness around us in women, shone out, with beautiful complexions,—lost in the others by exposure to wind and sun, by hard work, and probably by child-bearing,—three girls, who stood before us a long time, with sweet faces and bright eyes and teeth. They stared hard at us until stared at in return, when they dispersed, to watch us again like children from the doors and from the kitchen.

Our hostess, small, fat, good-natured, and polite, showing black-lacquered teeth between rosy lips, like ripe seeds in a watermelon, bustled about hurrying everything, and at the end of our meal our host appeared—from the kitchen apparently—and knelt before us. Poor and ragged as the house was, with ceilings black with age and smoke, and screens torn and worn by rubbing, the little *tokonoma* held a fairly good picture, and a pretty vase with flowers below it. But it was evidently one of the poorest of places, and had never seen a foreigner in it. This may have been the cause of the appearance of the ubiquitous Japanese policeman within five minutes of our arrival. He alone betrayed no curiosity, and disappeared with dignity on getting our credentials.

The rain still held off. We entered our kurumas, now ready, and hastened to the main road which we were to find at Numadsu, if that be the name of the place. But, alas! the rain came down, and my views were confined within the outline of an umbrella. My only adventure was stopping at some hovel on the road to buy some more of that heavy yellow

oiled paper which replaces the leather apron that we usually find attached to our more civilized carriages. By and by I consented to have the hood of my wagon put up, through which I could see little more than the thatched backs of my runners, their bowls of hats, off which the rain spattered upon their straw cloaks and aprons, and their wet brown legs, lifted with the regularity of automatons. It was getting cold, too, and women under their umbrellas wore the graceful short overcoat they call *haori*, and tottered over the wet ground on high wooden pattens.

This I noticed as we came into Mishima, from which place we were to begin our ascent up the Hakone Pass. On our way, were it to clear, we might see Fuji again—at any rate if it cleared in the least we would enjoy the mountains. Meanwhile we shivered at lunch, trying to get into corners where the wind would not leak through the cracks of the shojis, and beginning to experience the discomforts of Japanese inns. And now my bashfulness having gradually abandoned me, I could take my hot bath, separated from the household by a screen not over high, over which the fat servant girls kindly handed me my towels. Excuse these trivial details, but I cannot otherwise give you the "local color," and my journal is one of small things. Had I come here in the old days when I first fell in love with Japan, I might have met with some thrilling experience in an inn.

I might have had such an experience as our poor friend Fauvel met with not far from here. I might have met some young sworded men, anxious to maintain their dignity and ripe for a quarrel with the foreigner. Do you remember that he jostled the sword of some youngster—"the sword, the soul of the Samurai"—which its owner had left upon the floor. The insult would have been impossible to explain away had not some sensible Japanese official decided that a man who was so careless with his sword as to leave it on the mat, instead of on the reputable sword-rack, had no right to complain of another's inadvertence.

I sometimes wonder which of the courteous persons I meet, when age allows the supposition, obeyed these rules when they were younger; which ones now dressed in black broadcloth wore the great helmet with branching horns, or strapped the two great swords at his waist. And I am lost in respect and bewilderment to think that all this wondrous change—as great as any that the world can have seen—was effected with such success and accepted in such a lofty spirit.

We were now to give up the kuruma and to travel by the kago, which, you will remember, I promised to describe. The kago is a curious

institution, partly superseded by the kuruma, but lingering in many places, and necessary where the pack-horse would be unsafe, and where one would otherwise have to walk. It consists of a small litter hung by stiff bamboos from a great pole, over which is steadied a little matted roof, from which various protections from rain or sun can be dropped. The kago has its discomforts: one lies down in it all doubled up, with legs crossed as far as they can be made to, because the basket, which is the body of the litter, is only about three feet long; and with head to one side, because if one lifted it, it might strike the ridgepole. The proper way is to lie not quite in the axis. This is all the more natural, as the men at either end do not carry it in a straight line, but at an angle, so that from one side you can see a little in front of you.

Into the kagos we were folded, and in a torrent of rain we departed. I resisted my being shut up in my litter by the oiled-paper sides that are used in the rain, and I depended upon mackintosh and blanket to protect me. The rain came down in sheets. We trotted uphill, the men going on for a few minutes, then changing shoulders, and then again another pair taking their turn—four to each litter. Meanwhile they sang, as they trotted, something which sounded like "Hey, hey, hey, het tue hey." The road was almost all paved, and in the steeper ascents was very bad.

And now I began to experience some novel sensations not easy to describe. My feet were turned in upon the calves of the legs like an Indian Buddha's, and I soon began to ache along sciatic lines; then elsewhere, then everywhere. Then I determined to break with this arrangement, as anger seized me; fortunately a sort of paralysis set in and I became torpid and gradually resigned; and gradually also I fell asleep with the curious motion and the chant of the men, and woke accustomed, and so I am writing.

I can just remember large trees and roads protected by them; some places where we seemed alone in the world, where we left trees and stood in some narrow path, just able to see above its sides—all else shut out of existence by the rain; and I have all along enjoyed the novel sensation of moving on the level of the plants and shrubs.

We are now going downhill again, and can look down an avenue of great trees and many steps which we descend. We are coming to Hakone; I can see the lake beyond a Torii,

and at the first corner of the road under the trees begins the village.

MIYANOSHITA, September 28.—Again the kago, and the rain as soon as we departed. I turned as well as I could, to find the lovely lines, now lost in general shapes and values, blurred into masses. Once the light opened on the top of some high hill and I could see, with wild roses right against me, some flat milestone marked with an image against the edges of distant mountains, and a sky of faint twilight pink; or again we pattered along in wet grass, past a great rock with a great bas-relief image—a Jizo (patron of travelers), sitting in the loneliness with a few flowers before him. Then in the rain, and mingling with the mist, thicker cloudings marked the steam from hot springs, which make these parts of the mountains a resort for invalids and bathers.

SOON the darkness: then pine knots were lighted and we descended among the trees, in a path like a torrent, the water running along between the stones which the feet of the bearers seemed to find instinctively. The arms of the torch-bearers were modeled in wild lights and shadows; the hats of the men made a dusky halo around their heads; the rain-coats of straw glistened with wet; occasionally some branch came out distinct in every leaf, between the smoke and the big sparks and embers. The noise of torrents near by rose above the rain and the patter and the song of the men. The steepness of the path seemed only to increase the rapidity of our runners, who bounded along from stone to stone. After a time anxiety was lost in the excitement of the thing and in our success, but quite late in our course I heard behind me a commotion—one of A——'s runners had slipped and the kago had come down; no one hurt—the kago keeps its occupant packed too tight. Then the path left the wild descent; we trotted through regular muddy roads, stopped once on disbanding our torch-bearers, and reached the Europeanized hotel at Miyanoshita, where I intend to sleep to-night on a European bed, with a bureau and a looking-glass in my room. One little touch not quite like ours, as a gentle lady of uncertain age offers me her services for the relief of fatigue by massage, before I descend to drink Bass's ale in the dining-room, alongside of Britons from the neighboring Yokohama, only one day's journey farther.

John La Farge.

THE WOMEN OF THE FRENCH SALONS.

SIXTH PAPER.

THE SALONS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



MONG the numerous salons of the *noblesse* there was one which, through the brilliant gifts of its hostess, stands out among the most famous of the eighteenth century. Though far less democratic and cosmopolitan than that of Mme. Geoffrin, with which it was contemporary, it had a distinct and original tone. Linked by birth with the oldest of the nobility, allied by innate qualities of intellect with the most distinguished in the world of letters, Mme. du Deffand appropriated the best in thought, while retaining the spirit of an elegant and refined social life. Exclusive by nature and instinct, as well as by tradition, she could not dispense with the arts and amenities which are the fruit of generations of ease; but the energy and force of her intellect could as little tolerate shallowness and pretension, however disguised beneath the graceful tyranny of forms.

Hence her salon offers a sort of compromise between the freedom of the philosophical coteries and the frivolities of the purely fashionable ones. It included the most noted of the men of letters, those who belonged to the old aristocracy and a few to whom nature had given a prescriptive title of nobility, as well as the flower of the great world. To this combination her own caustic wit, her clear intelligence, and her brilliant conversational gifts added a tone of individuality that placed her salon at the head of the social centers of the time in brilliancy and in *esprit*.

In this group of wits, *littérateurs*, philosophers, statesmen, churchmen, diplomats, and men of rank the woman herself is always the most striking figure. The art of self-suppression she clearly did not possess. But the art of so blending a choice society that her own vivid personality was a pervading note of harmony, she had to an eminent degree.

She could easily have made a mark upon her time through her intellectual gifts, without the factitious aid of the men with whom her name is associated. But society was her passion —

society animated by intellect, sparkling with wit, and expressing in all its forms the art instincts of her race. She never aspired to authorship, but she has left a voluminous correspondence in which one reads the varying phases of a singularly capricious character.

In her old age she found refuge from a devouring *ennui* in writing her own memoirs. Merciless to herself, as to others, she veils nothing, revealing her own frailties with a freedom that reminds one of Rousseau.

It is not the portrait of an estimable woman that we can paint from these records; but in her intellectual force, her social gifts, and her moral weakness she is one of the best exponents of an age that trampled upon the finest flowers of the soul in the blind pursuit of pleasure and the cynical worship of a hard and unpitying realism. Living from 1697 to 1780, she saw the train laid for the Revolution and died in time to escape its horrors. She traversed the whole experience of the women of her world, with the independence and *abandon* of a nature that was moderate in nothing.

It is true she felt the emptiness of this arid existence and had an intellectual perception of its errors, but she saw nothing better. "All conditions appear to me equally unhappy, from the angel to the oyster," is the burden of her hopeless refrain.

She reveals herself to us as two distinct characters. The one best known is hard, bitter, coldly analytic, and mocks at everything bordering upon sentiment or feeling. The other, which underlies this, and of which we have rare glimpses, is frank, tender, loving even to weakness, and forever at war with the barrenness of a period whose worst faults she seems to have embodied, and whose keenest penalties she certainly suffered.

Voltaire, the lifelong friend whom she loved and critically measured, was three years old when she was born; Mme. de Sévigné had been dead nearly a year. Of a noble family in Burgundy, Mlle. Marie de Vichy-Chamroud was brought to Paris at six years of age and placed in the Convent of St. Madeleine de Troisnel, where she was educated after the superficial fashion which she so much regrets

in later years. She speaks of herself as a romantic, imaginative child, but she began very early to shock the pious sisters by her dawning skepticism.

One of the nuns had a wax figure of the infant Jesus, which she discovered to have been a doll formerly dressed to represent the Spanish fashions to Anne of Austria. This was the first blow to her illusions and had a very perceptible influence upon her life. She pronounced it a deception. Eight days of solitude with a diet of bread and water failed to restore her reverence. "It does not depend upon me to believe or disbelieve," she said.

The eloquent and insinuating Massillon was called in to talk with her. "She is charming," was his remark as he left her after two hours of conversation; adding thoughtfully, "Give her a five-cent catechism."

Skeptical by nature and saturated with the freethinking spirit of the time, she reasoned to the end that all religion was, *au fond*, only paganism disguised. In later years, when her isolated soul longed for some tangible support, she spoke regretfully of the philosophic age which destroyed beliefs by explaining and analyzing everything.

But a beautiful, clever, high-spirited girl of sixteen is apt to feel her youth all-sufficing. It is certain that she had no inclination towards the life of a *religieuse*, and the country quickly became insupportable after her return to its provincial society. *Ennui* took possession of her. She was glad even to go to confessional for the sake of telling her thoughts to some one. She complained bitterly that the life of women compelled dependence upon the conduct of others, submission to all ills and all consequences. Long afterwards she said that she would have married the devil if he had been clothed as a gentleman and assured her a moderate life.

But a husband was at last found for her, and at twenty-one she was glad to become the wife of the Marquis du Deffand,—a good but uninteresting man, much older than herself,—merely to escape the monotony of her secluded existence.

Brilliant, fascinating, restless, eager to see and to learn, she felt herself in her element in the gay world of Paris. She confessed that, for the moment, she almost loved her husband for bringing her there. But the moment was a short one. They did not even settle down to what a witty Frenchman calls the "politeness of two indifferences." It is a curious commentary upon the times that the beautiful but notorious Mme. Parabère, who introduced her at once into her own unscrupulous world and the *petits soupers* of the regent, condoled with the *spirituelle* young bride upon her marriage, re-

gretting that she had not taken the easy vows of a *chanoinesse*, as Mme. de Tencin had done.

"In that case," she said, "you would have been free; well placed everywhere; with the stability of a married woman; a revenue which permits one to live and accept aid from others; the independence of a widow, without the ties which a family imposes; unquestioned rank, which you would owe to no one; indulgence, and impunity. For these advantages there is only the trouble of wearing a cross, which is becoming; black or gray habits, which can be made as magnificent as one likes; a little imperceptible veil, and a knitting sheath."

Under such teaching she was not long in taking her own free and independent course, which was reckless even in that age of laxity. At her first supper at the Palais Royal she met Voltaire and also the regent, whom she fascinated for a few days. The counsels of her aunt, the dignified Duchesse de Luynes, availed nothing. Her husband was speedily sent off on some mission to the provinces, and she plunged into the current. Once afterwards, in a fit of *ennui*, she recalled him, frankly stating her position. But she quickly wearied of him again, grew dull, silent, lost her vivacity, and fell into a profound melancholy. Her friend Mme. Parabère took it upon herself to explain to him the facts, and he kindly relieved her forever of his presence, leaving a touching and pathetic letter which gave her a moment of remorse in spite of her lightened heart. This sin against good taste the Parisian world could not forgive, and even her friends turned against her for a time. But the Duchesse du Maine came to her aid with an all-powerful influence, and restored her finally to its good graces.

For some years she passed the greater part of her time at Sceaux and was a favorite at this lively little court. It is needless to trace here the details of a career which gives us little to admire and much to condemn.

It was about 1740 when her salon became more or less noted as a center for the fashionable and literary world of Paris. Montesquieu and D'Alembert were then among her intimate friends. Of the latter she says: "The simplicity of his manners, the purity of his morals, the air of youth, the frankness of character, joined to all his talents, astonished at first those who saw him." It is said to have been through her zeal that he was admitted to the Academy so young. Among others who formed her familiar circle were her tender and devoted friend Pont de Veyle; the Chevalier d'Aydie; Formont, the "*spirituel* idler and amiable egotist," who was one of the three whom she confesses really to have loved; and President

Hénault, who brought always a fund of lively anecdote and agreeable conversation. This world of fashion and letters, slightly seasoned with philosophy, is also the world of Mme. de Luxembourg, of the brilliant Mme. de Mirépoix, of the Prince and Princesse de Beauvau, and of the lovely Duchesse de Choiseul, a *femme d'esprit* and "mistress of all the elegances," whose gentle virtues fall like a ray of sunlight across the dark pages of this period. It is the world of *les convenances*, the world in which a sin against taste is worse than a sin against morals, the world which hedges itself in by a thousand unwritten laws that save it from boredom.

After the death of the Duchesse du Maine Mme. du Deffand retired to the little convent of St. Joseph, where, after the manner of many women of rank with small fortunes, she had her *ménage* and received her friends. "I have a very pretty apartment," she writes to Voltaire; "very convenient; I only go out for supper. I do not sleep elsewhere, and I make no visits. My society is not numerous, but I am sure it will please you; and if you were here you would make it yours. I have seen for some time many *savants* and men of letters; I have not found their society delightful." The good nuns objected a little to Voltaire at first, but seem to have been finally reconciled to the visits of the arch-heretic. At this time Mme. du Deffand had supposedly reformed her conduct, if not her belief.

Here she continued to entertain the flower of the nobility and the stars of the literary and scientific world. But while the most famous of the men of letters were welcome in her salon, the tone was far from pedantic or even earnest. It was a society of conventional people, the *élite* of fashion and intelligence, who amused themselves in an intellectual but not too serious way. Montesquieu, who liked those houses in which he could pass with his everyday wit, said, "I love this woman with all my heart; she pleases and amuses me; it is impossible to feel a moment's *ennui* in her company." She disliked the enthusiasm of the philosophers unless it was hidden behind the arts of the courtier, as in Voltaire, whose delicate satire charmed her. Diderot came once, "eyed her epicurean friends," and came no more. The air was not free enough. When at home she had three or four at supper every day, often a dozen, and, once a week, a grand supper. All the intellectual interests and fashions of the time are found here. La Harpe reads a translation from Sophocles and his own tragedy. Clairon, the actress in vogue, recites the rôles of *Phèdre* and *Agrippine*. Lekain reads Voltaire, and Goldoni a comedy of his own, which the hostess finds tiresome. New

books, new plays, the last song, the latest word of the philosophers—all are talked about, eulogized, or dismissed with a sarcasm. The caustic wit of Mme. du Deffand is feared, but it fascinates. She delights in clever repartees and sparkling epigrams. Everything is touched lightly, but the touch must be swift and sure. A shaft of wit silences the most complacent of monologues. "What tiresome book are you reading?" she said one day to a friend who talked too earnestly and too long, taking easy refuge in her blindness.

Her criticisms are always severe. "There are only two pleasures for me in the world—society and reading." She writes: "What society does one find? Imbeciles, who utter only commonplaces, who know nothing, feel nothing, think nothing; a few people of talent, full of themselves, jealous, envious, wicked, whom one must hate or scorn." Still it is life alone that interests her. Though she is not satisfied with people, she has always the hope that she will be. In literature she likes only letters and memoirs, because they are purely human; but the age has nothing that pleases her. "It is cynical or pedantic," she writes to Voltaire; "there is no grace, no facility, no imagination. Everything is à la glacé, hardness without force, license without gaiety; no talent, much presumption."

As age came on and she felt the approach of blindness she found a companion in Mlle. de Lespinasse, a young girl of remarkable gifts who had an obscure and unacknowledged connection with her family. This relation lasted ten years, from 1754 to 1764. During this period the young woman was a slave to the caprices of her exacting mistress, reading to her through long nights of wakeful restlessness, and assisting to entertain her guests. The one thing upon which Mme. du Deffand most prided herself was frankness. She hated *finesse* in any form, and had stipulated that she would not tolerate artifice. Mlle. de Lespinasse, with her amiable character and conversational charm, had endeared herself at once to the intimate circle of her patroness, and as Mme. du Deffand, who was in the habit of lying awake all night and sleeping all day, did not come down until six o'clock, she arranged to see her personal friends, among whom were D'Alembert, Turgot, Chastellux, and Marmonet, in her own apartments for an hour before the marquise appeared. When this came to the knowledge of the latter she was in a violent rage at what she chose to regard as a treachery to herself, and dismissed her companion at once. The result was the opening of a rival salon which carried off many of her favorite guests, notably D'Alembert, to whom she was much attached. "If she had died fifteen years earlier, I should not have



MARIE DE VICHY-CHAMROUD, MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

lost D'Alembert," was her sympathetic remark when she heard of the death of Mlle. de Lespinasse.

But the most striking point in the career of this worldly and cynical woman was her friendship for Horace Walpole. When they first met she was nearly seventy, blind, ill-tempered, bitter, and hopelessly *ennuyée*. He was not yet fifty, a brilliant, versatile man of the world, who saw her only at long intervals. But their curious correspondence extends over a period of fifteen years, ending only with her death.

In a letter to Grayson, after meeting her, he writes:

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Mme. du Deffand is now very old and stone blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passion, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, Versailles; gives supper twice a week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams,—aye, admirably,—and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers. In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong; her judgment on every subject is as just as possible; on every point of conduct as wrong as pos-

sible; for she is all love and hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm, still anxious to be loved,—I don't mean by lovers,—and a vehement enemy openly.

The acquaintance thus begun quickly drifted into an intimacy. Friendship she calls this absorbing sentiment, but it has all the caprices and inconsistencies of love. Fed by the imagination and prevented by separation from wearing itself out, it became the most permanent interest of her life. There is something curiously pathetic in the submissive attitude of this blind, aged, but spirited woman—who scoffs at sentiment and confesses that she could never love anything—towards the man who criticizes her, scolds her, crushes back her too ardent feeling, yet calls her his dear old friend, writes her a weekly letter, and modestly declares that she "loves him better than all France together."

To this correspondence we owe the most profound insight into her life, and it certainly modifies the impression which her own words, as well as the facts of her career, give us. We find in the letters of this period little of the freshness, the naturalness, the spontaneity, that gave such a charm to the letters of Mme. de Sévigné and her contemporaries. Women still write of the incidents of their lives, the people they meet, their jealousies, their rivalries, their loves, and their follies; but they think, where they formerly mirrored the world about them. They analyze, they compare, they criticize, they formulate their own emotions, they add opinions to facts. The gaiety, the sparkle, the wit, the play of feeling, is not there. Occasionally there is the tone of passion, as in the letters of Mlle. Aissé and Mlle. de Lespinasse, but this is rare. Even passion has grown sophisticated and deals with phrases. There is more or less artificiality in the interchange of written thoughts. Mme. du Deffand thinks while she writes, and what she sees takes always the color of her own intelligence. She complains of her inability to catch the elusive quality, the clearness, the flexibility of Mme. de Sévigné, whom she longs to rival because Walpole so admires her. But if she lacks the vivacity, the simplicity, the poetic grace of her model, she has qualities not less striking, though less lovable. Her keen insight is unfailing. With masterly penetration she grasps the essence of things. No one has portrayed so concisely and so vividly the men and women of her time. No one has discriminated between the shades of character with such nicety. No one has so clearly fathomed the underlying motives of action. No one has forecast the outcome of theories and events with such prophetic vision. The note of bitterness and cynicism is always there. The nature of the woman reveals itself in every line;

keen, dry, critical, with clear ideals which she can never hope to attain. But we feel that she has stripped off the rags of pretension and brought us face to face with realities. So far does she carry her hatred of insincerity that one is often tempted to believe she affects a freedom from affection. "I am so fatigued with the vanity of others that I avoid the occasion of having any myself," she writes. Is there not here a trace of the quality she so despises?

But beneath all this runs the swift undercurrent of an absorbing passion. A passion of friendship it may be, but it forces itself through the arid shells of conventionalism; it is at once the agony and the consolation of a despairing soul. Heartless, Mme. du Deffand is called, and her life seems to prove the truth of the verdict; but these letters throb and palpitiate with feeling which she laughs at but cannot still. It is the cry of the soul for what it has not; what the world cannot give; what it has somehow missed out of a cold, hard, restless, and superficial existence. With a need of loving she is satisfied with no one. There is something wanting even in the affection of her friends. "*Ma grand'maman*," she says to the gentle Duchesse de Choiseul, "you know that you love me, but you do not *feel* it."

Devouring herself in solitude, she despises the society she cannot do without. "Men and women appear to me puppets who go, come, talk, laugh, without thinking, without reflecting, without feeling," she writes. She confesses that she has a thousand troubles in assembling a choice company of people who bore her to death. "One sees only masks, one hears only lies," is her constant refrain. She does not want to live, but is afraid to die; she says she is not made for this world, but does not know that there is any other. She tries devotion, but has no taste for it. Of the light that shines from within upon so many darkened and weary souls she has no knowledge. Her vision is bounded by the tangible, which offers only a rigid barrier against which her life flutters itself away. She dies as she has lived, with a deepened conviction of the nothingness of existence. "Spare me three things," she said to her confessor in her last moments; "let me have no questions, no reasons, and no sermons." Seeing Wiart, her faithful servitor, in tears, she remarks pathetically, as if surprised, "You love me then?" "Divert yourself as much as you can," was her final message to Walpole. "You will regret me, because one is very glad to know that one is loved." She commends to his care and affection Toutou, her little dog.

Strong but not gentle, brilliant but not tender, too penetrating for any illusions, with



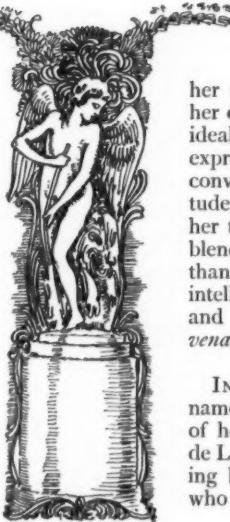
MILLE. DE LESPINASSE.

a nature forever at war with itself, its surroundings, and its limitations, no one better points the moral of an age without faith, without ideals, without the inner light that reveals to hope what is denied to sense.

The influence of such a woman, with her gifts, her energy, her power, and her social prestige, can hardly be estimated. It was not in the direction of the new drift of thought. "I am not a fanatic as to liberty," she said; "I believe it is an error to pretend that it exists in a democracy. One has a thousand tyrants in place of one." She had no breadth of sympathy, and her interests were largely personal; but in matters of style and form

her taste was unerring. Pitiless in her criticisms, she held firmly to her ideals of clear, elegant, and concise expression, both in literature and in conversation. She tolerated no platitudes, no pretension, and left behind her the traditions of a society that blended, more perfectly, perhaps, than any other of her time, the best intellectual life with courtly manners and a strict observance of *les convenances*.

INSEPARABLY connected with the name of Mme. du Deffand is that of her companion and rival Mlle. de Lespinasse, the gifted and charming but tender and loving woman who presided over one of the most



noted of the philosophical salons; who was the chosen friend and *confidante* of the Encyclopedists; and who died in her prime, of a broken heart, leaving the world a legacy of letters that rival those of Héloïse or the poems of Sappho as "immortal pictures of passion." The memory of her social triumphs,

delirium, of romantic dreams; the era whose heroine was the loving and sentimental Julie, for whose portrait she might have sat, with a shade or so less of intellect and brilliancy. But it was more than a romantic dream that shadowed and shortened the life of Mlle. de Lespinasse. She had a veritable heart of flame,



FRANÇOISE D'ISSEMBOURG D'HAPPONCOURT, DAME DE GRAFFIGNY.

remarkable as they were, pales before the singular romance of her life. In the midst of a cold, critical, and heartless society, that adored talent and derided sentiment, she became the victim of a passion so profound, so ardent, so hopeless, that her powerful intellect bent before it like a reed before a storm. She died of that unsuspected passion, and years afterwards these letters found the light and told the tale.

The contrast between the two women so closely linked together is complete. Mme. du Deffand belonged to the age of Voltaire by every fiber of her hard and cynical nature. What she called love was a fire of the intellect which consumed without warming. It was a violent and fierce prejudice in favor of those who reflected something of herself. The tenderness of self-sacrifice was not there. Mlle. de Lespinasse was of the later era of Rousseau; the era of exaggerated feeling, of emotional

that consumed not only itself, but its frail tenement as well.

Mlle. Julie Jeanne Éléonore de Lespinasse, who was born at Lyons in 1732, had a birth-right of sorrow. Her mother, the Comtesse d'Albon, could not acknowledge this fugitive and nameless daughter, but after the death of her husband she received her on an inferior footing, had her carefully educated, and secretly gave her love and care so long as she lived. Left alone and without resources at fifteen, Julie was taken, as governess and companion, into the family of a sister who was the wife of Mme. du Deffand's brother. Here the marquise met her on one of her visits and heard the story of her sorrows. Tearful, sad, and worn out by her humiliations, the young girl had decided to enter a convent. Mme. du Deffand was struck with her talent and a certain indefinable fascination of manner which afterwards became so potent. "You have

gaiety," she wrote to her; "you are capable of sentiment; with these qualities you will be charming so long as you are natural and without pretension." After a negotiation of some months, Mlle. de Lespinasse went to Paris to live with her new friend. The history of this affair has been already related.

Parisian society was divided into two factions on the merits of the quarrel — those who censured the ingratitude of the younger woman, and those who accused the marquise of cruelty and injustice. But many of the oldest friends of the latter aided her rival. The Maréchale de Luxembourg furnished her apartments in the Rue Belle-Chasse. The Duc de Choiseul procured her a pension, and Mme. Geoffrin gave her an annuity. She carried with her a strong following of eminent men from the salon of Mme. du Deffand, among whom was D'Alembert, who remained her faithful and devoted lover to the end. It is said that President Hénault even offered to marry her, but how he managed to continue in the good graces of his lifelong friend the unforgiving marquise does not appear. A letter which he wrote to Mlle. de Lespinasse throws a direct light upon her character, after making due allowance for the exaggeration of French gallantry.

You are cosmopolitan; you adapt yourself to all situations. The world pleases you; you love solitude. Society amuses you, but it does not seduce you. Your heart does not give itself easily. Strong passions are necessary to you, and it is better so, for they will not return often. Nature, in placing you in an ordinary position, has given you something to relieve it. Your soul is noble and elevated, and you will never remain in a crowd. It is the same with your person. It is distinguished and attracts attention, without being beautiful. There is something *piquante* about you. You have two things which do not often go together: you are sweet and strong; your gaiety adorns you and relaxes your nerves, which are too tense. You see everything at a glance; you are extremely polished; you have divined the world.

The age of portraits was not quite passed, and the privilege of seeing one's self in the eyes of one's friends was still accorded, a fact to which we owe many vivid if sometimes rather highly colored pictures. A few words from D'Alembert are of twofold interest. He writes some years later:

The regard one has for you does not depend alone upon your external charms; it depends, above all, upon your intellect and your character. That which distinguishes you in society is the art of saying to every one the fitting word, and that art is very simple with you; it consists in never speaking of yourself to others, and much of themselves. It is an infallible means of pleasing; also, you please gen-

erally, though it happens that all the world pleases you; you know even how to avoid repelling those who are least agreeable to you.

This epitome of the art of pleasing may be commended for its wisdom, aside from the very delightful picture it gives of an amiable and attractive woman. Again he writes:

The excellence of your tone would not be a distinction for one reared in a court, and speaking only the language she has learned. In you it is a merit very real and very rare. You have brought it from the seclusion of a province, where you met no one who could teach you. You were, in this regard, as perfect the day after your arrival at Paris as you are to-day. You found yourself, from the first, as free, as little out of place in the most brilliant and most critical society, as if you had passed your life there; you have felt its usages before knowing them, which implies a justness and fineness of tact very unusual, an exquisite knowledge of *les convenances*.

It was her innate tact and social instinct, combined with rare gifts of intellect and great conversational charm, that gave this woman without name, beauty, or fortune so exceptional a position, and her salon so distinct a vogue among the brilliant centers of Paris. As she was not rich and could not give costly dinners, she saw her friends daily from five to nine, in the interval between other engagements. A hint of the rivalry between her and her former friend is given in a letter from Horace Walpole.

"There is at Paris," he writes, "a Mlle. de Lespinasse, a pretended *bel esprit*, who was formerly a humble companion of Mme. du Deffand, and betrayed her and used her very ill. I beg of you not to let any one carry you thither. I dwell upon this because she has some enemies so spiteful as to try to carry off all the English to Mlle. de Lespinasse."

But this "pretended *bel esprit*" had socially the touch of genius. Her ardent, impulsive nature lent to her conversation a rare eloquence that inspired her listeners, though she could be silent as well, and never drifted into monologue. Versatile and suggestive herself, she knew how to draw out the best thoughts of others. Her swift insight caught the weak points of her friends, and her gracious adaptation had all the fascination of a subtle flattery. Sad as her experience had been, she had nevertheless been drawn into the world most congenial to her tastes. "Ah, how I dislike not to love that which is excellent," she wrote to Guibert later. "How difficult I have become! But is it my fault? Consider the education I have received with Mme. du Deffand. President Hénault, Abbé Bon, the Archbishop of Toulouse, the Archbishop of Aix, Turgot, D'Alembert, Abbé de Boismont

—these are the men who have taught me to speak, to think, and who have deigned to count me for something."

It was such men as these who thronged her own salon, but its tone was more philosophical than that of Mme. du Deffand. Though far from democratic by taste or temperament, she was so from conviction. The griefs and humiliations of her life had left her peculiarly open to the new social and political theories which were agitating France. She liked free discussion, and her own large intelligence, added to her talent for calling out and giving point to the ideas of others, went far towards making the cosmopolitan circle over which she presided one of the most potent forces of the time. Her influence may be traced in the work of the Encyclopedists, which she did more than any one else to aid and encourage, and in which she was associated. As a power in the making of reputations and in the election of members to the Académie Française she shared with Mme. Geoffrin the honor of being a legitimate successor of Mme. de Lambert.

But the side of her character which strikes us most forcibly at this distance of time is the emotional. The personal charm which is always so large a factor in social success is of too subtle a quality to be caught in words. The most vivid portrait leaves a divine something to be supplied by the imagination, and the fascination of eloquence is gone with the flash of the eye, the modulation of the voice, or some fleeting grace of manner. But passion writes itself out in indelible characters, especially when it is a rare and spontaneous overflow from the heart of a man or woman of genius, whose emotions readily crystallize into form.

Her friendship for D'Alembert, loyal and devoted as it was, seems to have been without illusions. It is true she had cast aside every other consideration to nurse him through a dangerous illness, and as soon as he was able he had been removed to an apartment in her own house where he lived until her death, a position which excited neither remark nor criticism. But he was not rich, and, though he loved her, marriage was not to be thought of, at least by her. She was ambitious for a more brilliant career. Not long after leaving Mme. du Deffand she met the Marquis de Mora, a son of the Spanish ambassador, who became a constant *habitué* of her salon. Of distinguished family and large fortune, brilliant, courtly, popular, and only twenty-four, he captivated at once the fiery heart of this attractive woman of thirty-five. It seems to have been a mutual passion, as during one brief absence of ten days he wrote her twenty-

two letters. But his family became alarmed at this continued devotion, and made his delicate health a pretext for recalling him to Spain. Her grief at the separation enlisted the sympathy of D'Alembert. At her request he procured from his physician a statement that the climate of Madrid would prove fatal to M. de Mora, whose health had steadily failed since his return home, and that if his friends wished to save him they must lose no time in sending him back to Paris. The young man was permitted to leave at once, but he died *en route* at Bordeaux.

In the mean time Mlle. de Lespinasse, sad and inconsolable, had met M. Guibert, a man of great versatility and many accomplishments, whose genius seems to have borne no adequate fruit. We hear of him later through the passing enthusiasm of Mme. de Staël, of whom he wrote a brilliant and flattering pen-portrait when she was twenty. Mlle. de Lespinasse was forty. He was twenty-nine, had competed for the Académie Française, written a work on military science, also a national tragedy which was still unpublished. She was dazzled by his brilliancy, and when she fathomed his shallow nature, as she did, it was too late to disentangle her heart. He was a man of gallantry and was flattered by the preference of a woman much in vogue, who had powerful friends, influence at the Academy, and the ability to advance his interest in many ways. He clearly condescended to be loved, but his own professions have little of the true ring.

Distracted by this new passion on one side, and by remorse for her disloyalty to the old one on the other, the health of Mlle. de Lespinasse, already undermined, began to succumb to the hidden struggle. The death of M. de Mora solved one problem; the other remained. M. Guibert wished to advance his fortune by a brilliant marriage without losing the friend who might still be of service to him. She sat in judgment upon her own fate, counseled him, aided him in his choice, even praised the woman who became his wife, hoping still, perhaps, for some repose in that exaltation of friendship which is often the last consolation of passionate souls. But she was on a path that led to no haven of peace. There was only a blank wall before her, and the lightning impulses of her own heart were forced back to wear her frail life away. The world was ignorant of this fresh experience; and, believing her crushed by the death of M. de Mora, sympathized with her sorrow and praised her fidelity. She tried to sustain a double rôle—smiles and gaiety for her friends, tears and agony for the long hours of solitude. The tension was too much for her. She died shortly afterwards at the age of forty-three.

It was not until many years later, when those most interested were gone, that the letters to Guibert, which form her chief title to fame, were collected, and, curiously enough, by his widow. Then for the first time the true drama of her life was unveiled. It is impossible in a few extracts to convey an adequate idea of the passion and devotion that ran through these letters. They touched the entire gamut of emotion, from the tender melancholy of a lonely soul, the inexpressible sweetness of self-forgetful love, to the tragic notes of agony and despair.

"I prefer my misery to all that the world calls happiness or pleasure," she writes. "I shall die of it, perhaps, but that is better than never to have lived."

"I have no more the strength to love," she says again: "my soul fatigues me, torments me; I am no more sustained by anything. I have every day a fever; and my physician, who is not the most skillful of men, repeats to me without ceasing that I am consumed by chagrin, that my pulse, my respiration, announce an active grief, and he always goes out saying, 'We have no cure for the soul.'"

"Adieu, my friend," were her last words to him. "If I ever return to life I shall still love to employ it in loving you; but there is no more time."

One could almost wish that these letters had never come to light. A single grand passion has always a strong hold upon the imagination and the sympathies, but two passions contending for the mastery verge upon something quite the reverse of heroic. The note of heart-breaking despair is tragic enough, but there is a touch of comedy behind it. Though her words have the fire, the devotion, the *abandon* of Héloïse, they leave a certain sense of disproportion. One is inclined to wonder if they do not overtop the feeling.

D'Alembert was her truest mourner, and fell into a profound melancholy after her death.

"Yes," he said to Marmontel, "she was changed, but I was not; she no longer lived for me, but I ever lived for her. Since she is no more, I know not why I live. Ah! why have I not still to suffer those moments of bitterness that she knew so well how to sweeten and make me forget? Do you remember the happy evenings we passed together? Now what have I left? I return home, and instead of herself I find but her shade. This lodging at the Louvre is itself a tomb, which I never enter but with horror."

But to this "shade" he wrote two expressive and well-considered eulogies.

Whatever we may think of the strange inconsistencies of Mlle. de Lespinasse, she is interesting to us as a type that contrasts strongly

with that of her age. Her exquisite tact, her brilliant intellect, her conversational gifts, her personal charm, made her the idol of the world in which she lived. Her influence was courted, her salon was the resort of the most distinguished men of the century, and while she loved to discuss the great social problems which her friends were trying to solve she forgot none of the graces. With the intellectual strength and grasp of a man, she had the taste, the delicacy, the tenderness of a woman. Her faults were those of a strong nature. Her thoughts were clear and penetrating, though faintly tinged with romance; her expression was lively and impassioned. But in her emotional power she reached the proportion of genius. With "the most ardent soul, the liveliest fancy, the most inflammable imagination that has existed since Sappho," she represents the embodied spirit of tragedy outlined against the cold, hard background of a skeptical, mocking, realistic age.

There was one woman who held too prominent a place in the society of this period to be passed without a word, though she was not French, and never quite caught the spirit of the eighteenth-century life whose attractive forms she loved so well. Mme. Necker, whose history has been made so familiar through the interesting memoirs of the Comte d'Haussonville, owes her fame to her marked qualities of intellect and character rather than to the brilliancy of her social talents. These formed an admirable setting in the surroundings which her husband's fortune and political career gave her. The Salon Helvétique had a distinctive color of its own, and was always tinged with the strong convictions and exalted ideals of the Swiss pastor's daughter who passed through this world of intellectual affluence and moral laxity like a white angel of purity—in it, but not of it. The center of a choice and lettered circle which included the most noted men and women of her time, she brought into it not only rare gifts, a fine taste, and genuine literary enthusiasm, but the fresh charm of a noble character and a beautiful family life, with the instincts of duty and right conduct which she inherited from her simple Protestant ancestry. She lacked a little, however, in the tact, the ease, the grace, the spontaneity, which were the essential charm of the French women. Her social talents were a trifle theoretical. "She studied society," says one of her critics, "as she would a literary question." She had a theory of conducting a salon, as she had of life in general, and believed that study would attain everything. But the ability to do a thing superlatively well is by no means always implied in the knowledge of how it ought to be done. Social genius is as purely a gift of na-

ture as poetry or music; and, of all others, it is the most subtle and indefinable. It was a long step from the primitive simplicity of her childhood to the complex life of a Parisian salon; and the provincial beauty, whose fair face, soft blue eyes, dignified but slightly coquettish manner, brilliant intellect, and sparkling though sometimes rather learned conversation had made her a local queen, was quick to see her own shortcomings. She confessed that she had a new language to learn, and she never mastered it like a native. "Mme. Necker has talent, but it is in a sphere too elevated for one to communicate with her," said Mme. du Deffand, though she was glad to go once a week to her suppers at Saint-Ouen, and admitted that in spite of a certain stiffness and coldness she was better fitted for society than most of the *grandes dames*.

The salon of Mme. Necker marks a transition point between two periods, and had two quite distinct phases. One likes best to recall her in the freshness of her early enthusiasm, when she gave Friday dinners, modeled after those of Mme. Geoffrin, to men of letters, and received a larger world in the evening; when her guests were enlivened by the satire of Diderot, the anecdotes of Marmontel, the brilliancy or learning of Grimm, D'Alembert, Thomas, Suard, Buffon, the Abbé Raynal, and other wits of the day; when they discussed the affairs of the Academy and decided the fate of candidates; when they listened to the recitations of Mlle. Clairon, and the works of many authors known and unknown. It is interesting to know that "Paul and Virginia" was first read here. But there was apt to be a shade of stiffness, and the conversation had sometimes too strong a flavor of pedantry. "No one knows better or feels more sensibly than you, my dear and very amiable friend," wrote Mme. Geoffrin, "the charm of friendship and its sweetness; no one makes others experience them more fully. But you will never attain that facility, that ease, and that liberty which give to society its perfect enjoyment." The Abbé Morellet complained of the austerity that always held the conversation within certain limits, and the gay little Abbé Galiani found fault with Mme. Necker's coldness and reserve, though he addresses her as his "Divinity" after his return to Naples, and his racy letters give us vivid and amusing pictures of these Fridays, which in his memory are wholly charming.

In spite of her firm religious convictions, Mme. Necker cordially welcomed the most extreme of the philosophers. "I have atheistic friends," she said. "Why not? They are unfortunate friends." But her admiration for their talents by no means extended to their opinions, and she did not permit the discuss-

sion of religious questions. It was at one of her own dinners that she started the subscription for a statue of Voltaire, for whom she entertained the warmest friendship. One may note here, as elsewhere, a fine mental poise, a justness of spirit, and a discrimination that was superior to natural prejudices. Sometimes her frank simplicity was misunderstood. "There is a Mme. Necker here, a pretty woman and a *bel esprit*, who is infatuated with me. She persecutes me to have me at her house," wrote Diderot — who was clearly incapable of comprehending the innocent appreciation of a pure-hearted woman — to Mlle. Volland. When he knew her better, he expressed his regret that he had not known her sooner. "You would certainly have inspired me with a taste for purity and for delicacy," he says, "which would have passed from my soul into my works." He refers to her again as "a woman who possesses a" that the purity of an angelic soul adds to an exquisite taste."

Among the many distinguished foreigners who found their way into this pleasant circle was her early lover, Gibbon. The old days were far away when she presided over the literary coterie at Lausanne, speculated upon the mystery of love, talked of the possibility of tender and platonic friendships between men and women, after the fashion of the *précieuses*, and wept bitter tears over the faithlessness of the embryo historian. The memory of her grief had long been lost in the fullness of her subsequent happiness, and she might be pardoned a certain natural complacency in the brilliancy of her position, which took little added luster from the fame of the man who had wooed and so easily forgotten her.

This period of Mme. Necker's career shows her character on a very engaging side. Loving her husband with a devotion that verged upon idolatry, she was rich in the friendship of men like Thomas, Buffon, Grimm, Diderot, and Voltaire, whose respectful tone was the highest tribute to her dignity and her delicacy. But the true nature of a woman is best seen in her relations with her own sex. There are a thousand fine reserves in her relations with men that, in a measure, veil her personality. They doubtless call out the most brilliant qualities of her intellect, and reveal her character, in some points, on its best and most lovable side; but the rarer shades of generous and unselfish feeling are more clearly seen in the intimate friendships, free from petty vanities and jealous rivals, rich in cordial appreciation and disinterested affection, which we often find among women of the finest type. It is impossible that one so serious and so earnest as Mme. Necker should have cherished such passionate friendships for her own sex if she had been

as cold or as calculating as she has been sometimes represented. Her intimacy with Mme. de Marchais, of which her descendant and biographer has given us so many pleasant details, furnishes a case in point.

This graceful and vivacious woman, who talked so eloquently upon philosophical, political, and economic questions, was the center of a circle noted for its liberal tendencies. A friend of Mme. de Pompadour, at whose suppers she often sang, gifted, witty, and, in spite of a certain seriousness *au fond*, retaining always the taste, the elegance, the charming manners which were her native heritage, she attracted to her salon not only a distinguished literary company, but many men and women from the great world of which she only touched the borders. Mme. Necker had sought her aid and advice in the formation of her own salon, and taken for her one of those ardent attachments so characteristic of earnest and susceptible natures. "I had for Mme. de Marchais a passionate affection," she says. "When I first saw her my whole soul was captivated. I thought her one of those enchanting fairies who combine all the gifts of nature and of magic. I loved her; or, rather, I idolized her." So pure, so confiding, so far above reproach herself, she refuses to see the faults of one she loves so tenderly. Her letters glow with exalted sentiment. "Adieu, my charming, my beautiful, my sweet friend," she writes. "I embrace you. I press you to my bosom; or, rather, to my soul, for it seems to me that no interval can separate yours from mine."

But the character of Mme. de Marchais was evidently not equal to her fascination. Her vanity was wounded by the success of her friend. She took offense at a trifling incident that touched her self-love. "The great ladies have disgusted me with friendship," she wrote, in reply to Mme. Necker's efforts to repair the breach. They exchanged the letters so full of vows of eternal affection and were friends no more. Apparently without any fault of her own Mme. Necker was left with an illusion the less, and the world has another example to cite of the frail texture of feminine friendships.

But she was not always so unfortunate in her choice. She found a more amiable and constant object for her affections in Mme. d'Houdetot, a charming woman who, in spite of her errors, held a very warm place in the hearts of her contemporaries. We have met her before in the philosophical circles of La Chevrette, and in the beautiful promenades of the valley of Montmorency, where Rousseau offered her the incense of a passionate and poetic love. She was facile and witty, graceful and gay, said wise and thoughtful things, wrote pleasant verses which were the exhalations of

her own heart, and was the center of a limited though distinguished circle; but her chief attraction was the magic of a sunny temper and a loving spirit. "He only is unhappy who can neither love, nor work, nor die," she writes. Though more or less linked with the literary coteries of her time, Mme. d'Houdetot seems to have been singularly free from the small vanities and vulgar ambitions so often met there. She loved simple pleasures and the peaceful scenes of the country. "What more have we to desire when we can enjoy the pleasures of friendship and of nature?" she writes. "We may then pass lightly over the small troubles of life." She counsels repose to her more restless friend, and her warm expressions of affection have always the ring of sincerity, which contrasts agreeably with the artificial tone of the time. Mme. d'Houdetot lived to a great age, preserving always her youthfulness of spirit and sweet serenity of temper in spite of sharp domestic sorrows. She took refuge from these in the lifelong friendship of Saint-Lambert, for whom Mme. Necker has usually a gracious message. It is a curious commentary upon the manners of the age that one so rigid and severe should have chosen for her intimate companionship two women whose lives were so far removed from her own ideal of reserved decorum. But she thought it best to ignore errors which her world did not regard as grave, if she was conscious of them at all.

One finds greater pleasure in recalling her ardent and romantic affection for the granddaughter of the Maréchale de Luxembourg, the lovely Amélie de Boufflers, Duchesse de Lauzun, whose pen-portrait she sketched so gracefully and so tenderly; whose gentle sweetness and shy delicacy, in the rather oppressive glare of her surroundings, suggest a modest wild flower astray among the pretentious beauties of the hothouse; and whose untimely death on the scaffold has left her fragrant memory entwined with a garland of cypress. But we cannot dwell upon the intimate phases of this friendship whose fine quality is shown in the few scattered leaves of a correspondence overflowing with the wealth of two rare though unequally gifted natures.

At a later period her husband's position in the ministry, and the pronounced opinions of her brilliant daughter, gave to the salon of Mme. Necker a marked political and semi-revolutionary coloring. As Mme. de Staél gradually took the scepter that was falling from her own hand, she found it difficult to guide the conversation into its old channels; but her inclinations always led her to literary diversions, rather than to the discussion of economic questions. Her pale, thoughtful face, her

gentle manner, her soft and penetrating voice, all indicated an exquisitely feminine quality quite in unison with the spirit of urbanity and politeness that was even then going out of fashion. Her quiet and earnest though interesting conversation was somewhat overshadowed by the impetuous eloquence of Mme. de Staël, who gave the tone to every circle into which she came. "I am more and more convinced that I am not made for the great world," she said to the Duchesse de Lauzun, with an accent of regret. "It is Germaine who should shine there and who should love it, for she possesses all the qualities which put her in a position to be at once feared and sought."

If she was allied to the past, however, by her tastes and her sympathies, she belonged to the future by her convictions, and her many-sided intellect touched upon every question of the day. Profoundly religious herself, she was broadly tolerant; always delicate in health, she found time amid her numerous social duties to aid the poor and suffering, and to establish the hospital that still bears her name. Her letters and literary records reveal a woman of liberal thought and fine insight, as well as scholarly tastes. If she lacked a little in the facile graces of the French women, she had to an eminent degree the qualities of character that were far rarer in her age and sphere. Though she was cold and reserved in manner, beneath the light snow which she brought from her native hills beat a heart of warm and tender, even passionate, impulses. Devoted wife, loyal friend, careful mother, large-minded and large-souled woman, she stands conspicuous, in a period of lax domestic relations, for the virtues that grace the fireside as well as for the talents that shine in the salon.

But she was not exempt from the sorrows of a nature that exacts from life more than it can give, and finds its illusions vanish before the cold touch of experience. She had her hours of darkness and of suffering. Even the love that was the source of her keenest happiness was also the source of her sharpest griefs. In the days of her husband's power she missed the exclusive attention she craved. There were moments when she doubted the depth of his affection, and felt anew that her "eyes were wedded to eternal tears." She could not see without pain his extreme devotion to her own daughter, whose rich nature, so spontaneous, so original, so foreign to her own, gave rise to many anxieties and occasional antagonisms. This touches the weak point in her character. She was not wholly free from a certain egotism, and the vanity of her opinions, without the imagination that fully comprehends an individuality quite remote from one's own. She was ambitious too,

and had not won her position without many secret wounds. When misfortunes came the blows that fell upon her husband struck with double force into her own heart. She was destined to share with him the chill of censure and neglect, the bitter sting of ingratitude, the lonely isolation of one fallen from a high place, whose friendship and whose favors count no more.

In the solitude of Coppet, where she died at fifty-seven, during the last and darkest days of the Revolution, perhaps she realized in the tireless devotion of her husband and the loving care of her daughter the repose of heart which the brilliant world of Paris never gave her.

With all her gifts, which have left many definite records that may be read, and in spite of a few shadows that fall more or less upon all earthly relations, not the least of her legacies to posterity was the beautiful example, rarer than now, of that true and sympathetic family life in which lies the complete harmony of existence, a safeguard against the storms of passion, a perennial fount of love that keeps the spirit young, the tranquillity out of which spring the purest flowers of human happiness and human endeavor.

THERE were many salons of lesser note which have left distinct and agreeable traces. It would be pleasant to recall other clever and beautiful women whose names one meets so often in the chronicles of the time, and whose faces, conspicuous for their clear, strong outlines, still look out upon us from the galleries that perpetuate its life; but the list is too long and would lead us too far. From the moving procession of social leaders who made the age so brilliant I have chosen only the few who were most widely known, and who best represent its dominant types and its special phases.

The most remarkable period of the literary salons was really closed with the death of Mme. du Deffand, in 1780. Mme. Geoffrin had already been dead three years, and Mlle. de Lespinasse four. Some of the most noted of the philosophers and men of letters were also gone, others were past the age of forming fresh ties, the young men belonged to another generation, and no new drawing-rooms exactly replaced the old ones. Mme. Necker still received the world that was wont to assemble in the great salons, Mme. de Condorcet presided over a rival coterie, and there were numerous small and intimate circles; but the element of politics was beginning to intrude, and with it a degree of heat which disturbed the usual harmony. The reign of *esprit*, the perpetual play of wit, had begun to pall upon the *blasé* tastes of people who found themselves face to face with problems so grave and issues

so vital. There was a slight reaction towards nature and simplicity. "They may be growing wiser," said Walpole, "but the intermediate change is dullness." For nearly half a century learned men and clever women had been amusing themselves with utopian theories, a few through conviction, the majority through fashion, or egotism, or the vanity of saying new things, just as the world is doing to-day. The doctrines put forth by Montesquieu, vivified by Voltaire, and carried to the popular heart by Rousseau, had been freely discussed in the salons, not only by philosophers and statesmen, but by men of the world, poets, artists, and pretty women. The sparks of thought with which they played so lightly filtered slowly through the social strata. The talk of the drawing-room at last reached the street. But the torch of truth which, held aloft, serves as a beacon star to guide the world towards some longed-for ideal, becomes a deadly explosive when it falls among the poisonous vapors of inflammable human passions. Liberty, equality, fraternity assumed a new and fatal significance in the minds of the hungry and restless masses, who, embittered by centuries of wrong, were ready to carry these phrases to their immediate and living results. They had found their watchwords and their hour. The train was already laid beneath this complex social structure, and the tragedy that followed carried to a common ruin court and salon, philosophers and *beaux esprits*, innocent women and dreaming men.

That the salons were unconscious instruments in hastening the catastrophe, which was, sooner or later, inevitable, is undoubtedly true. Their influence in the dissemination of thought was immense. The part they played was, to a limited extent, precisely that of the modern

press, with an added personal element. They directed the intelligence of the age, and reflected its average morality. As centers of light and intelligence they were distinctly stimulating. It is quite possible that they stimulated the intellect to the exclusion of the more solid qualities of character, and that they were the source of a vast amount of intellectual affectation. It was the fashion to have *esprit*, and those who were deficient in an article so essential to success were naturally disposed to borrow it, or to put on the semblance of it. But no phase of life is without its reverse side, and the present generation cannot claim freedom from much pretension of the same sort. If they precipitated the downfall of the court which they began by rivaling, it was in the logical course of events, which few were wise enough to foresee, much less to determine. It is true there was much to be deplored on the score of morality, but the salons moved in the drift of their time, and accepted the traditions of a corrupt past to a certain degree, while they refined them.

It is worthy of remark that this reign of women in which the manners and forms of modern society found their initiative and their models was not a reign of youth, or beauty, or grace, though these qualities are never likely to lose their own peculiar fascination. It was, before all things, a reign of intelligence, the ascendancy of women who had put on the hues of age without laying aside the permanent charm of a fully developed personality. One of the most salient outcomes of the two centuries in which women shone so conspicuously in France may be found in the broadened intellectual life, the high aspirations, the unfettered activities, and the wide and beneficent influence of the women of to-day.

Amelia Gere Mason.

THE ROSE OF DAWN.

HOW mockingly the morning dawns for me,
Since thou art gone, where no pursuing speech,
No prayer, no farthest-sounding cry can reach !
I call, and wait the answer to my plea —
But only hear the stern, dividing sea
(That pauses not, however I beseech)
Breaking, and breaking on the distant beach
Of that far land whereto thy soul did flee.

Do happy suns shine on thee where thou art ?
And kind stars light with friendly ray thy night ?
And strange birds wake with music strange thy morn ?
This beggared world, where thou no more hast part,
Misapprehends the morning's young delight,
And the old grief makes the new day forlorn.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

HOW JERRY BOUGHT MALVINY.



AAS, dey mought er been better an' dey mought er been wusser, but dey was good ole days, dose times afoah' de wah! So you wants ter heah 'bout how I bought Malviny? Haw, haw, haw! I taught all dese hah done fergit all'bout it, done gone dese twenty-five yeah! Does you min' dis heah ole cob-pipe, boss?

Well, it were ten yeah come Christmus, 'foah de bre'kin' outer de wah, an' 'leven yeah arter de cotton cotch in de gin'-ouse; bein' as how dat were two yeah arter Sue's Ann maired Caleb, it were five yeah 'foah me an' Malviny's Mac were borned. Git out f'om 'hin' dat hopper, Mac, wi' yer six foot er impecence!

Well, you see it were ten yeah 'fore de bre'kin' out er de wah, an' Marse Linkum he nebberr done me no good, 'ca'se I were already done er free nigger, an' I ain't nebberr got no forty acre an' er muel, dough I 's done got gray an' blin' er-lookin' fur 'em—haw, haw, haw! Malviny she wa'n't no slave furter manskate nuther! How come so? I tell you 'bout dat.

It were 'long 'bout 'fifty er 'fifty-one, an' Marse Jeems he mek er mighty big crap on bose plantations — mighty puttye cotton, sar, mighty putty; but cotton were 'way down low, an' Marse Jeems he 'clude ter hol' his 'n twel it fotch de price he as'fur 't. Well, dar was lots er po' whi' trash all through de country, an' dey hatter sell dey cotton, leetle by leetle, fur side meat, coffee, an' truck, an' dey looks mighty scrumptious as dey pass in de road.

Marse Jeems he feel mighty oneasy in he min' 'bout he big gin plum full er cotton, an' he call we all, an' he say, "Boys, w'en dat ar go ter market, I gwine gi' you all er big treat" — an' we watch dat gin night an' day.

Well, one night dar was a big bre'k-down ovah ter Caney Creek, an' all de niggers went, but I hatter git Torm, wha' do de "couterin'," ter jeck my toof, dat been er-givin' me er mis'ry nigh onter er week; an' so I stays behin'.

Well, Torm he done bre'k my toof, plum up inter de jaw, an' arter I done kick 'im I feels so miser'ble an' po'ly, I 'clude ter stay up all night at de gin, but Torm, he hike off ter de bre'k-down wid he gal. Wha' dat gotter do wid me buyin' Malviny? See heah, boss, I can't talk lack I uster, but I tell you de story.

Well, I laid down by de gin'-ouse do', an' all was dat still you mought er-heared er pin drap. Bimeby er big owl he holler "A-hoo,

A-hoo, A!" an' I jumps up an' I sees er leetle spark er-shinin' lack er star through de cracks in de do', an' 'pears ter me I smells sumpin' er-scotchin', an' I tries ter holler, but, 'foah Gord, my mouf done dat dry I could n' spit! Den Ibu'st dedo', an' de whi' fire gosneakin' through de dark, lack leetle shiny sarpints.

I gits de buckets, an' totes de warter f'om de branch, an' flings it on, but my ole tongue done daid; an' I rassels wid dat cotton, an' hugs it, an' squeezes it, er-squenchin' dem flames, twel I heah Mimy's ole yaller rooster er-crowin' fur day; an' I dismember wha' 'curred arter. Well, w'en I open dis ole eye — you see I ain't got but one, fur de fire done bu'st de gizzard out'n tur'r one — dar were ole Marse er-lafchin' an' er-cryin' ober me; an' he tuck my ole black han' an' shuck it, an' shuck it, an' he holler, "Jerry, you done free ter-day as I is — you sabed my cotton."

Well, I could n' leabe Marse Jeems no how, an' I stays dar an' wuk fur 'im lack I allus wuked, an' Marse Jeems he mek me de oberseer, an' pays me jest lack I were white.

Wha' dat gotter do wid me buyin' Malviny? Well, I were free now, but I ain't got no wife, so I slicks up an' goes 'roun' mekin' fox eyes at de smartes' gals. Well, bimeby I sneaks 'roun' an' teck er shine ter Malviny, wha' stay in de house an' were ole Miss's maid. Malviny she laugh an' bite de cornder er her apun; an' so I ups an' as'es Marse Jeems mought we mairey, an' he say we mought; an' he guv us er weddin' dat big dat dey come fur Ober ter Caney Creek, an' we all dance twel day done come in good.

But bimeby trouble come er-sneakin' roun' de plantation, an' I see ole Marse, solum lack, lean on he han's an' look 'way ober de hill at sumpin' wha' ain't dar; an' ole Miss she cry sof' ter herse'f an' walk de flo'; an' dar wa'n't no mo' bre'k-downs 'mongst de niggers.

Bimeby er man he come fom town, an' fotch er leetle bar'l an' he squinch through it, at dis cornder er de fence, an' dat cornder er de garden, an' squinch up at de house; anur'r one he look at de hosses an' de cows an' de sheep, an' res' he foot wid he shinin' boot on er stump, an' spit at er mark, er-laughin' lack, an' er-makin' uv he jokes, but ole Marse he were mighty solemn.

Well, w'en dey all done gone, ole Marse he call we all, er-lookin' mighty sad an' mo'nful, an' we all come, an' he stop, an' de warter rin

out'n de cornder uv he eye, an' he pull down
he hat—pear lack ter shade 'em, but dar
wa'n't no sun.

Den he cle'r he thote, an' say, "You has
all, er leastways mos' all uv you, has been
true, hones' servents; you has all, er mos' all
uv you, been borned an' r'ared on dis place,
as I is; an' we lubed it, 'ca'se
it were our home; but now
we has all got ter leabe it, an'
I hatter sell my niggers, 'ca'se
I done los' all my farder lef'
me."

Ole Marse's voice trimble
lack, an' he look white roun'
de mouf, den he tu'n an' walk
slow, on inter de house. Well,
Malviny she stay an' cry wid
ole Miss dat night, an' I lay
in de bade, in de cabin, an'
thunk an' thunk; den I sw'ar
low dat I stan' by ole Marse
fru it all, "come Dick, come
debbil!"

Bimeby day bre'k, an' I
gits up an' looks out de do',
but Malviny ain't come yit;
den I walks sof' an' looks all
roun', 'ca'se I did n' want no
body ter see me, leastways
er 'oman; but dar wa'n't no
body dar; den I walks slow,
kinder talkin' ter myse'f, an'
retch up by de chimbl'y
cornder, an' teks down de
ole sock, tied wid er blue
cotton string, wha' hel' all
my money.

Well, I looks up by stable,
an' dar ole Marse, an' ole
Carlo follerin', wid he tail
stuck 'twix' he laigs: ole
Carlo he know sumpin' done
gone wrong; but ole Marse
he tek no notice, an' walk an'
walk lack he could n' stop.

Den I comes up, brisk lack, 'pears lack ter ten'
Marse Jeems's hoss, but w'en I come up 'long-
side I stops wid my derned ole heart stuck plum
tight in thy thote, an' I says to ole Marse, says I,
"Marse Jeems, kin you count dis fur me?" An'
ole Marse he look up kinder 'sprised lack an'
retch out he han' fur de sock, an' ontie de blue
cotton string. Den he say, kinder strained lack :

"Jerry, you got two hundred an' fifty dollars."

An' I say, "Marse Jeems, who I b'long ter
'fore I free?"

An' he say, "You b'long ter me, Jerry."

Den I say, "Marse Jeems, who sot me
free?"

An' he say sof', "I did, Jerry."

Den I say, wid er great big trimble in my
thote, "Marse Jeems, all I is, an' all I got, is
your'n—tek de money an' sabe de ole home."

An' he sorter smile sad an' tek my ole nig-
ger han' in his'n, an' hol' it an' say, "Jerry,
I's 'bleeged to you, Jerry: you is er true fren'
an' er hones' man; but keep yer money, Jerry;



"MALVINY SHE LAUGH AN' BITE DE CORNDER ER HER AFUN."

it can't do me no good now. I 's too fur gone
fur dat; I 's done furever, Jerry." An' ole
Marse he laid he haid on he han's, an' I stan'
dar, an' we cry terger'r. Well, bimeby ole
Marse he raise he haid, an' say suddent lack,
"Jerry, would n' you lack ter buy Malviny?"
"Pear lack shootin'-stars dance 'fore my
eyes, an' I say, "Gord! Marse Jeems, how?"

An' he say, "Wid yer money, Jerry."

Den I cut de pigeon wing an' pat; den
stops lack I done bit er green crab.

An' Marse Jeems he say, "Wha' de matter?"

An' I says, says I, "Marse Jeems, you cain't
buy er good nigger fur er two hundred an'
fifty dollar."

Marse Jeems he smile an' say, "Not 'lessen we fix it, Jerry."

An' I say, kinder cute, "Marse Jeems, you mought tell 'em dat she's rale oler dan she look, dat she were worfless an' triflin', an' were slow 'bout work, wid stiffness in her laigs, an' de mis'ry in her chist; an' ef dey crowd her close, you mought tell 'em, sof', dat she hide de spoons, an' you was shore glad ter git shet uv her!"

Afore Gord, I lacked ter cried er-busin' er my ole 'oman, but I wanter buy Malviny free. But ole Marse he say, "Nebber min', Jerry, we'll try ter manage it"; an' shuck my han' ag'in, an' tu'ned he back.

Well, arter dat things went on mighty po'ly. Ole Marse he nebber say much, an'

up ter de big house, an' ole Marse he say he gib 'em all er "stirrin' cup," er sumpin' er dat sort; but I nebber in all my borned days see niggers cry so hard ober good whisky.

Well, de bre'kfus' were sarved by candle-light nex' mornin', an' all de ole fambly silber were set out 'posin', lack 't were w'en we all had comp'ny, an' dar were two or three pa'r strange laigs under ole Marse's table, but dey wa'n't comp'ny. Ole Miss she set proud lack, an' pour de coffee, but her lip trimble; an' leetle Azariah he fotch in de waffles, but he sperrit done gone, an' he come in lack er yaller cur wha' jist los' er tin can f'om he tail.

Dem were mighty troublous times, sar, mighty troublous. Well, dey rung de big bell w'en de sun 'bout er hour high, an' de niggers dey come f'om de quarters, an' f'om de house, fiel' han's, house servants, an' all; an' dey all mighty skeered an' still lack, 'cep'in' Parson 'Bias, he keep up er power er prayin'; fur none of de Tarlton niggers ebber bin sell'd afaoah — nebber sense de place were er plantation; an' it 'peared lack de Judgment done come, an' dar wa'n't no libben arterwards.

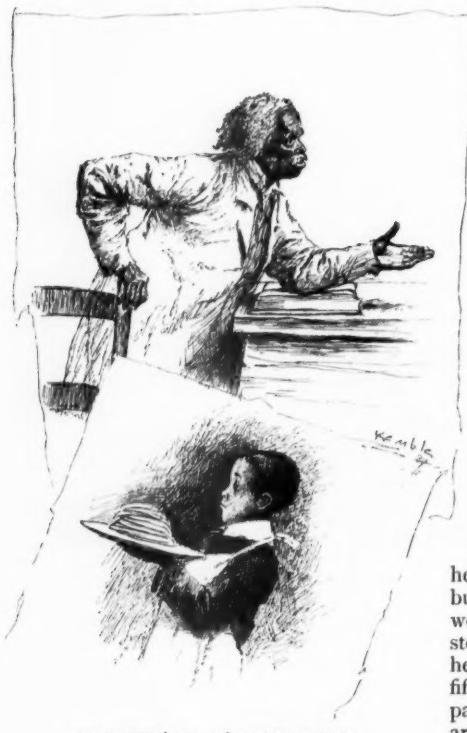
Well, Malviny she come ter me, an' flung her apun ober her haid, er-shakin' lack her had de agur, an' I tuck her han'an' we went nigh de block whar dey gwine auctioneer 'em, bes' I could, fur de trimblin' in my laigs; it were rumatiz er-comin' on me hard.

Ole Marse he were dar, er 'rangin' an' er-persadin' 'em tersell 'em in lots, er famblyes, so 's dar would n' be sich supperatin' an' good-byin' 'mongst we all. Ole Parson 'Bias, wid he white haid bar', he set in de cornder uv de wum fence er-dolin' an' er-zortin' 'bout de Judgment, an' de two er-pickin' in de fiel' an' de one tucken an' tur'r lef'.

Ole 'Bias he were safe an' he knowed it, fur he so ole an' po'ly dey ain't nobody wanter buy 'im. Well, de fus ter mount de block were ole Aunt Sally; an' Sherruff Scrump he step up 'longside her, wid de papers ter her, an' he say dat dis heah 'oman Sally are nigh onter fifty yeah ole, an' dese are Misser Tarlton's papers f'om Misser Smif, wha' say, dat "she are soun' in body an' min', an' er slave fur life, an' I, Sherruff Scrump, sells her ter de highes' bidder." She were er mighty handy 'oman, an' dey runs her high.

Misser Payson he start her at two hundud, an' finally dey knock her off ter Misser Stone, on de nex' plantation, fur seben hundud. I feel mighty po'ly jist den, an' squz Malviny han' twel it hu't her — but I 's trus' Marse Jeems afaoah dis.

Well, dey sole off de niggers in lots an' famblyes, mos'ly, by twos an' threes an' fives an'



OLE PARSON 'BIAS AN' LEETLE AZARIAH.

ole Miss she mighty low in her sperrits; an' Malviny she stay wid ole Miss pretty nigh constantly twel I ain't got but one gallus button lef'. Den, all uv ersuddent, dar were er hurry'n' an' skerry'n' uv de house niggers, an' ole Marse he come down ter de stable, whar I were er-curry'n' Pluto, an' say, kinder low, "Jerry, de sale comes off ter-morror"; an' dat's all, fur it 'peared lack he swallowed sumpin' hard.

Dat night de niggers, fiel' han's an' all, come

tens; an' dar would be er kinder laugh w'en dey wen' terger'r, an' er groan, lack, w'en dey were parted.

Bimeby dar wa'n't nobody stan'in' dar but me an' Malviny. Malviny she git cole, an' 'pear lack she fall, fur she know her tu'n done come; but I hol' her up, an' lead her ter de block, an' she mount it. Sherruff Scrump he step up wid her, but Malviny she hol' her han's terger'r tight, an' look 'way ober yander, lack she done hear one er ole Miss's daid babies call her. She dunno nuffin' bout de sock, tied wid de blue cotton string, fur I ain't er powerful han' ter talk business ter er nigger, leastways ter er 'oman; but I catch Marse Jeems's eye, an' my ole heart beat plum up in my thote, lack er trip-hammer. Den dey starts de bids at fifty dollar, an' Misser Stone he raise it ter er hundud. I stan's dar, an' waits fur 'ter retch my pile, lack I were growed in de groun', lack er 'tater. Misser Gerard he bid er hundud an' fifty. Misser Payson he want Malviny, an' he say, "Two hundud," an' I mean ter holler "Two hundud an' fifty," but de sunshine all gits black, an' I on'y whispers. Den Marse Jeems he call it strong an' cle're, "Two hundud an' fifty dollar!" 'Pears lack de leaves on de trees were feared ter move, an' I prays hard 'long er ole 'Bias. Misser Payson he look at Marse Jeems 'stonished lack, den he gits red in de face, an' holler "Eight hundud — damme!" an' I hears Sherruff Scrump lack t' were way off yander, ersingin', "Goin', goin', at eight hundud — goin'!" — but I don' wanter hear no mo', fur de groun' done sink, an' de sperrit call fur de rocks an' de mountings ter fall, lack de Scriptur say.

Gord! My Malviny gone — done sell'd! An', wusser 'n dat, buyed by ole Payson, dat Marse Jeems hates wusser 'n er sarpint — an' he would n' sell her back ter me ef ebery ha'r were strung wid er dimunt! My Malviny, wid her putty long yaller han's, an' big wide eyes — done gone! O Gord! — an' ole 'Bias he stop prayin' ter catch me, 'ca'se I 's gwine er-whirlin'. Den I sees de sunlight ag'in, an'



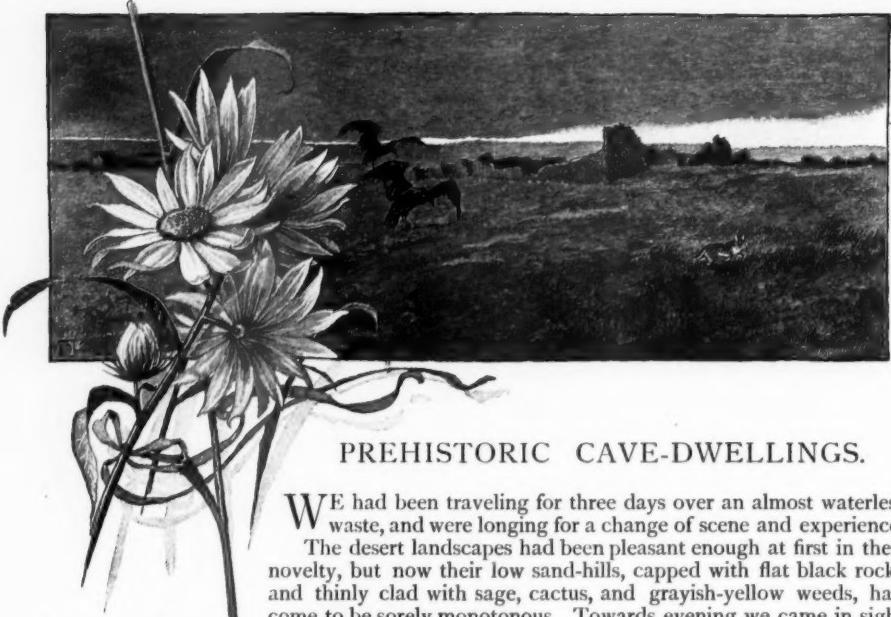
"I HOL' HER UP, AN' LEAD HER TER DE BLOCK."

I sees Marse Jeems er-talkin' mighty yearnes' an' mek er sign ter Sherruff Scrump, an' Sherruff Scrump he wiggle — an' wait.

Den ole Payson he step forruds, er man fur onct, an' say, "Gemmen, dar were er mistake made, an' I wi'draw my bid." An' Sherruff Scrump he say, "Well, we'll start it ober"; an' dey bid. An' w'en sum-un call "Two hundud" I groans out, "Two hundud an' fifty — O Gord!" lack er pra'r; an' it were er pra'r, fur Sherruff Scrump he call, "Goin'! goin'! gone! Ter Jerry Tarlton, fur two hundud an' fifty dollar!" Den how de niggers shout! I dunno how it were, sar, but howsumebber I had Malviny off 'n dat block afaoah I knowed it, an' we hug an' holler, an' holler an' hug, twel Malviny done faint plum daid away.

Yaas, Marse Jeems an' de ole Miss sleeps in de ole fambly bury'n'-groun' 'longside de babies. We laid 'em bofe dar soon arter de wah, but dar's two places lef', by de cornder uv de fence, fur Jerry an' Malviny.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.



PREHISTORIC CAVE-DWELLINGS.

of a range of pre-head and threw single break appeared, which as we drew nearer developed into a wide, level-bottomed cañon, into which the Indian guide, beckoning me to follow, plunged at a gallop. Shortly he pulled up, and, pointing to an object a mile farther on, uttered the single word "Kintail"—the Navajo equivalent for ancient ruin.

Our cañon soon opened at right angles into a wider one, disclosing beautiful vistas to the right and left, comparable to nothing upon which our eyes had been accustomed to look. We saw a valley a dozen miles long by half a mile in width, hemmed in by gray sandstone walls, precipitous for a hundred feet from the bottom, then retreating in long, even terraces, whose flat crests were fringed or specked in black by the piñons. The floor was carpeted in yellow—a waving lake of sunflowers; not the seedy monsters of the East and the South, but smaller, more brilliant, and far more beautiful growths. A herd of Indian ponies, startled by our advent, bounded away down the cañon—the only living things in sight besides ourselves.

We halted upon the brink of an arroyo which wound through the middle of the main cañon at a point just opposite the ruin to which the guide had called my attention. The pile resembled a huge brick-kiln, its fires out and its row of blackened fire-holes at the bottom left open.

I slipped from my saddle, and, abandoning my pony to the care of the Indian, dropped down the bank of the arroyo. Pausing a moment on the side of the little brooklet at the bottom to take an unrefreshing drink of its muddy, tepid water, I climbed the other bank and confronted, close at hand, a most remarkable structure of immense extent and undoubted antiquity. Having crossed the debris of a fallen wall, I passed through a wide plaza and entered a weed-grown court, on three sides of which stood black walls of masonry of great thickness. Through their queer, low doorways, hardly more than a yard from top to bottom, and little windows, was revealed room beyond room, and stories one, two, three above me. An hour later the gathering darkness, and the noises of the approaching pack-train, recalled me from the past, and having stumbled back across the arroyo, I joined in the work of establishing camp at the point where the Indian had remained.

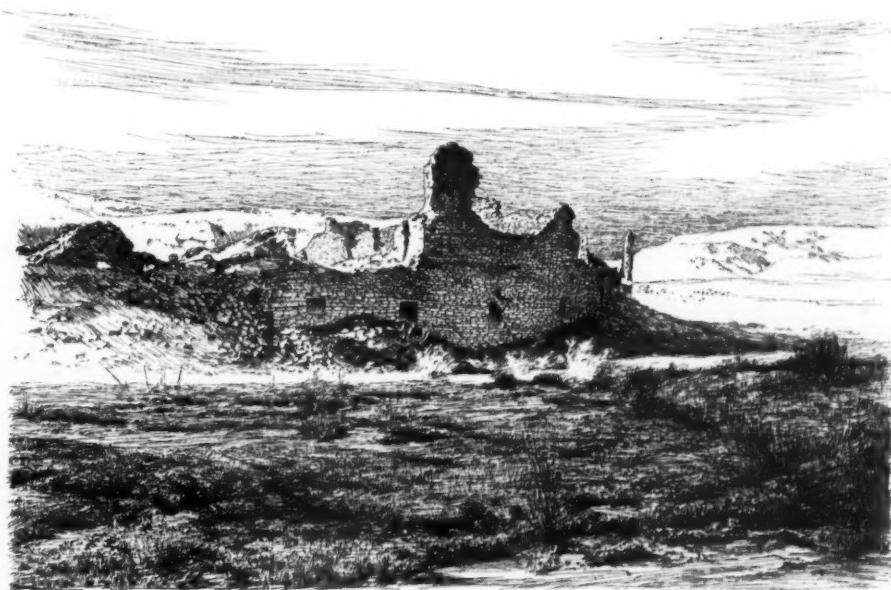
Few more interesting archaeological curiosities exist upon the hemisphere, and none within the borders of the republic, than those of Chaco Cañon, New Mexico. To what remote periods "in the morning of time" they owe their origin and their destruction none will

ever know. What may have been the purposes of many of their marked peculiarities; what the numbers and characteristics of their builders; what the relationship, if any, between their inhabitants and the other families of the great race of early community dwellers, are queries which may be answered in part when the investigator shall go with pick and shovel to uncover the buried rooms, and lay bare that which has remained concealed since the death or departure of the ancients. The existence of these ruins has long been known, but they have rarely been visited by white men. There are thirteen groups—castles in appearance, but towns and villages in fact, twelve of which are situated within ten miles of the mouth of the cañon.

Many visits were made to some of the piles, and on each occasion some feature which had at first refused to yield up its secret proved more tractable upon being brought into comparison with kindred features of neighboring ruins. The masonry of the Chacoans is admirably

of thick with several layers of thin stones gave a surprisingly attractive appearance to their best work. Looking beyond the minutiae of construction, however, the work of the ancients is found to be less praiseworthy; and evidences appear on every hand that they had not emerged from the estate of barbarism to a full comprehension of the mysteries of true curves, straight lines, and right angles. They began their structures with definite and symmetrical plans in mind, but in matters of alignment and direction they often fell far short of their evident purpose.

The largest and most central mass in the cañon is Pueblo Bonito. Its walls inclose an area of about three and one-third acres. Its master architect planned a half-moon structure in outline, evidently intending to divide up a portion of the interior by a series of concentric semicircles and radiating cross walls to form the living apartments. It had more than two hundred rooms upon a single level, and being four, perhaps five, stories in height, contained



PUEBLO CHACO CAÑON. I.

able, considering their limited resources. They faced their walls with small, roughly squared stones smoothly laid in clay, and filled the spaces between with rubble, embedding large logs both vertically and horizontally in the masses to give them additional strength. Often the building material was carefully assorted so that each layer of stones might be of uniform thickness throughout, and the alternation

not less than eight hundred rooms in all. Its population probably averaged two individuals to a room. Those who are familiar with the habits of the village Indians of the present day, recalling the fact that three or four generations, sometimes to the number of a dozen individuals, are found living in a single apartment, will think my estimate too low; but the rooms of Bonito are smaller than those of the in-

habited pueblos, and I deem it unsafe to estimate their population upon the same basis.

The architect of Bonito was a bungler. One of his two outer angles is acute, the other obtuse. At one point his intended semicircle is flattened by reason of the proximity of the cliff, and at another it is afflicted with a dropical bulge. The diameter of his half-moon—the front of the structure—is at variance by thirty degrees with the line of the arroyo in its front and that of the cliffs behind. The diametral line is broken in its middle by reason of a miscalculation of one or two degrees, and the break was utilized as a main entrance. The inner concentric curves, springing at right angles from the diametral wall, attempted to follow the line of the outer semicircle, but got bewildered in the maze of cross walls and shot off at odd angles to premature absorption in their neighboring walls.

Bonito, though the largest and doubtless in its day the most important of the Chaco ruins, is not the best preserved, nor in its construction the best fitted to illustrate the highest capabilities of this people. These qualities, in my opinion, attach to Pueblo del Arroyo, two hundred and fifty paces west. It is rectangular in plan, being built around three sides of a parallelogram, and doubtless owes its better alignment to its comparative simplicity.

It contained eighty-four lower rooms or cells, and probably had twice as many more in its upper stories.

The most remarkable outline is that of Peñasca Blanca, the second pueblo in point of size, and the westernmost ruin of the group. It stands upon the tongue of a mesa seventy feet above the bottom of the cañon, and in a military sense commands its mouth. The plan of the main portion of this ruin exhibits six concentric curves, four of which describe one hundred degrees of the circle, while the two innermost are extended to complete circles,—or rather ellipses,—thus inclosing the plaza. Its walls inclose an area of about one hundred and ten thousand square feet. It probably had three hundred apartments, and it may have been the home of a thousand individuals.

The principal mesa had an area of about fifteen square miles. From its highest point the land slopes gently away in all directions, the incline towards the south ending abruptly at the distance of one mile in the descent into the cañon. At this commanding point there stand in a group three masses of masonry, notable in themselves yet with few distinctive features. Their site is, with one exception, the highest within fifty miles, and commands a northward view of desert table-land, cañon, cliff, and mountain which must have gladdened the hearts of the ancients, as it did ours,

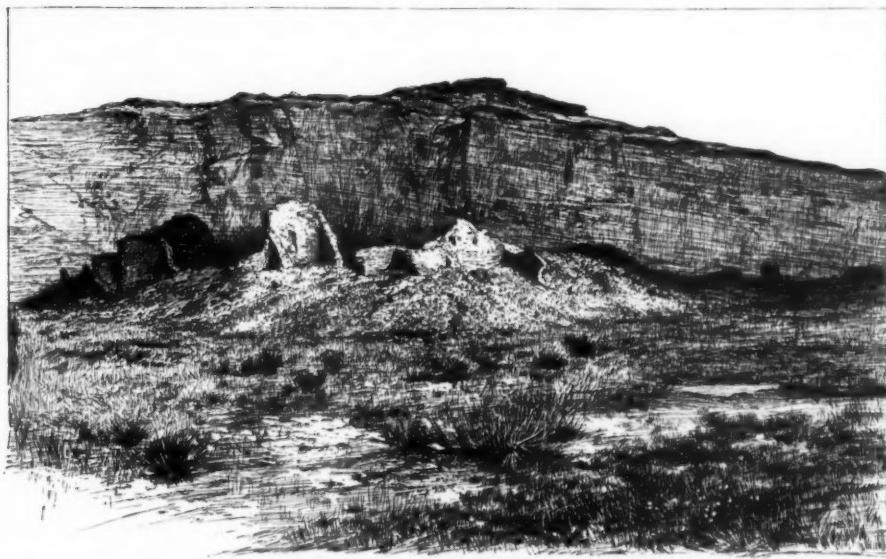
to look upon. The largest ruin of this group is now little more than a rubbish heap, yet a few yards of standing wall here and there prove it to have been built with the same careful attention to detail exhibited in those already described. It had ninety lower apartments. One of the remaining structures is in a still more advanced stage of decay, while the third is, oddly enough, the best preserved ruin in all the Chaco region. It had only forty rooms in its lower level. From the distance of a few rods its appearance was that of a large modern brick mansion lately destroyed by fire.



PUEBLO CHACO CAÑON. II.

Little lapses from rectitude are noticeable here and there, but, as a whole, its angles present fewer eccentricities, and its interior walls more uniformly reach their destinations, than do those of its huge neighbor. Its rooms are generally larger, and its appearance indicates a somewhat later date of construction.

Many rooms in the various ruins remain intact, though choked with rubbish, and by examination of them something may be learned of the simple internal economy of the ancient homes. Their entrances and intercommunicating apertures were commonly not more than three feet from top to bottom. Some



PUEBLO CHACO CAÑON. III.

were placed low down, necessitating the use of hands and knees to effect an entrance, while others required a leap over a threshold two or three feet high. In the latter cross-bars were placed at the top, which the passer might grasp to assist himself over the obstruction. Little windows or ventilators, ten and twelve inches square, opened near the tops of the rooms. Interiors were plastered over with mud laid on as smoothly as could be done by modern workmen with their trowels. Recesses great and small extending into the thick walls served the purposes of cupboards and store places. Floors were made of small, straight withes—more rarely of split slabs—laid contiguously across heavy log sleepers and covered with a thick carpeting of soft bark. In one place we found the spaces between the sleepers—fourteen inches wide—filled with thin stones, so firmly wedged into their places that they remained, being plastered over with mud, as the ceiling of the room below, and without other support than their own weight and pressure. So near did the Chacoans come to the discovery of the arch, using herein its essential principles; yet for the lintels to doorways, passages, and windows—places where the arch would best have served their purposes—they used short poles, which in the majority of cases have been broken down by the superincumbent masses of masonry.

Neither fireplaces nor flues are to be found, and it is probable that fires were never built in the living apartments. Their smoke would

have smothered the dwellers above, except where the ceilings were like the one I have described, of small stones plastered with clay; and in such cases life below would have been made intolerable. Cooking was probably done in the open plaza, or in specially constructed apartments, as is to some extent the case among the Moquis to-day. For warmth the ancients doubtless wrapped their rabbit-skin robes about them and snuggled together within their little cells, shutting out the blasts of winter by walling up superfluous doors and windows. Aper-tures so walled are found in all the ruins.

The mountainous weight of these great piles had no more solid foundation than the surface of the alluvium. Although the thickness of the walls at their bases—usually more than three feet—was sufficient to give them a measure of stability, yet the architect in nearly every instance made the outer row of rooms much narrower and shorter than the others, so that the two outermost walls might with their strong connecting walls the better support each other. In every ruin it is the outermost wall which has suffered greatest from the ravages of time, while its neighbor, braced upon both sides by the cross walls, is usually the best preserved. The double wall was evidently regarded by the ancients as a single and essential feature of their architecture, and they extended it even to lines which were designed merely to complete the inclosure of their plazas. In these cases the two walls were connected and braced by masonry at short intervals, and the cells

thus formed were utilized as living and store rooms.

The Chacoans, like all the community dwellers of the region, ancient and modern, were great potters, and immense mounds of broken ware, tastefully ornamented in colors according to barbaric standards, are found in the neighborhood of all the larger

its freight of clay with the grip of a chemical solution, and was unfit for drinking or for culinary purposes, even if left standing over night in the mess kettle. Ellison, the muleteer, solved the question temporarily by putting into practice a device learned from the Mexicans. Having gathered a shovelful of prickly pears, he burned off their spines, crushed them, and put them into a kettle of water. After half an hour of vigorous stirring the clay took a curdled appearance and sank to the bottom. A day or two later we luckily found a rock pocket in the cliffs, containing several barrelfuls of clear rain water, and we quenched our thirst for the first time in many days without a suspicion of mud, prickly pears, or wrigglers.

I dwell upon the water question for a purpose. It must have been one of absorbing interest to the ancients; for although the climatic conditions of the region were then more favorable to the support of human life, yet there doubtless were seasons when the Chaco, for months perhaps at a time, ceased to flow.

I have said that in all the ruins there are tanks. The smallest ruin in the cañon stands not more than thirty feet from the

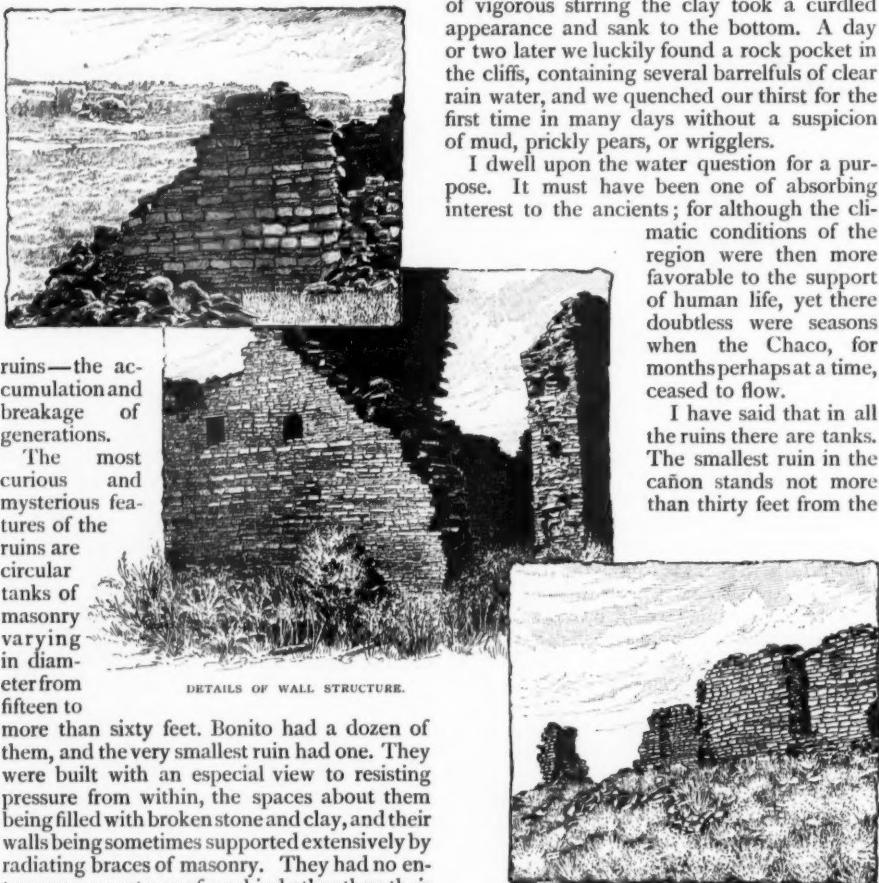
ruins—the accumulation and breakage of generations.

The most curious and mysterious features of the ruins are circular tanks of masonry varying in diameter from fifteen to

more than sixty feet. Bonito had a dozen of them, and the very smallest ruin had one. They were built with an especial view to resisting pressure from within, the spaces about them being filled with broken stone and clay, and their walls being sometimes supported extensively by radiating braces of masonry. They had no entrances or apertures of any kind other than their open tops. What purpose did they serve?

The water question early became one of anxious consideration with our party, notwithstanding the fact that the little Rio Chaco ran within fifty feet of our tents. The stream was an evasive brooklet whose comings and goings were an interesting mystery. We had no rain until the day before our departure, yet I often noticed that the volume of water increased four or five fold between sunrise and nine or ten o'clock, while it would disappear entirely before night. The stream, though free from alkali, held

DETAILS OF WALL STRUCTURE.



face of the cliff, and consists of a single circular tank, surrounded by a parallelogram of double walls. Here the tank is the chief feature of the structure, and the outer walls, with the cells formed by their connecting braces of masonry, are incidents in the plan for securing strength. The cells in this case have no entrances or ventilating apertures, and moreover are solidly filled in with rubble and dirt. The tank is twenty-eight and a half feet in diameter. The cliff overhead is gullied just above this structure

by rain water, which here makes its way over the crest into the cañon. Nothing could have been easier than to place troughs beneath and convey a portion of the treasure into the tank. Manifestly this structure was a reservoir. One mile distant is found another ruin bearing similar relations to the cliff, and consisting of three circular tanks inclosed within a parallelogram one hundred and thirty by seventy-three feet. The cells in this structure were utilized as living-rooms, though they were evidently mere incidents in the plan for securing strength to the tanks. The bottoms of the tanks in both these structures are considerably higher than the floor of the cañon, and their contents might easily be drawn off by siphons to the plain below, but the suggestion credits the ancients with a greater knowledge of hydraulics than they probably possessed.

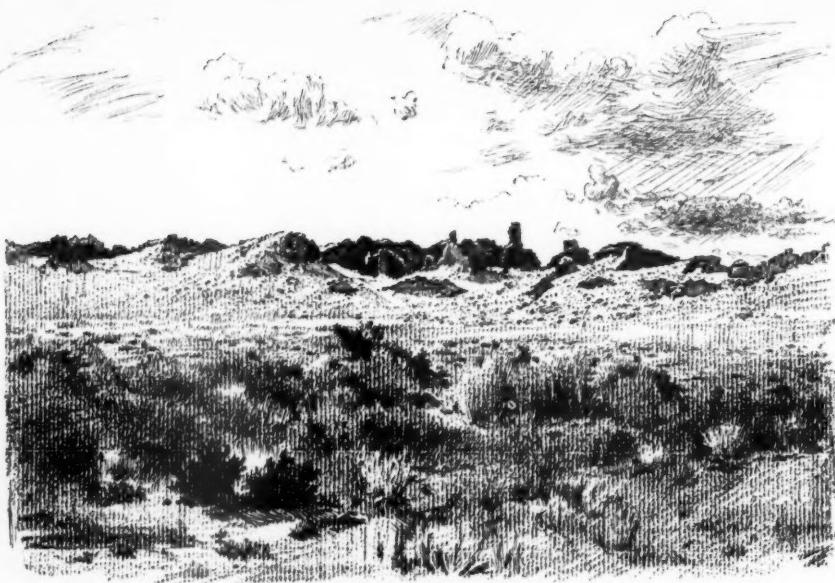
In applying the water-tank theory to the larger ruins one meets with difficulties, but they do not seem insurmountable. Bonito and at least three other of the larger pueblos are near enough to the cliff to warrant the supposition that water was conveyed from the crest to their tanks in troughs. With regard to Pueblo del Arroyo, which is several hundred feet from the cliff, and to those ruins which stand upon the mesa tops, the problem is still more difficult. Perhaps the water which fell upon their broad roofs was conveyed to their tanks. Possibly so patient a people as this carried water from the lower level, as the Moquis do to-day up a steep seven times greater; but unlike the Moquis, they carried supplies in time of plenty to fill their tanks against the time of drought. Possibly again they filled their tanks when only the water of the stream was to be obtained, and that was too muddy for use; long standing in the tanks would doubtless clarify it sufficiently for cooking purposes and for drinking, which, if one may judge by the habits of living pueblo Indians, were the only uses made of

water. Series of earthworks are found in the neighborhood of the more elevated ruins which at first glance suggest defensive purposes, but which were probably made to catch and hold the rain water falling upon the summits until it could be carried in jars to the tanks within the pueblos.

"You would find," said one for whose opinion I entertain the highest respect, "that masonry laid in mud would not long hold water." This suggestion would have been fatal to my theory, and I should have abandoned it, had I not found in another locality a tank upon the inner surface of which there remained portions of a lining similar in substance to the pottery of the ancients. It had evidently been laid on with trowels and baked, and to a certain degree glazed, by building fires within the tank.



AWAITING AN INVITATION TO DINNER.



THE PLAZA, PUEBLO PEÑASCA BLANCA.

The temptation to pursue the speculation further is irresistible. The people, having settled down in villages, improvidently began that system of denuding their region of its forests to which is due the fact that for many thousands of square miles this once populous region has been rendered a sterile desert. When the climatic change began prayers and incantations for rain such as are performed by all the Western tribes, and especially by the Pueblos of the present time, were resorted to, and what place so quick to suggest itself for the purpose as the empty tank where it was desired the blessing should fall? As the change progressed the pagan rites became more frequent, and before the hegira of the degenerate remnant the tank had become a recognized place of worship and a necessary adjunct of the religious system.

The Spanish invaders under Coronado found the Zuñis, the Moquis, and their kind worshiping and holding council in places of somewhat similar construction to these tanks, and which could be entered only from the top. Within fires were kept perpetually burning, from which fact they were named "estufas" (stoves), a name that they retain to the present time. It was erroneously assumed that their peculiar form was adopted the better to preserve the fires for economic and religious purposes.

The Zuñis know nothing of Chaco. When asked where they came from they point to the northeast, which includes the entire San

Juan region, of which Chaco is a part; but beyond the most nebulous of myths and traditions relating to their migration and its causes they have nothing to tell. The late Mr. James Stevenson of the National Bureau of Ethnology, and his accomplished wife, who made themselves familiar with the Zuñi language and the traditions of the fathers of the tribe, thought the period covered by their more or less authentic traditions to be not less than a thousand years, during which time the Zuñis had always lived in their present neighborhood. These people translate and imitate the symbolical ornamentation upon the Chaco pottery, though their work is in some respects inferior to the old.

Here, then, we find a tribe, perhaps descended from the Chacoans, whose religion, so far as can be judged by its symbolism, is identical; whose tenacious memories preserve the story of their race for probably a thousand years; yet who have not even a name for the greatest metropolis ever known by their ancestors.

We found no human remains in Chaco except some fragments of skulls in Peñasca Blanca. They lay among the rubbish of a fallen outer wall as if they had rolled from within. They may have been the relics of some who perished in the last tragedy, the sacking and destruction of the place, and probably had no other burial than that afforded by the fallen walls of their home.

Our life of eight days in the cañon, though devoted to the study of the ruins, never be-

came monotonous. To speculate, as we sat around the mess-cloth or the camp-fire, upon the manner of men who built so well yet so stupidly; who advanced so far in masonry yet so lagged in architecture and engineering; who made fine pottery, as millions of fragments attested, yet in carpentry used only implements of stone; who built strong fortresses at commanding points, yet for still more elaborate structures chose sites over which an enemy might sit and stoned them to death at leisure—to speculate was our diversion. When engaged with tape-line and compass there were toppling walls to be avoided and cavernous openings to be crossed. The latter offered access to many hidden ruins, at risk of living burial or of death from the bite of poisonous creatures. Of these there were tarantulas, centipedes, and rattlesnakes. But poisonous creatures were not the only inhabitants of the ruins. Thousands of pretty swifts darted like sunbeams over the old stones; horned toads, ugly but harmless, were more

had discovered the day before "up two, tree pair stair." We galloped a dozen miles eastward and reached the head of the cañon, whence, having mounted a sand-bar which stretched across the way, we saw, two or three miles farther on, the "kintail" of our search. I suffered the Indian to go on alone, while I waited to enjoy the rare beauty of the scene and to conjure back the beings who had had the good taste to select such a charming site and the sense and skill to build so enduringly. The pile was lordly even in its ruin, bearing a strong resemblance to some of the ancient feudal castles of Europe. Standing upon the crest of a long, gentle swell, it overlooked a dozen square miles of rolling country, which seemed even now to be white and yellow to the harvest. Behind the structure there stretched for miles what appeared in the distance to be an orchard of wide-spreading trees; and in front there wound the course of a pretty brook.

From Chaco Cañon, New Mexico, the site of the grandest of the ruined pueblo struc-



LANDSCAPE IN CAÑON DE CHELLY.

rarely seen; rabbits scurried from shelter to shelter; ravens, blacker, glossier, and far larger than I ever saw elsewhere, hopped and croaked and flopped away before the intruder; and coyotes, aroused from their midday naps, skulked to other hiding-places in the cliffs.

One morning I started, under the guidance of Manuelito, to visit a ruin which he said he

tured, to Cañon de Chelly, Arizona, the ancient home of the most flourishing community of cave-dwellers, was a week's journey, not including a short stay at the Navajo agency for repairs and supplies. The southernmost entrance to Cañon de Chelly lies forty-five miles north of Fort Defiance, the agency of the Navajos. The way for the most part runs

through a magnificent pine park—a feature of the highest and most exposed of Western forest plateaus. It is a fine country to look upon, its trees being the tallest and most shapely of their species, while the sward beneath is entirely free from the undergrowths which are common to Eastern woodlands; but it lacks water.

The neighborhood of the cañon is first made known by an ominous crack in the general level a few hundred feet to the right, and the trail swerves a little to the left as if to avoid its dangerous proximity. A mile farther on

sula. When we had crossed the isthmus we halted to await the train, guiding it by voice and gesture as it came in sight above, for the bare rock of the shelf retained but faint traces of the trail, and a mistake might have had a fatal ending. From our standpoint the stream which winds through the cañon was for the first time visible—a silver thread more than a thousand feet below. Despite the distance and the threatening path before us, the discovery was reassuring, for that gradual revelation of the depth as experienced in our sidling approach



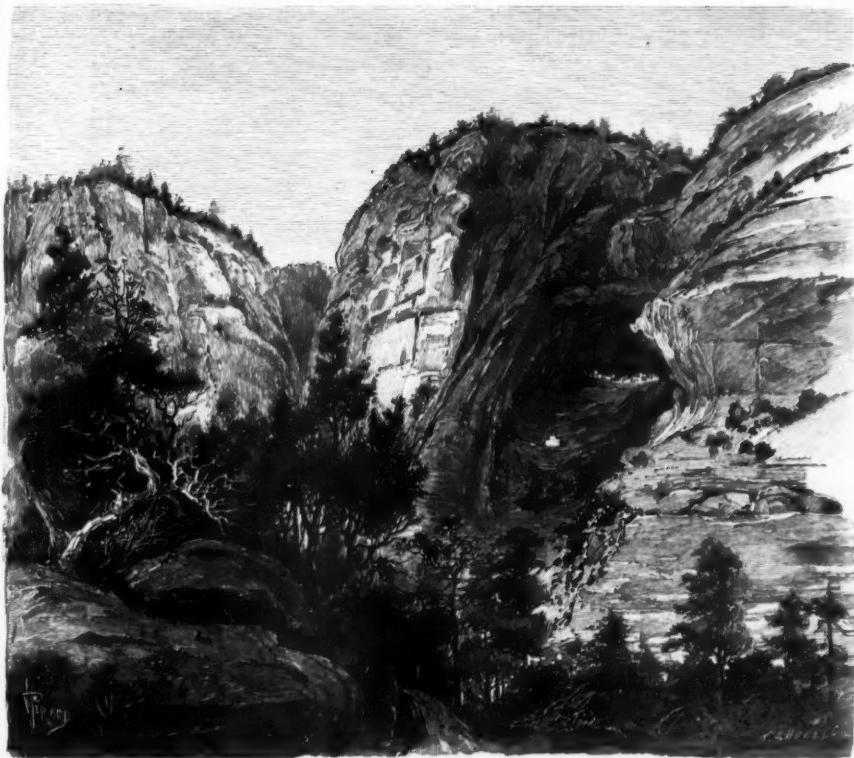
RUINED CAVE VILLAGE, CAÑON DE CHELLY.

the trail turns sharply to the right along the foot of a low rock wall, and, gently descending, approaches the brink of the chasm, which has here attained three hundred feet in width and shows the ragged jaws of the Inferno. Narrower grows the rock-shelf and nearer comes the edge of the widening abyss as we proceed, crowded by the wall more and more to the right; and now another yawning gash opens directly in front.

At this point Navajo Charley, our new guide, turned, and, almost doubling upon the path we had traveled, led the way down an incline of forty feet to a narrow rock isthmus which afforded a passage to the top of a bold penin-

had raised fears that the gorge was bottomless—that the globe had cracked asunder.

The further descent was not dangerous, judging it from a frontiersman's standpoint, but I remember entertaining a wish that my pony had a few prehensile members, and that human knees and shins were less susceptible to impressions of cañon scenery. The train was again far behind, and I was wondering how the heavily laden mules could pass around and between obstructions which left hardly room for ourselves, when noises began to reach us which were not comforting. The caves and fissures of the opposite wall uttered oaths; the cañon to the right and left waxed emphatic and blasphem-



A CLIFF VILLAGE, MONUMENTAL CAÑON.

mous; even the streak of blue overhead grew profane. The tones were Ellison's, who was five hundred feet behind and as far above us. Then Hogan was heard heaping blessings upon the head of Old Bones, our leading pack animal, for wishing to roll down the side of the mountain regardless of all before her. A shrill outcry, followed by the crashing and bumping of a great boulder as it tumbled to the bottom, brought us to a halt. During the silence which followed I tried to find out what had happened, but without success. When the caves and fissures resumed their cursings Charley and I passed on. The guide had friends in the cañon, and when we had reached the bottom he galloped on alone, feeling confident, I presume, that his charge might be trusted not to wander from a path which was hemmed in by walls a thousand feet high.

First impressions on coming into the near presence of vertical or overhanging altitudes like these are disappointing. Emotions correspondingly deeper than those excited by rock forms a hundred feet in height have been expected but are not experienced. The true estimate of the grand surroundings is a thing of

growth. Ordinary standards of comparison are lost. Distances, sizes, heights, appear to alter with every change in point of view. Yonder wall seems but a few hundred yards away, yet that speck creeping along its base is a man on horseback, and those other specks, crawling like insects over its talus, are sheep and goats. Look up towards the zenith and the crest of the near precipice fringed with tiny bushes intervenes. Move to a safer distance and look again; the mountain still overhangs you. Move again and again and that impending top of creation follows and threatens you. Then when the brain becomes dizzy, when the eyes ache from their unaccustomed directions, when the muscles of the neck refuse longer to hold the head in a position to look upward, a conviction finds lodgment that the surface of the earth is far away.

The sounds of the cañon are almost as bewildering as its sights. That rushing, awful "swish" is not a tornado, nor yet an avalanche, but the flight of a flock of little jays from side to side of the pocket on the left. That music does not proceed from a crevice half way up the face of the opposite wall, but is the noise of a Navajo singing as he rides



THE WHITE HOUSE, CAÑON DE CHELLY.

down the cañon, perhaps three miles away. That ear-piercing, blood-curdling combination of rumble and screech is not the blast of a dozen river steamboats in unison, but the voice of Calamity Jane, who has reached the bottom last of the train and is calling to her fellow-mules just coming into sight around the corner.

We selected for our first camping-place a V-shaped pocket upon the west side of the cañon, having an area of about an acre. Opposite its mouth stand the Captains—twin monumental rocks from which the monumental cañon takes its name. The taller is seven hundred and forty-two feet from base to summit and only seventy-five feet in width at any point. It was hard to believe that Washington Monument if placed beside this tapering shaft would reach but two-thirds of the way to its top; but the rock was dwarfed by the stupendous walls about it.

Cañon de Chelly (a senseless corruption of

the Indian name, Ségy) and its two principal branches, Monumental Cañon and Cañon del Muerto, have an aggregate length of more than forty miles. They vary in width from two hundred to three thousand feet, and their walls, which are precipitous throughout, are from eight hundred to fourteen hundred feet in height. Through all the branches there run streams of clear water uniting in the main cañon to form the little Rio del Chelly, which loses itself in the sands of the northern desert soon after it leaves the shelter of its native rocks. The soil of the cañon, though light, is fertile, and under the tillage of a more intelligent race would bear rich crops. Peaches, watermelons, and cantaloups, all of excellent quality, were abundant during our visit, but Navajo prices would impoverish a Wall street king. Corn, too, was abundant, but it was overripe for our use. The place is the summer home of a considerable community of In-

dians, and a favorite resort in the corn and fruit season for the western half of the entire tribe. Though not comparable in grandeur to the Grand Cañon or the Yosemite, it is nevertheless one of the most beautiful of Western cañons; and when the Navajo nation shall have fulfilled its destiny, be it extinction, civilization, or removal, this will become one of the show places of a marvelous plateau region. The September climate of the cañon is enchanting. No storms are to be looked for, because the rainy season is over. The midday sun is likely to be oppressive, but there is always the cool shade of the overhanging rocks for shelter, while the mornings and evenings are balmy and springlike. The nights upon the plateau above are frigid, and heavy frost forms upon one's blankets, but down in this gorge the mountains which have absorbed the heat of the day give it back at night.

Our first day's exploration was towards the head of the main cañon. The guide said that all the larger ruins were in the other direction; but recalling our experience in Chaco, we determined to examine the outlying groups first as a sort of preparatory course of study. We had an impression that we could begin at one end of the cañon and examine all the groups—one hundred and thirteen in number—*seriatim* as we traveled northward, an impression which did not outlast the day of its birth.

To the observer riding along the trail the ruins look not larger than dovecotes, and they have the property of seeming no nearer after one has climbed up two or three hundred feet towards them. One readily undertakes the ascent persuading himself that it is an easy task to mount the sloping talus, but, the jaunt accomplished, there is a sense of having had exercise enough for a day.

In the innumerable windings of the cañon there are found usually upon the concave side huge weatherings—places from which

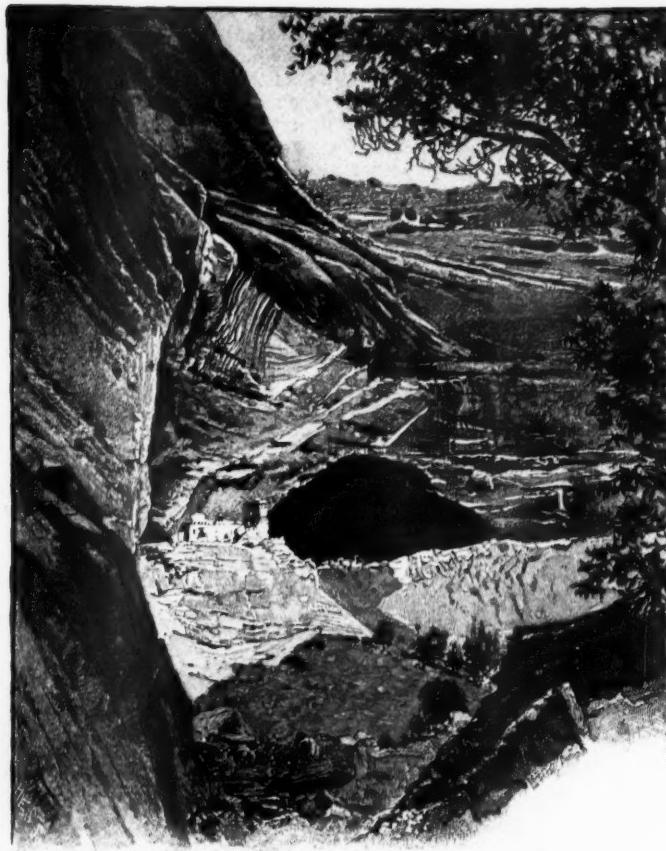
masses of the bedded strata have fallen, leaving shallow caves with sloping bottoms and high overarching tops. The detritus at the feet of the cliffs often affords means of access at some point to these retreats, and in such the ancients usually built their homes. Many groups are wholly inaccessible to moderns, later detritus having left wide intervening spaces of the smooth vertical rock. In some cases after climbing mountains of detritus the adventurer finds it necessary to pass long distances along narrow shelves of rock, whence a fall would result in quick destruction; or to climb over the smooth talus by means of foot-holes of the size and shape of shallow tea-cups. Other ruins are accessible only by rope climbing, a lasso having first been thrown over a projecting pole or knob; and still others can be gained only by "shinning" up notched log ladders, some of which remain in place from the ancient days.

The cave-dwellers built rubble walls and plastered them over smoothly, outside and in, with mud. With the exception of two or three groups, the work displays nothing worthy of



SOUTH SIDE OF CAÑON DEL MUERTO.

consideration in respect to architectural design, the structures usually conforming closely to the sinuosities of the rock which always formed their rear wall. Their masonry is in no sense comparable to that of the builders of the great Chaco pueblos, but is very much like that of the living Pueblo Indians. Two



MUMMY CAVE AND VILLAGE, CAÑON DEL MUERTO, ARIZONA.

groups only are found upon the cañon bottom, and one I am sure (probably both) dates from much earlier times than those in the caves. In one of them a small section of the banded wall, the exact counterpart of those found in Chaco, remains.

The cave villages are found sometimes only thirty feet from the level, sometimes eight hundred feet. The reason why such sites were selected does not fully appear; doubtless protection and defense were controlling motives, but whether from floods to which the cañon is subject in winter and spring, from outside foes, or from one another, nothing remains to tell. Certainly the motive was a strong one, for the undertaking contemplated not only the carriage of building materials upon human shoulders up the steeps in the beginning, but thereafter and perpetually food, fuel, and water. The conclusion so often and so easily reached, that these were places of refuge from

the raiding attacks of the more powerful nomadic races or of enemies among their own kin, while perhaps the best that offers, does not wholly meet the requirements of the case; for, unlike the Chaco structures, these groups, with half a dozen exceptions, had no water-tanks, and their occupants would have been at the mercy of any who were strong enough to drive them to their caves. So far as appearances go they seem to have been, not the places of occasional retreat, but the regular, permanent abiding-places of their builders. They may have been storehouses and the winter homes of a race which in summer dwelt in temporary structures upon the cañon bottom. The water question would of course have been one easy of solution during the period of deep snows and floods. If this be the answer to the riddle it may be said that the ancients were wiser than their successors the Navajos; for the latter, to the last man, woman, and child, leave the

cañon walls at the season when shelter would seem to be most desirable, and spend the winter upon the bleak plateau above.

The traces of fires are found in the ruins, and the smearings of prehistoric gravies and soups are occasionally discoverable. Rock paintings abound. Hundreds of the shapes of human hands—the autographs perhaps of the dwellers—are found adorning the now inaccessible roofs of some of the caves. They were formed by thrusting the hand into the liquid coloring matter and slapping it with fingers extended upon the rock. Symbols are frequent: the dragon-fly, the rainbow, the sun—objects of reverence to the living Pueblos. Few animals were pictured; the elk, the antelope, the red deer, and the coyote being most numerously represented. Fowls of an unrecognizable species, and occasionally represented with one or more superfluous legs, are found. As works of art these paintings rarely rise above the rudest of school-boy drawings; but sometimes rather elaborate scenes were attempted. The most remarkable I studied for an hour with the glass, seated three hundred feet below, but could make little of its meaning. It was probably a battle scene, but it might have been a dance or a sacrifice. A row of thirteen black forms were pictured as marching elbow to elbow, and below them was a second row of seven similar but headless forms. Two forms in yellow, the larger leading the smaller by the hand, were represented as running away from the advancing rows, while a gigantic figure in black standing upon the head of a yellow bull-frog was shown in the act of hurling javelins at the approaching army. The cave dwellings were ruins before the Spanish invasion; otherwise this might be supposed to represent that event. If it be taken to be a battle scene, as it appears, the query suggests itself, What earlier race than the Spaniards ever fought in platoons? A great many other human forms are pictured upon this rock, but their relationship to those described could not be determined.

Unless I have greatly mistaken the purpose of certain queer little contrivances of masonry, some of the members of the smaller communities—boarders probably—had for their bedrooms cells like elongated ovens stuck upon outlying ledges too narrow for other use, into which they went feet foremost. To reach them they scaled escarpments over which a rabbit, unless the most foolhardy of his kind, could not be driven or tempted. There were little nests of this kind for children also. A civilized father would as lief hang his child out of a fifth-story window to sleep.

The most remarkable group of ruins for situation is found in a narrow pocket or branch of Monumental Cañon two or three miles

south of the Captains. It is about seven hundred feet above the bottom of the cañon, which is here very narrow; and I shall despair of conveying any adequate idea of its situation and surroundings without permission to make use of a far-fetched illustration. Cleave the auditorium of a large theater midway between the entrance and the footlights and insert the part which does not contain the footlights into the upper half of a thousand-foot precipice. Remove the galleries, but in their place let there be a series of narrow ledges at the back of the concavity with zigzag connecting ledges between the lower and the upper ones. Raise the roof a hundred feet and knock out the floor entirely. You will then have spoiled your theater, but you will have made a fair model of the site of this village. Place two cheese-boxes and half a dozen tea-chests upon the uppermost ledge and you will have a model of the village itself as it appeared to us from the top of the slope two hundred feet below. There were structures on the lower ledge also, but they were of a humbler character than those above, though doubtless also once occupied as dwellings.

The finest group of ruins in these canons,—though not the largest,—and probably the best specimen of the handiwork of the cave-dwellers in existence, is known as the White House. Its site is a cave whose floor lies about thirty feet above the bottom of the cañon, and is accessible only by rope climbing up the vertical face of a perfectly smooth precipice. The first line of structures have their fronts flush with the precipice, their position, together with their little loophole windows and irregularly castellated tops, suggesting that they were designed as the outer line of a strong fortress. Rising above this line are seen the walls of an inner and smaller structure, which, being painted white, forms a conspicuous and attractive feature in a most remarkable landscape. Above, nine hundred feet of smooth bellying rock so overhangs the place that a plumb-line from its crest would pass about seventy feet in front of the outermost wall of the old village. The cave has a lateral reach of ninety-four feet and a depth of forty feet. The ruin is called by the Navajos something which signifies “the abode of many captains.” Without doubt it was the home of authority and comparative wealth. It is the only painted cave-dwelling of which I have any knowledge. Its walls are well preserved, and those of the inner buildings bear evidence in their rude ornamentation of the superior taste of its dwellers. Dados with borders of saw-teeth and rows of dots all in yellow paint adorn the rooms, the alignment of which is better and the plastering smoother than usual. There are seventeen rooms in this cave.

Upon the cañon bottom just below the White House there stands a ruined pueblo much larger, and apparently of much earlier date, than the cave ruin.

The largest group of ruins in this vicinity, and probably the largest of its class—cave-dwellings of masonry—in the world, is that discovered by Stevenson a year before my visit. It is found near the head of Cañon del Muerto, and is known as Mummy Cave, from the fact that its discoverer found near it an undisturbed cyst from which he removed a well-preserved mummy. The southern wall of the cañon here retreats, forming a wide, shallow bay, around which, at the height of about two hundred feet from the bottom, there extends a sloping shelf which was terraced by the ancients to make the foundation of their village. The crest of the precipice extends far enough to cover the entire group, which was probably the home of more than a thousand individuals. The terrace and all that stood upon it has fallen away, and now forms part of an immense mass of debris which makes the cave more easily accessible than formerly. Only those walls remain which were founded upon the solid rock at the back of the cave, and many of these show little more than the foundation lines.

The evidence of an aristocracy or controlling class is here very striking. The cave is shaped like two unequal crescents joined end to end, and the apartments, or rather cells, of the two portions are small and of irregular form, following the conformation of the rock. At the point of junction, however, covering almost entirely the narrower shelf, there stands a rectangular tower three stories in height, the rooms of which, as well as those in its immediate neighborhood, are larger and the walls and floors much better in construction than those upon either side. The tower commands the village, as feudal towns were commanded by the castles of their lords.

This village contained several tanks, or "estufas," circular in form, and with walls of unusual strength, which were probably designed to hold a supply of water. It is impossible to discover how the ancients managed to fill them, but the water marks down the face of the precipice, above the village, suggested a way in which it may have been done. Conduits, or even ropes, stretched from the crest above to the tanks would have served the purpose in the rainy season. One of these structures, and that nearest to the tower, is unique both in form and ornamentation. It has a large rectangular recess at one side, while narrow ledges surround its interior, broken at two opposite points into steps, as if for descent from the river to the bottom. The inner coating of this apartment is of common clay, and was appar-

ently put on by the later occupants of the village. Where this has peeled off a highly ornamental earlier coating of the interior is disclosed. It was frescoed in geometrical figures of brownish-red, white, and yellow, and the workmanship is such as would not be discreditable to modern artisans. The purpose of this apartment cannot be determined with certainty. Perhaps—nay, probably—it marks the last stage of development which began with the water tank and ended in the place of worship. The modern pueblos have nothing like it.

The Navajos have occupied this region for centuries, and in fact know no other home, although their dimmest tradition hints at a migration ages ago from the far north. They apply the term "Eua-suz-y"—the enemy—both to the ruins and to their builders; but its pertinency cannot be discovered, since their traditions do not tell of wars with the ancients. On the contrary, they account for the departure of the latter by superhuman agencies. The devil, say the Navajos, carried them away, and in his flight took the roofs of the houses with him—hence their roofless condition.

Late in the afternoon, before breaking camp No. 1, Ellison and I went out half a mile from camp to look again at a group we had barely glanced at as we entered the cañon. We found it inaccessible, but while studying it with the glass from the opposite side of the cañon we accidentally discovered another and smaller group which we thought could be reached. It required nearly half an hour of hard climbing to bring us to the spot. The structure proved to be a small one, having only two apartments; but one of them was sealed, showing not so much as the smallest peep-hole. Here was a mystery which we determined to solve at once. All the other ruins, we reasoned, had been subjected to the prying curiosity of the Navajos for centuries; but this had escaped because the savages possessed no glasses, such as by a fortunate accident had revealed its existence to us. That we were on the eve of interesting discoveries we could not doubt. I seized a stone, and attacking the mud cement of the wall soon effected a small hole, and then John relieved me and enlarged the hole to the size of his head. Dank odors, as of decaying mummies and long-entombed mysteries, seemed to come out. We thrust in lighted straw, but it went out as if put into water. John enlarged the hole somewhat and cautiously thrust in his head. He waited until his eyes had adjusted themselves to the gloom, and then said in tones which sounded sepulchral to me: "I see pottery with water in it." *Mirabile*

dictu! Had not pottery with water in it been found in the tombs of ancient Egypt? I pulled him away and thrust my own head into the place. It seemed an hour before I could make out anything, but then I saw just below me a circle with a shining interior. A minute later I had traced a shape, as of a portly human body, lying upon its back, and the circle was upon its chest. There too was a round thing, as its skull, lying near its neck. Then I slowly reached in my hand. "Look out for snakes," cried Ellison, and I drew back as if I already felt their sting. Again I reached in — touched the circle; it moved; my fingers closed upon it and slowly brought it out. "Great Scott, John Ellison! Have I come two thousand miles and turned grave robber for this?" I held in my hand a wooden shell with a fine wire bottom — a common sieve such as every New England kitchen was furnished with in my youth. Had the Euasuz-y come to this, and did they bury their kitchen ware with their fat men? I reached in again and pinched the "corpse." It proved to be a bag of corn. I felt for the "skull," but it rolled away, and in so doing disclosed a curious bottle-neck. I had now become more accustomed to the gloom, and could

make out a variety of articles — hames, chains, hoes, and small ware. Enlarging the hole, I entered and made further discoveries. There were two pieces of ancient Indian pottery, and the round thing with the bottle-neck was a Pah-ute water-bottle of straw and varnish.

John came in and we soberly discussed the matter, reaching the conclusion that these were the hidden relics of some dire tragedy. Some early emigrant traveling with his family and property in a wagon had wandered hither, been murdered, and the evidence of the crime thus concealed. The theory did not quite meet the facts, for how account for the Indian pottery and the water jar? But we had done our best in its construction. The pottery and the bottle were at least curious, as ugly as anything in the National Museum at Washington, and I determined to carry them away as such. A week later a villainous-looking Navajo and his wife rode into camp a dozen miles distant and demanded pay for their property. We had robbed not the dead Euasuz-y, but the living Navajos, the place having been the "safe deposit" of an Indian family who wished to be absent from their home for a time.

F. T. Bickford.

IN DARK NEW ENGLAND DAYS.



HE last of the neighbors was going home; officious Mrs. Peter Downs had lingered late and sought for additional housework with which to prolong her stay. She had talked incessantly, and buzzed like a busy bee as she helped to put away the best crockery after the funeral supper, while the sisters Betsey and Hannah Knowles grew every moment more forbidding and unwilling to speak. They lighted a solitary small oil lamp at last as if for Sunday evening idleness, and put it on the side table in the kitchen.

"We ain't intending to make a late evening of it," announced Betsey, the elder, standing before Mrs. Downs in an expectant, final way, making an irresistible opportunity for saying good-night. "I 'm sure we 're more than oblieged to ye,—ain't we, Hannah?—but I don't feel 's if we ought to keep ye longer. We ain't going to do no more to-night, but set down a spell and kind of collect ourselves, and then make for bed."

Susan Downs offered one more plea. "I'd

stop all night with ye an' welcome; 't is gettin' late — an' dark," she added plaintively; but the sisters shook their heads quickly, and Hannah said that they might as well get used to staying alone, since they would have to do it first or last. In spite of herself Mrs. Downs was obliged to put on her funeral best bonnet and shawl and start on her homeward way.

"Close-mouthed old maids!" she grumbled as the door shut behind her all too soon and denied her the light of the lamp along the footpath. Suddenly there was a bright ray from the window, as if some one had pushed back the curtain and stood with the lamp close to the sash. "That 's Hannah," said the retreating guest. "She 'd told me somethin' about things, I know, if it had n't 'a' been for Betsey. Catch me workin' myself to pieces again for 'em." But, however grudgingly this was said, Mrs. Downs's conscience told her that the industry of the past two days had been somewhat selfish on her part; she had hoped that in the excitement of this unexpected funeral season she might for once be taken into the sisters' confidence. More than this, she knew that they were certain of her motive, and had

deliberately refused the expected satisfaction. "T ain't as if I was one o' them curious busy-bodies anyway," she said to herself pityingly; "they might 'a' neighbored with somebody for once, I do believe." Everybody would have a question ready for her the next day, for it was known that she had been slaving herself devotedly since the news had come of old Captain Knowles's sudden death in his bed from a stroke, the last of three which had in the course of a year or two changed him from a strong old man to a feeble, chair-bound cripple.

Mrs. Downs stepped bravely along the dark country road; she could see a light in her own kitchen window half a mile away, and did not stop to notice either the penetrating dampness or the shadowy woods at her right. It was a cloudy night, but there was a dim light over the open fields. She had a disposition of mind towards the exciting circumstances of death and burial, and was in request at such times among her neighbors; in this she was like a city person who prefers tragedy to comedy, but not having the semblance within her reach, she made the most of looking on at real griefs and departures.

Some one was walking towards her in the road; suddenly she heard footsteps. The figure stopped, then came forward again.

"Oh, 't is you, ain't it?" with a tone of disappointment. "I cal'lated you 'd stop all night, 't had got to be so late, an' I was just going over to the Knowles gals'; well, to kind o' ask how they be, an'—" Mr. Peter Downs was evidently counting on his visit.

"They never passed me the compliment," replied the wife. "I declare I did n't covet the walk home; I 'm 'most beat out, bein' on foot so much. I was 'most put out with 'em for lettin' of me see quite so plain that my room was better than my company. But I don' know 's I blame 'em; they want to look an' see what they 've got, an' kind of git by their selves, I expect. 'T was natural."

Mrs. Downs knew that her husband would resent her first statements, being a sensitive and grumbling man. She had formed a pacific habit of suiting her remarks to his point of view to save an outburst. He contented himself with calling the Knowles girls hoggish, and put a direct question as to whether they had let fall any words about their situation, but Martha Downs was obliged to answer in the negative.

"Was Enoch Holt there after the folks come back from the grave?"

"He wa' n't; they never give him no encouragement neither."

"He appeared well, I must say," continued Peter Downs. "He took his place next but one

behind us in the procession, 'long of Melinda Dutch, an' walked to an' from with her, give her his arm, and then I never see him after we got back; but I thought he might be somewhere in the house, an' I was out about the barn an' so on."

"They was civil to him. I was by when he come, just steppin' out of the bedroom after we'd finished layin' the old Cap'n into his coffin. Hannah looked real pleased when she see Enoch, as if she had n't really expected him, but Betsey stuck out her hand 's if 't was an' end o' board, an' drawed her face solemnner 'n ever. There, they had natural feelin's. He was their own father when all was said, the Cap'n was, an' I don't know but he was clever to 'em in his way, 'cepin' when he disappointed Hannah about her marryin' Jake Good'in. She l'arned to respect the old Cap'n's foresight, too."

"Sakes alive, Marthy, how you do knock folks down with one hand an' set 'em up with t' other," chuckled Mr. Downs. They next discussed the Captain's appearance as he lay in state in the front room, a subject which, with its endless ramifications, would keep the whole neighborhood interested for weeks to come.

An hour later the twinkling light in the Downs house suddenly disappeared. As Martha Downs took a last look out of doors through her bedroom window she could see no other light; the neighbors had all gone to bed. It was a little past nine, and the night was damp and still.

II.

THE Captain Knowles place was eastward from the Downs', and a short turn in the road and the piece of hard-wood growth hid one house from the other. At this unwontedly late hour the elderly sisters were still sitting in their warm kitchen; there were bright coals under the singing tea-kettle which hung from the crane by three or four long pothooks. Betsey Knowles objected when her sister offered to put on more wood.

"Father never liked to leave no great of a fire, even though he slept right here in the bedroom. He said this floor was one that would light an' catch easy, you r'member."

"Another winter we can move down and take the bedroom ourselves—'t will be warmer for us," suggested Hannah; but Betsey shook her head doubtfully. The thought of their old father's grave, unwatched and undefended in the outermost dark field, filled their hearts with a strange tenderness. They had been his dutiful, patient slaves, and it seemed like disloyalty to have abandoned the poor shape, to be sitting there disregarding the thousand re-

quirements and services of the past. More than all, they were facing a free future ; they were their own mistresses at last, though past sixty years of age. Hannah was still a child at heart. She chased away a dread suspicion, when Betsey forbade the wood, lest this elder sister, who favored their father's looks, might take his place as stern ruler of the household.

"Betsey," said the younger sister suddenly, "we'll have us a cook stove, won't we, next winter ? I expect we're going to have something to do with ?"

Betsey did not answer ; it was impossible to say whether she truly felt grief or only assumed it. She had been sober and silent for the most part since she routed neighbor Downs, though she answered her sister's prattling questions with patience and sympathy. Now she rose from her chair and went to one of the windows, and, pushing back the sash curtain, pulled the wooden shutter across and hasped it. ✓

"I ain't going to bed just yet," she explained. "I've been a-waiting to make sure nobody was coming in. I don't know's there'll be any better time to look in the chest and see what we've got to depend on. We never'll get no chance to do it by day."

Hannah looked frightened for a moment, then nodded, and turned to the opposite window and pulled that shutter with much difficulty ; it had always caught and hitched and been provoking — a warped piece of red oak, when even-grained white pine would have saved strength and patience to three generations of the Knowles race. Then the sisters crossed the kitchen and opened the bedroom door. Hannah shivered a little as the colder air struck her, and her heart beat loudly. Perhaps it was the same with Betsey.

The bedroom was clean and orderly for the funeral guests. Instead of the blue homespun there was a beautifully quilted white coverlet which had been part of their mother's wedding furnishing, and this made the bedstead with its four low posts look unfamiliar and awesome. The lamplight shone through the kitchen door behind them, not very bright at best, but Betsey reached under the bed, and with all the strength she could muster pulled out the end of a great sea chest. The sisters tugged together and pushed, and made the most of their strength before they finally brought it through the narrow door into the kitchen. The solemnity of the deed made them both whisper as they talked, and Hannah did not dare say what was in her timid heart — that she would rather brave discovery by daylight than such a feeling of being disapprovingly watched now in the dead of night. There came a slight sound outside the house which

made her look anxiously at Betsey, but Betsey remained tranquil.

"It's nothing but a stick falling down the woodpile," she answered in a contemptuous whisper, and the younger woman was reassured.

Betsey reached deep into her pocket and found a great key which was worn smooth and bright like silver, and never had been trusted willingly into even her own safe hands. Hannah held the lamp, and the two thin figures bent eagerly over the lid as it opened. Their shadows were waving about the low walls, and looked like strange shapes bowing and dancing behind them.

The chest was stoutly timbered, as if it was built in some ship-yard, and there were heavy wrought-iron hinges and a large escutcheon for the keyhole that the ship's blacksmith might have hammered out. On the top somebody had scratched deeply the crossed lines for a game of fox and geese, and this had a trivial, irreverent look, and might have been the unforgiven fault of some idle ship's boy. The sisters had hardly dared look at the chest or to signify their knowledge of its existence at unwary times. They had swept carefully about it year after year, and wondered if it was indeed full of gold as the neighbors used to hint ; but no matter how much found a way in, little had found the way out. They had been hampered all their lives for money, and in consequence had developed a wonderful facility for spinning and weaving, mending and making. Their small farm was an early example of intensive farming ; they were allowed to use its products in a niggardly way, but the money that was paid for wool, for hay, for wood, and for summer crops had all gone into the chest. The old captain was a hard master ; he rarely commended and often blamed. Hannah trembled before him, but Betsey faced him sturdily, being amazingly like him, with a feminine difference ; as like as a ruled person can be to a ruler, for the discipline of life had taught the man to aggress, the woman only to defend. In the chest was a fabled sum of prize-money, besides these slender earnings of many years ; all the sisters' hard work and self-sacrifice were there in money and a mysterious largess besides. All their lives they had been looking forward to this hour of ownership.

There was a solemn hush in the house ; the two sisters were safe from their neighbors, and there was no fear of interruption at such an hour in that hard-working community, tired with a day's work that had been early begun. If any one came knocking at the door, both door and windows were securely fastened.

The eager sisters bent above the chest, they held their breath and talked in softest whis-

pers. With stealthy tread a man came out of the woods near by.

He stopped to listen, came nearer, stopped again, and then crept close to the old house. He stepped up on the banking, next the window with the warped shutter; there was a knothole in it high above the women's heads, towards the top. As they leaned over the chest an eager eye watched them. If they had turned that way suspiciously the eye might have caught the flicker of the lamp and betrayed itself. No, they were too busy: the eye at the shutter watched and watched.

There was a certain feeling of relief in the sisters' minds because the contents of the chest were so commonplace at first sight. There were some old belongings dating back to their father's early days of seafaring. They unfolded a waistcoat pattern or two of figured stuff which they had seen him fold and put away again and again. Once he had given Betsey a gay China silk handkerchief, and here were two more like it. They had not known what a store of treasures might be waiting for them, but the reality so far was disappointing; there was much spare room to begin with, and the wares within looked pinched and few. There were bundles of papers, old receipts, some letters in two not very thick bundles, some old account books with worn edges, and a blackened silver can which looked very small in comparison with their anticipation, being an heirloom and jealously hoarded and secreted by the old man. The women began to feel as if his lean, angry figure were bending with them over the sea chest.

They opened a package done up in many layers of old soft paper—a worked piece of Indian muslin, and an embroidered scarf which they had never seen before. "He must have brought them home to mother," said Betsey with a great outburst of feeling. "He never was the same man again; he never would let nobody else have them when he found she was dead, poor old father!"

Hannah looked wistfully at the treasures. She rebuked herself for selfishness, but she thought of her pinched girlhood and the delight these things would have been. Ah yes! it was too late now for many things besides the sprigged muslin. "If I was young as I was once there's lots o' things I'd like to do now I'm free," said Hannah with a gentle sigh; but her sister checked her anxiously—it was fitting that they should preserve a semblance of mourning even to themselves.

The lamp stood in a kitchen chair at the chest's end and shone full across their faces. Betsey looked intent and sober as she turned over the old man's treasures. Under the India mull was an antique pair of buff trousers, a

waistcoat of strange old-fashioned foreign stuff, and a blue coat with brass buttons, brought home from over seas, as the women knew, for their father's wedding clothes. They had seen him carry them out at long intervals to hang them in the spring sunshine; he had been very feeble the last time, and Hannah remembered that she had longed to take them from his shaking hands.

"I declare for 't I wish 't we had laid him out in 'em, 'stead o' the robe," she whispered; but Betsey made no answer. She was kneeling still, but held herself upright and looked away. It was evident that she was lost in her own thoughts.

"I can't find nothing else by eyesight," she muttered. "This chest never 'd be so heavy with them old clothes. Stop! Hold that light down, Hannah; there's a place underneath here. Them papers in the till takes a shallow part. Oh, my gracious! See here, will ye? Hold the light, hold the light!"

There was a hidden drawer in the chest's side—a long, deep place, and it was full of gold pieces. Hannah had seated herself in the chair to be out of her sister's way. She held the lamp with one hand and gathered her apron on her lap with the other, while Betsey, exultant and hawk-eyed, took out handful after handful of heavy coins, letting them jingle and chink, letting them shine in the lamp's rays, letting them roll across the floor—guineas, dollars, doubloons, old French and Spanish and English gold!

Now, now! Look! The eye at the window!

At last they have found it all; the bag of silver, the great roll of bank bills, and the heavy weight of gold—the prize-money that had been like Robinson Crusoe's in the cave. They were rich women that night; their faces grew young again as they sat side by side and exulted while the old kitchen grew cold. There was nothing they might not do within the range of their timid ambitions; they were women of fortune now and their own mistresses. They were beginning at last to live.

The watcher outside was cramped and chilled. He let himself down softly from the high step of the winter banking and crept towards the barn, where he might bury himself in the hay and think. His fingers were quick to find the peg that opened the little barn door; the beasts within were startled and stumbled to their feet, then went back to their slumbers. The night wore on; the light spring rain began to fall, and the sound of it on the house roof close down upon the sisters' bed lulled them quickly to sleep. Twelve, one, two o'clock passed by.

They had put back the money and the clothes and the minor goods and treasures

and pulled the chest back into the bedroom so that it was out of sight from the kitchen; the bedroom door was always shut by day. The younger sister wished to carry the money to their own room, but Betsey disdained such precaution. The money had always been safe in the old chest, and there it should stay. The next week they would go to Riverport and put it into the bank; it was no use to lose the interest any longer. Because their father had lost some invested money in his early youth it did not follow that every bank was faithless. Betsey's self-assertion was amazing, but they still whispered to each other as they got ready for bed. With strange forgetfulness Betsey had laid the chest key on the white coverlet in the bedroom and left it there.

III.

In August of that year the whole country side turned out to go to court.

The sisters had been rich for one night; in the morning they waked to find themselves poor with a bitter pang of poverty of which they had never dreamed. They had said little, but they grew suddenly pinched and old. They could not tell how much money they had lost, except that Hannah's lap was full of gold, a weight she could not lift nor carry. After a few days of stolid misery they had gone to the chief lawyer of their neighborhood to accuse Enoch Holt of the robbery. They dressed in their best and walked solemnly side by side across the fields and along the road, the shortest way to the man of law. Enoch Holt's daughter saw them go as she stood in her doorway and felt a cold shiver run through her frame as if in foreboding. Her father was not at home; he had left for Boston late on the afternoon of Captain Knowles's funeral. He had had notice the day before of the coming in of a ship in which he owned a thirty-second; there was talk of selling the ship, and the owners' agent had summoned him. He had taken pains to go to the funeral because he and the old captain had been on bad terms ever since they had bought a piece of woodland together and the captain declared himself wronged at the settling of accounts. He was growing feeble even then, and had left the business to the younger man. Enoch Holt was not a trusted man, yet he had never before been openly accused of dishonesty. He was not a professor of religion, but foremost on the secular side of church matters. Most of the men in that region were hard men; it was difficult to get money, and there was little real comfort in a community where the sterner, stingier, forbidding side of New England life was well exemplified.

The proper steps had been taken by the officers of the law, and in answer to the writ Enoch Holt appeared, much shocked and very indignant, and was released on bail which covered the sum his shipping interest had brought him. The weeks had dragged by, June and July were long in passing, and here was court day at last, and all the townsfolk hastening by high-roads and by-roads to the court-house. The Knowles girls themselves had risen at break of day and walked the distance steadfastly, like two of the three Fates: who would make the third, to cut the thread for their enemy's disaster? Public opinion was divided. There were many voices ready to speak on the accused man's side; a sharp-looking acquaintance left his business in Boston to swear that Holt was in his office before noon on the day following the robbery, and that he had spent most of the night in Boston, as proved by several minor details of their interview. As for Holt's young married daughter, she was a favorite with the townsfolk, and her husband was away at sea overdue these last few weeks. She sat on one of the hard court benches with a young child in her arms, born since its father sailed; they had been more or less unlucky, the Holt family, though Enoch himself was a man of brag and bluster.

All the hot August morning until the noon recess, and all the hot August afternoon, fly teased and wretched with the heavy air, the crowd of neighbors listened to the trial. There was not much evidence brought; everybody knew that Enoch Holt left the funeral procession hurriedly and went away on horseback towards Boston. His daughter knew no more than this. The Boston man gave his testimony impatiently, and one or two persons insisted that they saw the accused on his way at nightfall several miles from home.

As the testimony came out it all tended to prove his innocence, though public opinion was to the contrary. The Knowles sisters looked more stern and gray hour by hour; their vengeance was not to be satisfied; their accusation had been listened to and found wanting, but their instinctive knowledge of the matter counted for nothing. They must have been watched through the knothole of the shutter; nobody had noticed it until some years before Enoch Holt himself had spoken of the light's shining through on a winter's night as he came towards the house. The chief proof was that nobody else could have done the deed. But why linger over pros and cons? The jury returned directly with a verdict of "not proven," and the tired audience left the court-house.

But not until Hannah Knowles with angry eyes had risen to her feet.

The sterner elder sister tried to pull her back; every one said that they should have looked to Betsey to say the awful words that followed, not to her gentler companion. It was Hannah, broken and disappointed, who cried in a strange high voice as Enoch Holt was passing by without a look:

"You stole it, you thief! You know it in your heart!"

The startled man faltered, then he faced the women. The people who stood near seemed made of eyes as they stared to see what he would say.

"I swear by my right hand I never touched it."

"Curse your right hand then!" cried Hannah Knowles, growing tall and thin like a white flame drawing upward. "Curse your right hand, yours and all your folks' that follow you! May I live to see the day!"

The people drew back while for a moment accused and accuser stood face to face. Then Holt's flushed face turned white, and he shrank from the fire in those wild eyes, and walked away clumsily down the court-room. Nobody followed him, nobody shook hands with him or told the acquitted man that they were glad of his release. Half an hour later Betsey and Hannah Knowles took their homeward way, to begin their hard round of work again. The horizon that had widened with such glory for one night had closed round them again like an iron wall.

Betsey was alarmed and excited by her sister's uncharacteristic behavior, and she looked at her anxiously from time to time. Hannah had become the harder-faced of the two. Her disappointment was the keener, for she had kept more of the unsatisfied desires of her girlhood until that dreary morning when they found the sea chest rifled and the treasure gone.

Betsey said inconsequently that it was a pity she did not have that black silk gown that would stand alone. They had planned for it over the open chest, and Hannah's was to be a handsome green. They might have worn them to court. But even the pathetic facetiousness of her elder sister did not bring a smile to Hannah Knowles's face, and the next day one was at the loom and the other at the wheel again. The neighbors talked about the curse with horror; in their minds a fabric of sad fate was spun from the bitter words.

The Knowles sisters never had worn silk gowns and they never would. Sometimes Hannah or Betsey would stealthily look over the chest in one or the other's absence. One day when Betsey was very old and her mind had grown feeble she tied her own India silk handkerchief about her neck, but they never used the other two. They aired the wedding suit once

every spring as long as they lived. They were both too old and forlorn to make up the India mull. Nobody knows how many times they took everything out of the heavy old clamped box and peered into every nook and corner to see if there was not a single gold piece left. They never answered any one who made bold to speak of their misfortune.

IV.

ENOCH HOLT had been a seafaring man in his early days, and there was news that the owners of a Salem ship in which he held a small interest wished him to go out as supercargo. He was brisk and well in health, and his son-in-law, an honest but an unlucky fellow, had done less well than usual, so that nobody was surprised when Enoch made ready for his voyage. It was nearly a year after the theft, and nothing had come so near to restoring him to public favor as his apparent lack of ready money. He openly said that he put great hope in his adventure to the Spice Islands, and when he said farewell one Sunday to some members of the dispersing congregation more than one person wished him heartily a pleasant voyage and safe return. He had an insinuating tone of voice and an imploring look that day, and this fact, with his probable long absence and the dangers of the deep, won him much sympathy. It is a shameful thing to accuse a man wrongfully, and Enoch Holt had behaved well since the trial; and, what is more, had shown no accession to his means of living. So away he went with a fair amount of good wishes, though one or two persons assured remonstrating listeners that they thought it likely Enoch would make a good voyage, better than common, and show himself forwarded when he came to port. Soon after his departure Mrs. Peter Downs and an intimate acquaintance discussed the ever-exciting subject of the Knowles robbery over a friendly cup of tea.

They were in the Downs kitchen and quite by themselves. Peter Downs himself had been drawn as a juror, and had been for two days at the county town. Mrs. Downs was giving herself to social interests in his absence, and Mrs. Forder, an asthmatic but very companionable person, had arrived by two o'clock that afternoon with her knitting work, sure of being welcome. The two old friends had first talked over varied subjects of immediate concern, but when supper was nearly finished they fell back upon the lost Knowles gold, as has been already said.

"They got a dreadful blow, poor gals," wheezed Mrs. Forder with compassion. "It was harder for them than for most folks;

they'd had a long stent with the ol' gentle-*V*man; very arbitrary, very arbitrary."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Downs, pushing back her tea-cup, then lifting it again to see if it was quite empty. "Yes, it took holt o' Hannah the most. I should 'a' said Betsey was a good deal the most set in her ways an' would 'a' been most tore up, but 't wa' n't so."

"Lucky that Holt's folks sets on the other aisle in the meetin' house, I do consider, so 't they need n't face each other sure as Sabbath comes round."

"I see Hannah an' him come face to face two Sabbaths afore Enoch left. So happened he dallied to have a word 'long o' Deacon Good'in, an' him an' Hannah stepped front of each other 'fore they knowed what they's about. I sh'd thought her eyes'd looked right through him. No one of 'em took the word; Enoch he slinked off pretty quick."

"I see 'em too," said Mrs. Forder; "made my blood run cold."

"Nothin' ain't come of the curse yit,"—Mrs. Downs lowered the tone of her voice,—"least, folks says so. It kind o' worries pore Phoebe Holt—Miss Dow, I would say. She was narved all up at the time o' the trial, an' when her next baby come into the world first thin' she made out t' ask me was whether it seemed likely, an' she gived me a pleadin' look as if I'd got to tell her what she had n't heart to ask. 'Yes, dear,' says I, 'put up his little hands to me kind of wonted'; an' she turned a look on me like another creatur', so pleased an' contented."

"I s'pose you don't see no great of the *V*Knowles gals?" inquired Mrs. Forder, who lived two miles away in the other direction.

"They stepped to the door yesterdays when I was passin' by, an' I went in an' set a spell long of 'em," replied the hostess. "They'd got pestered with that ol' loom o' theirm. 'Fore I thought, says I, 'T is all worn out, Betsey,' says I; 'why on airth don't ye git somebody to git some o' your own wood an' season it well so 't won't warp, same 's mine done, an' build ye a new one?' But Betsey muttered an'twitched away; 't wa'n't like her, but they're dis'p'nted at every turn, I s'pose, an' feel poor where they've got the same 's ever to do with. Hannah's a-coughin' this spring 's if somethin' ailed her. I asked her if she had bad feelin's in her pipes, an' she said yis, she had, but not to speak of 't before Betsey. I'm goin' to fix her up some hoarhound an' elecampane quick 's the ground's nice an' warm an' roots livens up a grain more. They're limp an' wizened 'long to the fust of the spring. Them would be service'ble, simmered away to a syrup 'long o' molasses; now don't you think so, Miss Forder?"

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OFFICIOUS MRS. DOWNS.

"Excellent," replied the wheezing dame. "I covet a portion myself, now you speak. Nothin' cures my complaint, but a new remedy takes holt clever sometimes, an' eases me for a spell." And she gave a plaintive sigh, and began to knit again.

Mrs. Downs rose and pushed the supper table to the wall and drew her chair nearer to the stove. The April nights were chilly.

"The folks is late comin' after me," said Mrs. Forder, ostentatiously. "I may's well confess that I told 'em if they was late with the work they might let go o' fetchin' o' me an' I'd walk home in the mornin'; take it easy when I was fresh. Course I mean ef 't would n't put you out: I knowed you was all alone, an' I kind o' wanted a change."

"Them words was in my mind to utter while we was to table," avowed Mrs. Downs, hospitably. "I ain't reellyafeared, but 't is sort o' creepy fastenin' up an' goin' to bed alone. Nobody can't help hearkin', an' every common noise starts you. I never used to give nothin' a thought till the Knowleses was robbed, though."

"'T was mysterious, I do maintain," acknowledged Mrs. Forder. "Comes over me

sometimes p'raps 't was n't Enoch; he 'd 'a' branched out more in course o' time. I 'm waitin' to see if he does extr'y well to sea 'fore I let my mind come to bear on his bein' clean-handed."

"Plenty thought 't was the ole Cap'n come back for it an' sperited it away. Enough said that 't was n't no honest gains; most on 't was

"an' he said cussin' was common there. I mean sober spitin' with a cuss. He seen one o' them black folks git a gredge against another an' go an' set down an' look stiddy at him in his hut an' cuss him in his mind an' set there an' watch, watch, until the other kind o' took sick an' died, all in a fortnight, I believe he said; 't would make your blood run cold to hear gran'ther describe it, 't would so. He never done nothin' but set an' look, an' folks would give him somethin' to eat now an' then, as if they thought 't was all right, an' the other one 'd try to go an' come, an' at last he hived away altogether an' died. I don't know what you 'd call it that ailed him. There 's suthin' in cussin' that 's bad for folks, now I tell ye, Miss Downs."

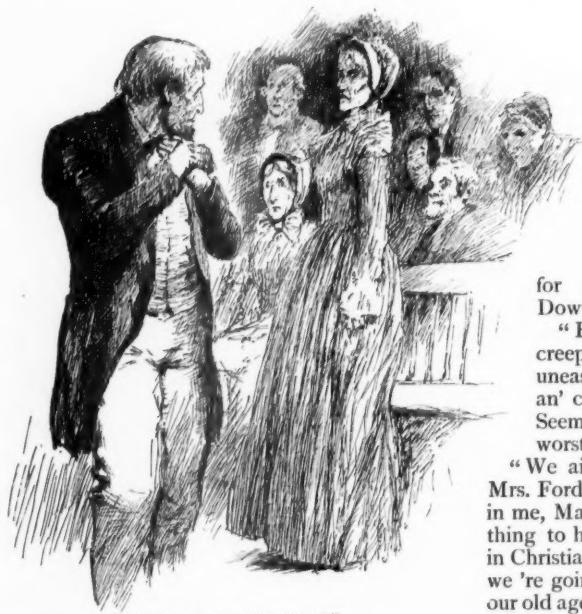
"Hannah's eyes always makes me creepy now," Mrs. Downs confessed uneasily. "They don't look pleadin' an' childish same 's they used to. Seems to me as if she 'd had the worst on 't."

"We ain't seen the end on 't yet," said Mrs. Forder, impressively. "I feel it within me, Marthy Downs, an' it 's a terrible thing to have happened right amon'st us in Christian times. If we live long enough we're goin' to have plenty to talk over in our old age that's come o' that cuss. Some seed 's shy o' sproutin' till a spring when the s'ile 's just right to breed it."

"There's lobeeby now," agreed Mrs. Downs, pleased to descend from prosaic and familiar levels. "They ain't a good crop one year in six, and then you find it in a place where you never observed none to grow afore, like 's not; ain't it so, reelly?" And she rose to clear the table, pleased with the certainty of a guest that night. Their conversation was not reassuring to the heart of a timid woman alone in an isolated farm-house on a dark spring evening, especially so near the anniversary of old Captain Knowles's death.

v.

LATER in these rural lives by many years two aged women were crossing a wide field together, following a foot-path such as one often finds between widely separated homes of the New England country. Along these lightly traced thoroughfares the children go to play, and lovers to plead, and older people to companion one another in work and pleas-



"YOU STOLE IT, YOU THIEF!"

prize-money o' slave ships, an' all kinds o' devil's gold was mixed in. I s'pose you 've heard that said?"

"Time an' again," responded Mrs. Forder; "an' the worst on 't was simple ole Pappy Flanders went an'told the Knowles gals themselves that folks thought the ole Cap'n come back an' got it, and Hannah done wrong to cuss Enoch Holt an' his generations after him the way she done."

"I think it took holt on her ter'ble after all she 'd gone through," said Mrs. Downs, passionately. "He ain't near so simple as he is ugly, Pappy Flanders ain't. I 've seen him set here an' read the paper sober 's anybody when I 've been goin' about my mornin's work in the shed-room, an' when I 'd come in to look about he 'd twist it with his hands an' roll his eyes an' begin to git off some o' his gabble. I think them wanderin' cheap-wits likes the fun on 't an' 'scapes stiddy work, an' gits the rovin' habit so fixed it sp'iles 'em."

"My gran'ther was to the South Seas in his young days," related Mrs. Forder, impressively,

ure, in sickness and sorrow; generation after generation comes and goes again by these country by-ways.

The foot-path led from Mrs. Forder's to another farm-house half a mile beyond, where there had been a wedding. Mrs. Downs was there, and in the June weather she had been easily persuaded to go home to tea with Mrs. Forder with the promise of being driven home later in the evening. Mrs. Downs's husband had been dead three years, and her friend's large family was scattered from the old nest; they were lonely at times in their later years, these old friends, and found it very pleasant now to have a walk together. Thin little Mrs. Forder, with all her wheezing, was the stronger and more active of the two; Mrs. Downs had grown heavier and weaker with advancing years.

They paced along the foot-path slowly, Mrs. Downs rolling in her gait like a sailor, and availing herself of every pretext to stop and look at herbs in the pasture ground they crossed, and at the growing grass in the mowing fields. They discussed the wedding minutely, and then where the way grew wider they walked side by side instead of following each other, and their voices sank to the low tone that betokens confidence.

"You don't say that you really put faith in all them old stories?"

"It ain't accident altogether, noways you can fix it in your mind," maintained Mrs. Downs. "Need n't tell me that cussin' don't do neither good nor harm. I should n't want to marry amon't the Holts if I was young ag'in! I r'member when this young man was born that 's married to-day, an' the fust thing his poor mother wanted to know was about his hands bein' right. I said yes they was, but las' year he was twenty year old and come home from the frontier with one o' them hands — his right one — shot off in a fight. They say 't happened to sights o' other fellows, an' their laigs gone too, but I count 'em over on my fingers, them Holts, an' he 's the third. May say that 't was all an accident his mother's gittin' thrown out o' her waggin comin' home from meetin', an' her wrist not bein' set good, an' she, bein' run down at the time, 'most lost it altogether, but that' it is stiffened up an' no good to her. There was the second. An' Enoch Holt hisself come home from the Chiny seas, made a good passage an' a sight o' money in the pepper trade, jest's we expected, an' goin' to build him a new house, an' the frame gives a kind o' lurch when they was raisin' of it an' surges over on to him an' nips him under. 'Which arm?' says everybody along the road when they was comin' an' goin' with the doctor. 'Right one — got to lose it,'

says the doctor to 'em, an' next time Enoch Holt got out to meetin' he stood up in the house o' God with the hymn-book in his left hand, an' no right hand to turn his leaf with. He knew what we was all a-thinkin'."

"Well," said Mrs. Forder, very short-breathed with climbing the long slope of the pasture hill, "I don't know but I'd as soon be them as the Knowles gals. Hannah never known no peace again after she spoke them words in the co't-house. They come back an' harnted her, an' you know, Miss Downs, better 'n I do, being door-neighbors as one may say, how they lived their lives out like wild beasts into a lair."

"They used to go out some by night to git the air," pursued Mrs. Downs with interest.



OLD PAPPY FLANDERS.

"I used to open the door an' step right in, an' I used to take their yarn an' stuff 'long o' mine an' sell 'em, an' do for the poor stray creatur's long 's they 'd let me. They 'd be grateful for a mess o' early pease or potatoes as ever you see, an' Peter he allays favored 'em with pork, fresh an' salt, when we slaugh-

tered. The old Cap'n kept 'em child'n long as he lived, an' then they was too old to l'arn different. I allays liked Hannah the best till that change struck her. Betsey she held out to the last jest about the same. I don't know, now I come to think of it, but what she felt it the most o' the two."

"They'd never let me s'much as git a look at 'em," complained Mrs. Forder. "Folks got awful stories a-goin' one time. I've heard it said, an' it allays creeped me cold all over, that there was somethin' come an' lived with 'em—a kind o' black shadder, a cobweb kind

nonsense?—But there, I've asked ye times enough before."

"They'd got shadders enough, poor creature's," said Mrs. Downs with reserve. "Was n't no kind o' need to make 'em up no spooks, as I know on. Well, here's these young folks a-startin'; I wish 'em well, I'm sure. She likes him with his one hand better than most gals likes them as has a good sound pair. They looked prime happy; I hope no curse won't foller 'em."

The friends stopped again—poor, short-winded bodies—on the crest of the low hill and turned to look at the wide landscape, bewildered by the marvelous beauty and the sudden flood of golden sunset light that poured out of the western sky. They could not remember that they had ever observed the wide view before; it was like a revelation or an outlook towards the celestial country, the sight of their own green farms and the country-side that bounded them. It was a pleasant country indeed, their own New England: their petty thoughts and vain imaginings seemed futile and unrelated to so fair a scene of things. But the figure of a man who was crossing the meadow below looked like a malicious black insect. It was an old man, it was Enoch Holt; time had worn and bent him enough to have satisfied his bitterest foe. The women could see his empty coat-sleeve flutter as he walked slowly and unexpectedly in that glorious evening light.

Sarah Orne Jewett.



o' a man-shape that followed 'em about the house an' made a third to them; but they got hardened to it theirselves, only they was afraid 't would follow if they went anywheres from home. You don't believe no such a piece o'



THE EMPTY HOUR.

IT held for me naught of power:
"Time lost!" was the world's decree;
And yet, 't is that empty hour
Has filled my life for me.

Julie M. Lippmann.

WOMAN IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
That says my hand a needle better fits.

Men can do best, and women know it well ;
Préeminence in each and all is yours,
Yet grant some small acknowledgment of ours.

—Anne Bradstreet, 1640.

Let us be wise, and not impede the soul. Let her work as she will. Let us have one creative energy, one incessant revelation. Let it take what form it will, and let us not bind it by the past to man or woman.—Margaret Fuller, 1844.



T is difficult to disengage a single thread from the living web of a nation's literature. The interplay of influences is such that the product spun from the heart and brain of woman alone must, when thus disengaged, lose something of its significance. In criticism a classification based upon sex is necessarily misleading and inexact. As far as difference between the literary work of women and that of men is created by difference of environment and training it may be regarded as accidental; while the really essential difference, resulting from the general law that the work of woman shall somehow subtly express womanhood, not only varies widely in degree with the individual worker, but is, in certain lines of production, almost ungraspable by criticism. We cannot rear walls which shall separate literature into departments, upon a principle elusive as the air. "It is no more the order of nature that the especially feminine element should be incarnated pure in any form, than that the masculine energy should exist unmixed with it in any form." The experiment which, Lowell tells us, Nature tried in shaping the genius of Hawthorne, she repeats and reverses at will.

In practice the evil effects which have followed the separate consideration of woman's work in literature are sufficiently plain. The debasement of the coin of criticism is a fatal measure. The dearest foe of the woman artist in the past has been the suave and chivalrous critic, who, judging all "female writers" by a special standard, has easily bestowed the unearned wreath.

The present paper is grounded, it will be seen, upon no preference for the Shaker-meeting arrangement which prevailed so long in

our American temple of the Muses. It has seemed desirable, in a historical review of the work of women in this country, to follow the course of their effort in the field of literature; to note the occasional impediments of the stream, its sudden accessions of force, its general tendency, and its gradual widening.

The colonial period has, of course, little to give us. The professional literary woman was then unknown. The verses of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, called in flattery "the tenth Muse," were "the fruit but of some few hours curtailed from her sleep and other refreshments." The negro girl Phillis Wheatley, whose poetical efforts had been published under aristocratic patronage in England, when robbed of her mistress by death "resorted to marriage"—not to literature—"as the only alternative of destitution." Mrs. Mercy Warren was never obliged to seek support from that sharp-pointed pen which copied so cleverly the satiric style of Pope, and which has left voluminous records of the Revolution. She too wrote her tragedies "for amusement, in the solitary hours when her friends were abroad."

Miss Hannah Adams, born in Massachusetts in 1755, may be accepted as the first American woman who made literature her profession. Her appearance as a pioneer in this country corresponds closely in time with that of Mary Wollstonecraft in England. She wrote, at seventy-seven, the story of her life. Her account sets forth clearly the difficulties which in her youth had to be dealt with by a woman seriously undertaking authorship. Ill health, which forbade her attending school, was an individual disadvantage; but she remarks incidentally on the defectiveness of the country school, where girls learned only to write and cipher, and were in summer "instructed by females in reading, sewing, and other kinds of work. . . . I remember that my first idea of the happiness of heaven was of a place where we should find our thirst for knowledge fully gratified." How pathetically the old woman recalls the longing of the eager girl! All her life she labored against odds; learning, however, the rudiments of Latin, Greek, geography, and logic, "with indescribable pleasure and avidity," from some gentlemen boarding at her father's house. Becoming interested in religious controversy, she formed the plan of compiling a "View of Religions"; not at first hoping to derive what she calls "emolument" from the work. To win bread

she relied at this time upon spinning, sewing, or knitting, and, during the Revolutionary war, on the weaving of bobbin lace; afterwards falling back on her scant classical resources to teach young gentlemen Latin and Greek. Meanwhile the compilation went on. "Reading much religious controversy," observes Miss Adams, "must be extremely trying to a female, whose mind, instead of being strengthened by those studies which exercise the judgment and give stability to the character, is debilitated by reading romances and novels." This sense of disadvantage, of the meekly accepted burden of sex, pervades the autobiography; it seems the story of a patient cripple. When the long task was done her inexperience made her the dupe of a dishonest printer; and, although the book sold well, her only compensation was fifty copies, for which she was obliged herself to find purchasers, having previously procured four hundred subscribers. Fortunately she had the copyright; and before the publication of a second edition she chanced to make the acquaintance of a clerical good Samaritan, who transacted the business for her. The "emolument" derived from this second edition at last enabled her to pay her debts, and to put out a small sum upon interest. Her "History of New England," in the preparation of which her eyesight was nearly sacrificed, met with a good sale; but an abridgment of it brought her nothing, on account of the failure of the printer. She sold the copyright of her "Evidences of Christianity" for one hundred dollars in books.

This, then, is our starting-point — evident character and ability, at a disadvantage both in production and in the disposal of the product; imperfect educational equipment; and a hopeless consciousness of inferiority, amounting almost to an inability to stand upright mentally.

Susanna Rowson, who wrote the popular "Charlotte Temple," may be classed as an American novelist, though not born in this country. She appears also as a writer of patriotic songs, an actress, a teacher, and the compiler of a dictionary and other school-books. "The Coquette; or, the History of Eliza Wharton," by Hannah Webster Foster, was another prime favorite among the formal novels of the day.

Kind Miss Hannah Adams, in her old age, chanced to praise a certain metrical effort, unpromisingly labeled "Jephthah's Rash Vow," put forth by a girl of sixteen, Miss Caroline Howard. Here occurs an indicative touch. "When I learned," says this commended Miss Caroline, "that my verses had been surreptitiously printed in a newspaper, I wept bitterly, and was as alarmed as if I had been detected in man's apparel." Such was the feeling with

which the singing-robés were donned by a maiden in 1810 — a state of affairs soon to be replaced by a general fashion of feminine singing-robés of rather cheap material. During the second quarter of the present century conditions somewhat improved, and production greatly increased. "There was a wide manifestation of that which bears to pure idealism an inferior relationship," writes Mr. Stedman of the general body of our literature at this period. In 1848 Dr. Griswold reports that "women among us are taking a leading part"; that "the proportion of female writers at this moment in America far exceeds that which the present or any other age in England exhibits." Awful moment in America! one is led to exclaim by a survey of the poetic field. Alas, the verse of those "Tokens," and "Keepsakes," and "Forget-Me-Nots," and "Magnolias," and all the rest of the annuals, all glorious without in their red or white Turkey morocco and gilding! Alas, the flocks of quasi swan-singers! They have sailed away down the river of Time, chanting with a monotonous mournfulness. We need not speak of them at length. One of them early wrote about the Genius of Oblivion; most of them wrote for it. It was not their fault that their toil increased the sum of the "Literature suited to Desolate Islands." The time was out of joint. Sentimentalism infected both continents. It was natural enough that the infection should seize most strongly upon those who were weakened by an intellectual best-parlor atmosphere, with small chance of free out-of-door currents. They had their reward. Their crude constituencies were proud of them; and not all wrought without "emolument," though it need hardly be said that verse-making was not and is not, as a rule, a remunerative occupation. Some names survive, held in the memory of the public by a few small, sweet songs on simple themes, probably undervalued by their authors, but floating now like flowers above the tide that has swallowed so many pretentious, sand-based structures.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, the most prolific poetess of the period, was hailed as "the American Mrs. Hemans." A gentle and pious womanhood shone through her verse; but her books are undisturbed and dusty in the libraries now, and likely to remain so. Maria Gowen Brooks — "Maria del Occidente" — was, on the other hand, not popular at home; but put forth a far stronger claim than Mrs. Sigourney, and won indeed somewhat disproportionate praises abroad. "Southey says 'Zophiel; or, The Bride of Seven,' is by some Yankee woman," writes Charles Lamb; "as if there had ever been a woman capable of anything so great!" One is glad that we need

not now consider as the acme of woman's poetic achievement this metrical narrative of the loves of the angels; nevertheless, it is on the whole a remarkably sustained work, with a gorgeousness of coloring which might perhaps be traced to its author's Celtic strain.

As Mrs. Samuel Gilman, Caroline Howard, of whom we have already spoken, carried the New England spirit into a Southern home, and there wrote not only verses, but sketches and tales, much in the manner of her sisters who never left the Puritan nest, though dealing at times with material strange to them, as in her "Recollections of a Southern Matron." With the women of New England lies our chief concern, until a date comparatively recent. A strong, thinking, working race — all know the type; granite rock, out of its crevices the unexpected harebells trembling here and there. As writers they have a general resemblance; in one case a little more mica and glitter, in another more harebells than usual. Mrs. Sigourney, for instance, presents an azure predominance of the flowery, on a basis of the practical. Think of her fifty-seven volumes — copious verse, religious and sentimental; sketches of travel; didactic "Letters to Mothers," "Letters to Young Ladies"; the charmingly garrulous "Letters of Life," published after her death. Quantity, dilution, diffusiveness, the dispersion of energy in a variety of aims — these were the order of the day. Lydia Maria Child wrote more than thirty-five books and pamphlets, beginning with the apotheosis of the aboriginal American in romance, ending in the good fight with slavery, and taking in by the way domestic economy, the progress of religious ideas, and the Athens of Pericles, somewhat romanticized. Firm granite here, not without ferns of tenderest grace. It is very curious and impressive, the self-reliant dignity with which these noble matrons circumambulate the whole field of literature with errant feet, but with a character central and composed. They are "something better than their verse," and also than their prose. Why was it that the dispersive tendency of the time showed itself especially in the literary effort of women? Perhaps the scattering, haphazard kind of education then commonly bestowed upon girls helped to bring about such a condition of things. Efficient work, in literature as in other professions, is dependent in a degree upon preparation; not indeed upon the actual amount of knowledge possessed, but upon the training of the mind to sure action, and the vitality of the spark of intellectual life communicated in early days. To the desultory and aimless education of girls at this period, and their continual servitude to the sampler, all will testify. "My education," says Mrs. Gilman, "was exceed-

ingly irregular, a perpetual passing from school to school. I drew a very little and worked 'The Babes in the Wood' on white satin, with floss silk." By and by, however, she "was initiated into Latin," studied Watts's "Logic" by herself, and joined a private class in French. Lydia Huntley (Mrs. Sigourney) fared somewhat better, pursuing mathematics, though she admits that too little time was accorded to the subject, and being instructed in "the *belles-lettres* studies" by competent teachers. Her school education ceased at thirteen; she afterwards worked alone over history and mental philosophy, had tutors in Latin and French, and even dipped into Hebrew, under clerical guidance. This has a deceptively advanced sound; we are to learn presently that she was sent away to boarding-school, where she applied herself to "embroidery of historical scenes, filigree, and other finger-works." (May we not find a connection between this kind of training and the production of dramatic characters as lifelike as those figures in floss silk?) Was it not a natural result, that corresponding "embroidery of historical scenes" performed by the feminine pen? Lydia Maria Francis (Mrs. Child), "apart from her brother's companionship, had, as usual, a very unequal share of educational opportunities; attending only the public schools," — the public schools of the century in its teens, — "with one year at a private seminary." Catherine Sedgwick, "reared in an atmosphere of high intelligence," still confesses, "I have all my life felt the want of more systematic training."

Another cause of the scattering, unmethodical supply may have been the vagueness of the demand. America was not quite sure what it was proper to expect of the "female writer"; and perhaps that lady herself had a lingering feudal idea that she could hold literary territory only on condition of stout pen service in the cause of the domestic virtues and pudding. "In those days," says Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "it seemed to be held necessary for American women to work their passage into literature by first compiling a cookery book." Thus we have Mrs. Child's "Frugal Housewife"; and we find clever Eliza Leslie, of Philadelphia, putting forth "Seventy-five Receipts" before she ventures upon her humorous and satirical "Pencil Sketches." The culinary tradition was carried on, somewhat later, by Catherine Beecher, with her "Domestic Receipt Book"; and we have indeed most modern instances in the excellent "Common-sense Series" of the novelist "Marion Harland," and in Mrs. Whitney's "Just How." Perhaps, however, it is not fancy that these wear the kitchen apron with a difference.

In addition to lack of training, and to the

vague nature of the public demand, a third cause operated against symmetrical artistic development among the women of those electric days preceding the civil war. That struggle between the art instinct and the desire for reform, which is not likely to cease entirely until the coming of the golden year, was then at its height. Both men and women were drawn into the maelstrom of the antislavery conflict; yet to a few men the artist's single aim seemed still possible—to Longfellow, to Hawthorne. Similar examples are lacking among contemporary women. Essential womanhood, "*das Ewigweibliche*," seems at this point unusually clear in the work of women; the passion for conduct, the enthusiasm for abstract justice, not less than the potential motherhood that yearns over all suffering. The strong Hebraic element in the spiritual life of New England women in particular tended to withdraw them from the service of pure art at this period. "My natural inclinations," wrote Lydia Maria Child, "drew me much more strongly towards literature and the arts than towards reform, and the weight of conscience was needed to turn the scale."

Mrs. Child and Miss Sedgwick, chosen favorites of the public, stand forth as typical figures. Both have the art instinct, both the desire for reform: in Mrs. Child the latter decidedly triumphs, in spite of her romances; in Miss Sedgwick the former, though less decidedly, in spite of her incidental preachments. She wrote "without any purpose or hope to slay giants," aiming merely "to supply mediocre readers with small moral hints on various subjects that come up in daily life." It is interesting to note just what public favor meant materially to the most popular women writers of those days. Miss Sedgwick, at a time when she had reached high-water mark, wrote in reply to one who expected her to acquire a fortune, that she found it impossible to make much out of novel-writing while cheap editions of English novels filled the market. "I may go on," she says, "earning a few hundred dollars a year, and precious few too." One could not even earn the "precious few" without observing certain laws of silence. The "Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans" seriously lessened the income of Mrs. Child. That dubious America of 1833 was decided on one point—this was not what she expected of the "female writer." She was willing to be instructed by a woman—about the polishing of furniture and the education of daughters.

And now there arises before us another figure, of striking singularity and power. Margaret Fuller never appeared as a candidate for popular favor. On the polishing of fur-

niture she was absolutely silent; nor, though she professed "high respect for those who 'cook something good,' and create and preserve fair order in houses," did she ever fulfil the understood duty of woman by publishing a cookery book. On the education of daughters she had, however, a vital word to say; demanding for them "a far wider and more generous culture." Her own education had been of an exceptional character; she was fortunate in its depth and solidity, though unfortunate in the forcing process that had made her a hard student at six years old. Her equipment was superior to that of any American woman who had previously entered the field of literature; and hers was a powerful genius, but, by the irony of fate, a genius not prompt to clothe itself in the written word. As to the inspiration of her speech all seem to agree; but one who knew her well has spoken of the "singular embarrassment and hesitation induced by the attempt to commit her thoughts to paper." The reader of the sibylline leaves she scattered about her in her strange career receives the constant impression of hampered power, of force that has never found its proper outlet. In "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" there is certainly something of that "shoreless Asiatic dreaminess" complained of by Carlyle; but there are also to be found rich words, fit, like those of Emerson, for "gold nails in temples to hang trophies on." The critical Scotchman himself subsequently owned that "some of her Papers are the undeniable utterances of a true heroic mind; altogether unique, so far as I know, among the Writing Women of this generation; rare enough, too, God knows, among the Writing Men." She accomplished comparatively little that can be shown or reckoned. Her mission was "to free, arouse, dilate." Those who immediately responded were few; and as the circle of her influence has widened through their lives the source of the original impulse has been unnamed and forgotten. But if we are disposed to rank a fragmentary greatness above a narrow perfection, to value loftiness of aim more than the complete attainment of an inferior object, we must set Margaret Fuller, despite all errors of judgment, all faults of style, very high among the "Writing Women" of America. It is time that, ceasing to discuss her personal traits, we dwell only upon the permanent and essential in her whose mind was fixed upon the permanent, the essential. Her place in our literature is her own; it has not been filled, nor does it seem likely to be. The particular kind of force which she exhibited—in so far as it was not individual—stands a chance in our own day of being drawn into the educational field, now that the "wider and more generous culture"

which she claimed has been accorded to women.

We may trace from the early publications of Lydia Maria Francis and Catherine Sedgwick the special line along which women have worked most successfully. It is in fiction that they have wrought with the greatest vigor and freedom, and in that important class of fiction which reflects faithfully the national life, broadly or in sectional phases. In 1821 Miss Francis, a girl of nineteen, wrote "Hobomok," a rather crude novel of colonial Massachusetts, with an Indian hero. Those were the times of the pseudo-American school, the heyday of what Mr. Stedman has called "the supposititious Indian." To the sanguine "Hobomok" seemed to foreshadow a feminine Cooper, and its author put forth in the following year "The Rebels," a novel of Boston before the Revolution. A more effective worker on this line, however, was Miss Sedgwick, whose "New England Tale"—a simple little story, originally intended as a tract—was published in 1822, and at once drew attention, in spite of a certain thinness, by its recognizable home flavor. The plain presentation of New England life in "Redwood," her succeeding book, interests and convinces the reader of to-day. Some worthless elements of plot, now out of date, are introduced; but age cannot wither nor custom stale the fresh reality of the most memorable figure—that manly soul Miss Deborah, a character as distinct as Scott himself could have made her. "Hope Leslie," "Clarence," and "The Linwoods" followed; then the briefer tales supplying "small moral hints," such as the "Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man." All are genuine, wholesome, deserving of the hearty welcome they received. "Wise, clear, and kindly," one must echo the verdict of Margaret Fuller on our gentle pioneer in native fiction; we may look back with pride on her "speech moderate and sane, but never palsied by fear or skeptical caution"; on herself, "a fine example of the independent and beneficent existence that intellect and character can give to women." The least studied among her pathetic scenes are admirable; and she displays some healthy humor, though not as much as her charming letters indicate that she possessed. A recent writer has ranked her work in one respect above that of Cooper, pronouncing it more truly calculated to effect "the emancipation of the American mind from foreign types."

Miss Sedgwick, past threescore, was still in the literary harness when the woman who was destined to bring the novel of New England to a fuller development reached fame at a bound with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At last the artist's instinct and the purpose of the re-

former were fused, as far as they are capable of fusion, in a story that still holds its reader, whether passive or protesting, with the grip of the master-hand. The inborn powers of Mrs. Stowe were fortunately developed in a home atmosphere that supplied deficiencies in training. Fate was kind in providing occasional stimulants for the feminine mind, though an adequate and regular supply was customarily withheld. Miss Sedgwick attributes an especial quickening force to the valuable selections read aloud by her father to his family; Miss Francis, as we have seen, owed much to the conversation of her brother. To Harriet Beecher was granted, outside her inspiring home circle, an extra stimulus in the early influence of the enthusiastic teacher whose portrait she has given us in the Jonathan Rossiter of "Oldtown Folks." A close knowledge of Scott's novels from her girlhood had its effect in shaping her methods of narration. She knew her Bible—perpetual fountain feeding the noblest streams of English literature—as Ruskin knew his. Residence for years near the Ohio border had familiarized her with some of the darkest aspects of slavery; so that when the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law roused her to the task of exhibiting the system in operation, she was as fully prepared to execute that task as a woman of New England birth and traditions well could be. Since the war Southern writers, producing with the ease of intimacy works steeped in the spirit of the South, have taught us much concerning negro character and manners, and have accustomed us to an accurate reproduction of dialect. The sublimity of Uncle Tom has been tried by the reality of the not less lovable Uncle Remus. But whatever blemishes or extravagances may appear to a critical eye in the great antislavery novel, it still beats with that intense life which nearly forty years ago awoke a deep responsive thrill in the repressed heart of the North. We are at present chiefly concerned with its immense practical success. It was a "shot heard round the world." Ten thousand copies were sold in a few days; over three hundred thousand in a year; eight power presses were kept running day and night to supply the continual demand. The British Museum now contains thirty-five complete editions in English, and translations exist in at least twenty different languages. "Never did any American work have such success," exclaims Mrs. Child, in one of her enthusiastic letters, "It has done much to command respect for the faculties of woman." The influences are, indeed, broad and general which have since that day removed all restrictions tending to impress inferiority on the woman writer, so that the distinction of sex is lost in the distinction

of schools. Yet a special influence may be attributed to this single marked manifestation of force, to this imposing popular triumph. In the face of the fact that the one American book which had stormed Europe was the work of a woman, the old tone of patronage became ridiculous, the old sense of ordained and inevitable weakness on the part of the "female writer" became obsolete. Women henceforth, whatever their personal feelings in regard to the much-discussed book, were enabled, consciously or unconsciously, to hold the pen more firmly, to move it more freely. In New England fiction what a leap from the work of Miss Sedgwick, worthy as it is, to that of Mrs. Stowe! The field whence a few hardy growths were peeping seems to have been overflowed by a fertilizing river, so rich is its new yield. It is "the soul of Down East" that we find in "The Minister's Wooing" and "Oldtown Folks." Things spiritual are grasped with the insight of kinship, externals are drawn with the certainty of lifelong acquaintance. If we glance at the humorous side of the picture, surely no hand that ever wrought could have bettered one smile-provoking line in the familiar figure of Sam Lawson, the village do-nothing. There is a free-handedness in the treatment of this character not often found in more recent conscientious studies of local types; it is as a painting beside photographs. A certain inequality, it may be admitted, appears in the range of Mrs. Stowe's productions. They form links, more or less shining, between a time of confused and groping effort on the part of women and a time of definitely directed aims, of a concentration that has, inevitably, its own drawbacks.

The encouragement of the great magazines, from the first friendly to women writers, is an important factor in their development. "Harper's" dates from 1850; "The Atlantic Monthly," in 1857, opened a new outlet for literary work of a high grade. Here appeared many of the short stories of Rose Terry, depicting the life of New England; unsurpassable in their fidelity to nature, their spontaneous flow, their grim humor, pathos, tragedy. In the pages of "The Atlantic," too, suddenly flashed into sight the brilliant exotics of Harriet Prescott, who holds among American women a position as singular as that of Poe among men. Her characters have their being in some remote, gorgeous sunset-land; we feel that the Boston Common of "Azarian" is based upon a cloud rather than solid Yankee earth, and the author can scarce pluck a May flower but it turns at her touch to something rich and strange. Native flavor there is in some of her shorter stories, such as "The South Breaker" and "Knitting Sale-Socks"; but a sudden

want of foreign spices is sure to mingle with the sea-wind or the inland lilac-scents. "The Amber Gods" and "The Thief in the Night" skillfully involve the reader in a dazzling web of deceptive strength.

In "Temple House," "Two Men," and "The Morgesons," the peculiarly powerful works of Mrs. Stoddard, the central figures do not seem necessarily of any particular time or country. Their local habitation, however, is impressively painted; with a few swift, vigorous strokes the old coast towns spring up before us; the very savor of the air is imparted. Minor characters strongly smack of the soil; old Cuth, in "Two Men," dying "silently and firmly, like a wolf"; Elsa, in the same book. There are scenes of a superb fierce power—that of the wreck in "Temple House," for instance. The curt and repressed style, the ironic humor of Mrs. Stoddard, serve to grapple her work to the memory as with hooks of steel; it is as remote as possible from the conventional notion of woman's writing.

The old conflict between the reformer's passion and the art instinct is renewed in the novels and stories of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who possesses the artist's responsiveness in a high degree, with but little of the artist's restraint. Exquisitely sensitive to the significant beauty of the world, she is no less sensitive to the appeal of human pain. In "Hedged In" and "The Silent Partner," in her stories of the squalid tenement and the storm-beaten coast, her literary work reflects, point for point, her personal work for the fallen, the toiling, and the tempted. Her passionate sympathy gives her a power of thrilling, of commanding the tribute of tears, which is all her own. An enthusiast for womanhood, she has given us in "The Story of Avis" and "Dr. Zay" striking studies of complementary themes; "Avis," despite certain flaws of style to which objection is trite, remaining the greater, as it is the sadder, book. All Miss Phelps's stories strike root into New England, though it is not precisely Mrs. Cooke's New England of iron farmers and stony farms; and none strikes deeper root than "Avis," a natural product of the intellectual region whence "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" sprang thirty years before. No other woman, among writers who have arisen since the war, has received in such fullness the spiritual inheritance of New England's past.

The changes brought about by the influx of foreigners into the factory towns of the East are reflected in the pages of Miss Phelps, particularly in "The Silent Partner." A recent worker of the same vein is Lillie Chace Wyman, whose short stories, collected under the symbolic title "Poverty Grass," are marked by sincerity and simple power. Sarah Orne

Jewett roams the old pastures, gathering many pungent handfuls of the familiar flowers and herbs that retain for us their homely preciousness. She is attracted also by the life of the coast. Without vigorous movement, her sketches and stories have always an individual, delicate picturesqueness, the quality of a small, clear water-color. "A Country Doctor" is to be noted for its very quiet and true presentation of a symmetrical womanhood, naturally drawn towards the large helpfulness of professional life.

A novel which has lately aroused much discussion, the "John Ward, Preacher," of Margaret Deland, is, although its scene is laid in Pennsylvania, a legitimate growth of New England in its problem and its central character. The orthodox idea of eternal future punishment receives a treatment somewhat similar to that applied by Miss Phelps in "The Gates Ajar" to the conventional heaven. The hero seems a revisitant Thomas Shepard, or other stern yet tender Puritan of the past, miraculously set down in a modern environment. The incisiveness of portions of "John Ward," as well as the grace of its side scenes, gives promise of still more valuable coming contributions to American fiction by the poet of the charming "Old Garden." A yet later New England production is the book of stories by Mary E. Wilkins, "A Humble Romance," a work brimful of vigor and human nature.

We need not now enter into the circumstances tending to the misdirection of intellectual effort which so affected the work of Southern women in literature that for some time they produced little of enduring value. These causes have been of late fully set forth by a writer of the new South, Thomas Nelson Page, who in naming the women of Southern birth or residence most prominent as novelists before the civil war places Mrs. Terhune in a class by herself. "Like the others, she has used the Southern life as material, but has exhibited a literary sense of far higher order, and an artistic touch." Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, a native of West Virginia, has chosen a Pennsylvanian background for some of her best work; producing, perhaps, nothing stronger than "Life in the Iron Mills," published long since in "The Atlantic"—a story distantly akin to those of Miss Phelps and the author of "Poverty Grass." The hopeless heart-hunger of the poor has seldom been so passionately pictured. A distinguishing characteristic of the work of Mrs. Davis is her Browning-like insistence on the rare test-moments of life. If, as in the complicated war-time novel "Waiting for the Verdict,"—a work of high intention,—the characters come out startlingly well in the sudden lights flashed upon them, the writer's idealism is tonic and uplifting.

It was a woman of the North who pictured, in a series of brief tales and sketches full of insight, the desolate South at the close of the civil war—Constance Fenimore Woolson, the most broadly national of our women novelists. Her feeling for local color is quick and true; and though she has especially identified herself with the Lake country and with Florida, one is left with the impression that her assimilative powers would enable her to reproduce as successfully the traits of any other quarter of the Union. Few American writers of fiction have given evidence of such breadth, so full a sense of the possibilities of the varied and complex life of our wide land. Robust, capable, mature—these seem fitting words to apply to the author of "Anne," of "East Angels," of the excellent short stories in "Rodman the Keeper." Women have reason for pride in a representative novelist whose genius is trained and controlled, without being tamed or dispirited.

Similar surefootedness and mastery of means are displayed by Mary Hallock Foote in her picturesque Western stories, such as "The Led-Horse Claim: a Romance of a Mining Camp," and "John Bodewin's Testimony"—in which a certain gracefulness takes the place of the fuller warmth of Miss Woolson. One is apt to name the two writers together, since they represent the most supple and practised talent just now exercised by women in the department of fiction.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, English by birth and education, and influenced by the Dickens tradition, though reflecting the tone of her environment wherever fate may lead her, touches American literature chiefly on the Southern side, through "Louisiana" and "Esmeralda." Despite the ambitious character of her novel of Washington society, "Through One Administration," her most durable work is either thoroughly English or belongs to the international school. This particular branch of fiction we cannot now pause to note, though conscious that such books as the beautiful "Guenn" of Blanche Willis Howard have their own distinct value.

A truly native flower, though gathered in a field so unfamiliar as to wear a seemingly foreign charm, is Mrs. Jackson's poetic "Ramonina." A book instinct with passionate purpose, intensely alive and involving the reader in its movement, it yet contains an idyl of singular loveliness, the perfection of which lends the force of contrast to the pathetic close. A novel of reform, into which a great and generous soul poured its gathered strength, it none the less possesses artistic distinction. Something is, of course, due to the charm of atmosphere, the beauty of the background against

which the plot naturally placed itself; more, to the trained hand, the pen pliant with long and free exercise; most, to the poet-heart. "Ramona" stands as the most finished, though not the most striking, example that what American women have done notably in literature they have done nobly.

The magazine-reading world has hardly recovered yet from its shock of surprise on discovering the author of "In the Tennessee Mountains," a book of short stories projecting the lines on which the writer has since advanced in "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" and "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove." Why did Miss Murfree prefer to begin her literary career under the masculine name of "Charles Egbert Craddock"? Probably for the same reason as George Sand, George Elliot, Currer Bell; a reason stated by a stanch advocate of women, in words that form a convenient answer to the common sneer, "Not because they wished to be men, but because they wished for an unbiased judgment as artists." The world has grown so much more enlightened on this point that the biased critic is now the exception, and the biased editor is a myth. The precaution of disguise cannot much longer remain a necessity, if, indeed, it was necessary in the case of Miss Murfree.

From whatever cause adopted, the mask was a completely deceptive one. Mr. Craddock's vivid portrayal of life among the Tennessee mountains was fairly discussed and welcomed as a valuable and characteristic contribution from the South; and nobody hinted then that the subtle poetic element and the tendency to subordinate human interest to scenery were indications of the writer's sex. The few cherishers of the fading superstition that women are without humor laughed heartily and unsuspiciously over the droll situations, the quaint sayings of the mountaineers. Once more the *reductio ad absurdum* has been applied to the notion of ordained, invariable, and discernible difference between the literary work of men and that of women. The method certainly defers to dullness; but it also affords food for amusement to the ironically inclined.

This review, cursory and incomplete as it is, of the chief accomplishment of American women in native fiction, serves to bring out the fact that they have during the last forty years supplied to our literature an element of great and genuine value; and that while their productions have of course varied in power and richness, they have steadily gained in art. How wide the gap between "Hobomok" and "Ramona"! During the latter half of the period the product gives no general evidence of limitation; and the writers would certainly be placed, except for the purposes of this article,

among their brother authors, in classes determined by method, local background, or any other basis of arrangement which is artistic rather than personal. In exceptional cases a reviewer perhaps exclaims upon certain faults as "womanish"; but the cry is too hasty; the faults are those of individuals, in either sex. It is possible to match them from the work of men, and to adduce examples of women's work entirely free from them. Colonel Higginson has pointed out that the ivory miniature method in favor with some of our masculine artists is that of Jane Austen. Wherein do Miss Sprague's "Earnest Trifler" or "The Daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse" display more salient indications of sex than works of similar scope by Mr. Henry James?

"The almost entire disappearance of the distinctively woman's novel"—that is, the novel designed expressly for feminine readers, such as "The Wide, Wide World" and "The Lamplighter"—has lately been commented upon. It is to be observed that this species—chiefly produced in the past by women, as the Warner sisters, Maria S. Cummins, Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, the excellent Miss McIntosh—has become nearly extinct at the very time when women are supplying a larger proportion of fiction than ever before; and, further, that the comparatively few "domestic semi-pious" novels, very popular in late years, have been of masculine production. The original and suggestive, though perhaps at times over-subtle, work of Mrs. Whitney, thoroughly impregnated with the New England spirit, and portraying with insight various phases of girlhood, takes another rank. Whatever may be concluded from the decadence of fiction, written of women, for women, by women, it is certainly probable that women will remain, as a rule, the best writers for girls. In connection with this subject must be mentioned the widely known and appreciated stories of Louisa M. Alcott, "Little Women" and its successors, which "have not only been reprinted and largely sold in England, but also translated into several foreign languages, and thus published with persistent success." We are told that when "Little Men" was issued "its publication was delayed until the publishers were prepared to fill advance orders for fifty thousand copies."

A like popularity is to be noted of the spirited and artistic "Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates," of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, which "has had a very large circulation in America; has passed through several editions in England; and has been published in French at Paris, in German at Leipsic, in Russian at St. Petersburg, and in Italian at Rome. . . . The crowning tribute to its excellence is its perennial sale in Holland in a Dutch edition." No

name in our juvenile literature so "brings a perfume in the mention" as that of Mrs. Dodge, who for years has been as "the very pulse of the machine" in the making of that magazine for children, which is not only an ever new delight, but a genuine educational power.

In poetry the abundant work of women during the last half-century shows a development corresponding to that traced in the field of fiction. As the flood of sentimentalism slowly receded hopeful signs began to appear — the rather vague tints of a bow of poetical promise. The varying verse of Mrs. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Kinney, Elizabeth Lloyd Howell, and Harriet Winslow Sewall represents, in different degrees, a general advance. The "little vagrant pen" of Frances Sargent Osgood, as she confessed, "wandered lightly down the paper," but its fanciful turns had now and then a swift, capricious grace. The poems of Sarah Helen Whitman, belonging to the landscape school of Bryant, are of marked value, as are also the deeply earnest productions of Mrs. Anna Lynch Botta, which display a new distinctness of motive, possibly attributable to the influence of Longfellow. The same influence is felt in some of the early work of Alice Cary, whose individual strain of melancholy melody clings to remembrance, its charm stubbornly outliving our critical recognition of defects due, in great measure, to overproduction. Emily Judson sometimes touched finely the familiar chords, as in the well-known poem of motherhood, "My Bird." The tender "Morning Glory" of Maria White Lowell, whose poems are characterized by a delicate and childlike simplicity, will be remembered.

In 1873 a critic, not generally deemed too favorable to growths of the present day, recorded the opinion that there was "more force and originality — in other words, more genius — in the living female poets of America than in all their predecessors, from Mistress Anne Bradstreet down. At any rate there is a wider range of thought in their verse, and infinitely more art." For the change first noted by Mr. Stoddard there is no accounting; the tides of genius are incalculable. The other gains, like those in fiction, are to be accounted for partly by the law of evolution working through our whole literature, by the influence of sounder models and of a truer criticism, and by the winnowing processes of the magazines; partly, also, by the altered position and improved education of women in general — not necessarily of the individual, since change in the atmosphere may have important results in cases where other conditions remain unchanged.

The poems of Mrs. Howe express true wom-

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anly aspiration, and a high scorn of unworthiness, but their strongest characteristic is the fervent patriotism which breathes through the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The clear, hopeful "orchard notes" of Lucy Larcom,—it is impossible to refrain from quoting Mr. Stedman's perfect phrase,—first heard long since, have grown more mellow with advancing years.

The dramatic lyric took new force and naturalness in the hands of Rose Terry Cooke, and turned fiery in those of Mrs. Stoddard, whose contemplative poems also have an eminent sad dignity of style. The fine-spun subjective verse of Mrs. Piatt flashes at times with felicities, as a web with dewdrops. Many names appear upon the honorable roll: Mrs. Fields, Mrs. Spofford,—whose rich nature reveals itself in verse as in the novel,—Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend; Elizabeth Akers Allen, Julia C. R. Dorr, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Moulton; Mrs. Thaxter,—the sea's true lover, who has devoted herself to the faithful expression of a single phase of natural beauty,—Mrs. Mary E. Bradley, Kate Putnam Osgood, Nora Perry, Mary N. Prescott, and Harriet McEwen Kimball; Mary Clemmer Hudson, Margaret E. Sangster, Miss Bushnell, "Susan Coolidge," "Howard Glyndon," "Stuart Sterne," Charlotte Fiske Bates, May Riley Smith, Ella Dietz, Mary Ainge de Vere, Edna Dean Proctor, the Goodale sisters, Miss Coolbrith, Miss Shinn, "Owen Innsly," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Alice Wellington Rollins. There is a kind of white fire in the best of the subtle verses of "H. H." — a diamond light, enhanced by careful cutting. Generally impersonal, the author's individuality yet lives in them to an unusual degree. We may recognize also in the Jewish poems of Emma Lazarus, especially in "By the Waters of Babylon," and the powerful fourteenth-century tragedy, "The Dance to Death," "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." The poems of Edith M. Thomas, with their exquisite workmanship, mark the high attainment of woman in the mastery of poetic form, and exhale some breath of that fragrance which clings to the work of the young Keats. Miss Hutchinson's "Songs and Lyrics" have also rare quality. The graceful verse of Mrs. Deland has been quick to win the ear of the public. Louise Imogen Guiney, sometimes straining the voice, has nevertheless contributed to the general chorus notes of unusual fullness and strength.

In other branches of literature, to which comparatively few women have chosen to devote themselves, an increasing thoroughness is apparent, a growing tendency to specialism.

The irresponsible feminine free lance, with her gay dash at all subjects, and her alliterative pen name dancing in every mêlée like a brilliant pennon, has gone over into the more appropriate field of journalism. The calmly adequate literary matron of all work is an admirable type of the past, no longer developed by the new conditions. The articles of the late Lucy M. Mitchell on sculpture, and of Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer on art and architecture; the historical work of Martha J. Lamb and of the lamented Mary L. Booth, the latter also an indefatigable translator; the studies of Helen Campbell in social science; the translations of Harriet Waters Preston — these few examples are typical of the determination and concentration of woman's work at the present day. We notice in each new issue of a magazine the well-known specialists. Miss Thomas has given herself to the interpretation of nature, in prose as in verse; "Olive Thorne" Miller to the loving study of bird life. Mrs. Jackson, the most versatile of later writers, possessed the rare combination of versatility and thoroughness in such measure that we might almost copy Hartley Coleridge's saying of Harriet Martineau, and call her a specialist about everything; but her name will be associated with the earnest presentation of the wrongs of the Indian, as that of Emma Lazarus with the impassioned defense of the rights of the Jew.

The just and genial Colonel Higginson expresses disappointment that woman's advance in literature has not been more marked since the establishment of the women's colleges. "It is," he says, "considerable and substantial; yet in view of the completeness with which literary work is now thrown open to women, and their equality as to pay, there is room for some surprise that it is not greater."

The proper fruit of the women's colleges in literature has, in fact, not yet ripened. It may at first seem strangely delayed, yet reflection suggests the reasons. An unavoidable self-consciousness hampers the first workers under a new dispensation. It might appear at a casual glance that those released from the burden of a retarding tradition were ready at once for the race, but the weight has only been exchanged for the lighter burden of the unfamiliar. College-bred women of the highest type have accepted, with grave conscientiousness, new social responsibilities as the concomitant of their new opportunities.

Pealing, the clock of Time
Has struck the Woman's hour;
We hear it on our knees,

wrote Miss Phelps for the graduates of Smith College ten years ago. That the summons has indeed been reverently heard and faithfully obeyed, those who have followed the work of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae can testify. The deed, and not the word, engages the energy of the college woman of to-day; but as these institutions grow into the life of our land that life will be everywhere enriched, and the word must follow in happy time. Individual genius for literature is sure, sooner or later, to appear within the constantly widening circle of those fairly equipped for its exercise. It would be idle to expect that the cases in which native power and an adequate preparation go hand in hand will be frequent, since they are infrequent among men. The desirable thing was, that this rare development should be made a possibility among women. It is possible to-day; some golden morrow will make it a reality.

Helen Gray Cone.

ELF-SHOT.

ON a wild morning, at a highway's bend,
Three arrows pierced him through.
They meant no hurt; they only left my friend
No more to dream or do.

By what fierce wrong this came — what law
Or luck,
Ask not; his annals all
In the sharp summary: *the arrows struck!*
Arise, converge, and fall.

Faith broke, adventure's wing was overwrought,
Desire's bright spring decayed;
Upon the curious eye that long had sought
Too much of sight was laid.

Since then, when wit of his doth make a feast,
His strength a shelter, know
His footsteps sound about; and yet he ceased,
How softly, years ago!

He is secure. A history wraps him close
To no skilled guess attuned:
Still smiling, still uncatalogued, he goes
With his immortal wound.

Oft as you meet my gracious fugitive,
Salute him, from your strife:
To you the victory, men who work and live,
Peace to that ended life!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL OUT OF DIXIE.

IT was past noon of the first day of the bloody contest in the Wilderness. The guns of the Fifth Corps, led by Battery D of the 1st New York Artillery, were halted along the Orange turnpike, by which we had made the fruitless campaign to Mine Run. The continuous roar of musketry in front and to

the left indicated that the infantry was desperately engaged, while the great guns filling every wooded road leading up to the battlefield were silent. Our drivers were lounging about the horses, while the gunners lay on the green grass by the roadside or walked by the pieces. Down the line came an order for the center section, under my command, to advance and pass the right section, which lay in front of us. General Warren, surrounded by his staff, sat on a gray horse at the right of the road where the woods bordered an open field dipping between two wooded ridges. The position we were leaving was admirable, while the one to which we were ordered, on the opposite side of the narrow field, was wholly impracticable. The captain had received his orders in person from General Warren, and joined my command as we passed.

We dashed down the road at a trot, the gunners running beside their pieces. At the center of the field we crossed by a wooden bridge over a deep, dry ditch, and came rapidly into position at the side of the turnpike and facing the thicket. As the gunners were not all up, the captain and I dismounted and lent a hand in swinging round the heavy trails. The air was full of minié-balls, some whistling by like mad hornets, and others, partly spent, humming like big nails. One of the latter struck my knee with force enough to wound to the bone without penetrating the grained-leather boot-leg. In front of us the ground rose into the timber where our infantry was engaged. It was madness to continue firing here, for my shot must first plow through our own lines before reaching the enemy. So after one discharge the captain ordered the limbers to the rear, and the section started back at a gallop. My horse was cut on the

flanks, and his plunging, with my disabled knee, delayed me in mounting, and prevented my seeing why the carriages kept to the grass instead of getting upon the roadway. When I overtook the guns they had come to a forced halt at the dry ditch, now full of skulkers, an angle of which cut the way to the bridge. Brief as the interval had been, not a man of my command was in sight. The lead horse of the gun team at my side had been shot and was reeling in the harness. Slipping to the ground, I untoggled one trace at the collar to release him, and had placed my hand on the other when I heard the demand "Surrender!" and turning found in my face two big pistols in the hands of an Alabama colonel. "Give me that sword," said he. I pressed the clasp and let it fall to the ground, where it remained. The colonel had taken me by the right arm, and as we turned towards the road I took in the whole situation at a glance. My chestnut horse and the captain's bald-faced brown were dashing frantically against the long, swaying gun teams. By the bridge stood a company of the 61st Alabama Infantry in butternut suits and slouch hats, shooting straggling and wounded Zouaves from a Pennsylvania brigade as they appeared in groups of two or three on the road in front. The colonel as he handed me over to his men ordered his troops to take what prisoners they could and to cease firing. The guns which we were forced to abandon were a bone of contention until they were secured by the enemy on the third day, at which time but one of the twenty-four team horses was living.

With a few other prisoners I was led by a short detour through the woods. In ten minutes we had turned the flank of both armies and reached the same turnpike in the rear of our enemy. A line of ambulances was moving back on the road, all filled with wounded, and when we saw a vacant seat beside a driver I was hoisted up to the place. The boy driver was in a high state of excitement. He said that two shells had come flying down this same road and showed where the trace of the near mule had been cut by a piece of shell, for which I was directly responsible.

The field hospital of General Jubal Early's corps was near Locust Grove Tavern, where

the wounded Yankees were in charge of Surgeon Donnelly of the Pennsylvania Reserves. No guard was established, as no one was supposed to be in condition to run away. At the end of a week, however, my leg had greatly improved, although I was still unable to use it. In our party was another lieutenant, an aide on the staff of General James C. Rice, whose horse had been shot under him while riding at full speed with despatches. Lieutenant Hadley had returned to consciousness to find himself a prisoner in hospital, somewhat bruised, and robbed of his valuables, but not otherwise disabled. We two concluded to start for Washington by way of Kelly's Ford. I traded my penknife for a haversack of corn-bread with one of the Confederate nurses, and a wounded officer, Colonel Miller of a New York regiment, gave us a pocket compass. I provided myself with a stout pole, which I used with both hands in lieu of my left foot. At 9 P. M. we set out, passing during the night the narrow field and the dry ditch where I had left my guns. Only a pile of dead horses marked the spot.

On a grassy bank we captured a firefly and shut him in between the glass and the face of our pocket compass. With such a guide we shaped our course for the Rapidan. After traveling nearly all night we lay down exhausted upon a bluff within sound of the river and slept until sunrise. Hastening to our feet again, we hurried down to the ford. Just before reaching the river we heard shouts behind us and saw a man beckoning and running after us. Believing the man an enemy, we dashed into the shallow water, and after crossing safely hobbled away up the other side as fast as a man with one leg and a pole could travel. I afterwards met this man, himself a prisoner, at Macon, Georgia. He was the officer of our pickets, and would have conducted us into our lines if we had permitted him to come up with us. As it was, we found a snug hiding-place in a thicket of swamp growth, where we lay in concealment all day. After struggling on a few miles in a chilling rain my leg became so painful that it was impossible to go farther. A house was near by, and we threw ourselves on the mercy of the family. Good Mrs. Brandon had harbored the pickets of both armies again and again, and had luxuriated in real coffee and tea and priceless salt at the hands of our officers. She bore the Yankees only good-will, and after dressing my wound we sat down to breakfast with herself and her daughters.

After breakfast we were conducted to the second half-story, which was one unfinished room. There was a bed in one corner where we were to sleep. Beyond the stairs was a pile of yellow ears of corn, and from the rafters

and sills hung a variety of dried herbs and medicinal roots. Here our meals were served, and the girls brought us books and read aloud to pass away the long days. I was confined to the bed, and my companion never ventured below stairs except on one dark night, when at my earnest entreaty he set out for Kelly's Ford, but soon returned, unable to make his way in the darkness. One day we heard the door open at the foot of the stairs, a tread of heavy boots on the steps, and the clank, clank of something that sounded very much like a saber. Out of the floor rose a gray slouch hat with the yellow cord and tassel of a cavalryman, and in another moment there stood on the landing one of the most astonished troopers that ever was seen. "Coot" Brandon was one of "Jeb" Stuart's rangers, and came every day for corn for his horse. Heretofore the corn had been brought down for him, and he was as ignorant of our presence as we were of his existence. On this day no pretext could keep him from coming up to help himself. His mother worked on his sympathies, and he departed promising her that he would leave us undisturbed. But the very next morning he turned up again, this time accompanied by another ranger of sterner mold. A parole was exacted from my able-bodied companion and we were left for another twenty-four hours, when I was considered in condition to be moved. Mrs. Brandon gave us each a new blue overcoat from a plentiful store of Uncle Sam's clothing she had on hand, and I opened my heart and gave her my last twenty-dollar greenback—and wished I had it back again every day for the next ten months.

I was mounted on a horse, and with Lieutenant Hadley on foot we were marched under guard all day until we arrived at a field hospital established in the rear of Longstreet's corps, my companion being sent on to some prison for officers. Thence I was forwarded with a train-load of wounded to Lynchburg, on which General Hunter was then marching, and we had good reason to hope for a speedy deliverance. On more than one day we heard his guns to the north, where there was no force but a few citizens with bird guns to oppose the entrance of his command. The slaves were employed on a line of breastworks which there was no adequate force to hold. It was our opinion that one well-disciplined regiment could have captured and held the town. It was several days before a portion of General Breckinridge's command arrived for the defense of Lynchburg.

I had clung to my clean bed in the hospital just as long as my rapidly healing wound would permit, but was soon transferred to a prison where at night the sleepers—Yankees,

Confederate deserters, and negroes — were so crowded upon the floor that some lay under the feet of the guards in the doorways. The atmosphere was dreadful. I fell ill, and for three days lay with my head in the fireplace, more dead than alive.

A few days thereafter about three hundred prisoners were crowded into cattle cars bound for Andersonville. We must have been a week on this railroad journey when an Irish lieutenant of a Rochester regiment and I, who had been allowed to ride in the baggage car, were taken from the train at Macon, Georgia, where about sixteen hundred Union officers were confined at the Fair-Grounds. General Alexander Shaler, of Sedgwick's corps, also captured at the Wilderness, was the ranking officer, and to him was accorded a sort of interior command of the camp. Before passing through the gate we expected to see a crowd bearing some outward semblance of respectability. Instead, we were instantly surrounded by several hundred ragged, bare-footed, frowzy-headed men shouting "Fresh fish!" at the top of their voices and eagerly asking for news. With rare exceptions all were shabbily dressed. There was, however, a little knot of naval officers, who had been captured in the windings of the narrow Rappahannock by a force of cavalry, and who were the aristocrats of the camp. They were housed in a substantial fair-building in the center of the grounds, and by some special terms of surrender must have brought their complete wardrobes along. On hot days they appeared in spotless white duck, which they were permitted to send outside to be laundered. Their mess was abundantly supplied with the fruits and vegetables of the season. The ripe red tomatoes they were daily seen to peel were the envy of the camp. I well remember that to me, at this time, a favorite occupation was to lie on my back with closed eyes and imagine the dinner I would order if I were in a first-class hotel. It was no unusual thing to see a dignified colonel washing his lower clothes in a pail, clad only in his uniform dress-coat. Ladies sometimes appeared on the guard-walk outside the top of the stockade, on which occasions the cleanest and best-dressed men turned out to see and be seen. I was quite proud to appear in a clean gray shirt, spotless white drawers, and moccasins made of blue overcoat cloth.

On the Fourth of July, after the regular morning count, we repaired to the big central building and held an informal celebration. One officer had brought into captivity, concealed on his person, a little silk national flag, which was carried up into the cross-beams of the building, and the sight of it created the wildest enthusiasm. We cheered the flag and

applauded the patriotic speeches until a detachment of the guard succeeded in putting a stop to our proceedings. They tried to capture the flag, but in this they were not successful. We were informed that cannon were planted commanding the camp, and would be opened on us if we renewed our demonstrations.

Soon after this episode the fall of Atlanta and the subsequent movements of General Sherman led to the breaking up of the camp at Macon, and to the transfer of half of us to a camp at Charleston and half to Savannah. Late in September, by another transfer, we found ourselves together again at Columbia. We had no form of shelter, and there was no stockade around the camp, only a guard and a dead-line. During two hours of each morning an extra line of guards was stationed around an adjoining piece of pine woods, into which we were allowed to go and cut wood and timber to construct for ourselves huts for the approaching winter. Our ration at this time consisted of raw corn-meal and sorghum molasses, without salt or any provision of utensils for cooking. The camp took its name from our principal article of diet, and was by common consent known as "Camp Sorghum." A stream of clear water was accessible during the day by an extension of the guards, but at night the lines were so contracted as to leave the path leading to the water outside the guard. Lieutenant S. H. M. Byers, who had already written the well-known lyric "Sherman's March to the Sea," was sharing my tent, which consisted of a ragged blanket. We had been in the new camp but little more than a week when we determined to make an attempt at escape. Preparatory to starting we concealed two tin cups and two blankets in the pine woods to which we had access during the chopping hours, and here was to be our rendezvous in case we were separated in getting out. Covering my shoulders with an old gray blanket and providing myself with a stick from the wood-pile about the size of a gun, I tried to smuggle myself into the relief guard when the line was contracted at six o'clock. Unfortunately an unexpected halt was called, and the soldier in front turned and discovered me. I was now more than ever determined on getting away. After a hurried conference with Lieutenant Byers, at which I promised to wait at our rendezvous in the woods until I heard the posting of the ten o'clock relief, I proceeded alone up the side of the camp to a point where a group of low cedars grew close to the dead-line. Concealing myself in their dark shadow, I could observe at my leisure the movements of the sentinels. A full moon was just rising above the horizon to my left, and in the soft, misty

light the guards were plainly visible for a long distance either way. An open field from which the small growth had been recently cut away lay beyond, and between the camp and the guard-line ran a broad-road of soft sand—noiseless to cross, but so white in the moonlight that a leaf blown across it by the wind could scarcely escape a vigilant eye. The guards were bundled in their overcoats, and I soon observed that the two who met opposite to my place of concealment turned and walked their short beats without looking back. Waiting until they separated again, and regardless of the fact that I might with equal likelihood be seen by a dozen sentinels in either direction, I ran quickly across the soft sand road several yards into the open field, and threw myself down upon the uneven ground. First I dragged my body on my elbows for a few yards, then I crept on my knees, and so gradually gained in distance until I could rise to a standing position and get safely to the shelter of the trees. With some difficulty I found the cups and blankets we had concealed, and lay down to await the arrival of my companion. Soon I heard several shots which I understood too well; and, as I afterwards learned, two officers were shot dead for attempting the feat I had accomplished, and perhaps in emulation of my success. A third young officer, whom I knew, was also killed in camp by one of the shots fired at the others.

At ten o'clock I set out alone and made my way across the fields to the bank of the Saluda, where a covered bridge crossed to Columbia. Hiding when it was light, wandering through fields and swamps by night, and venturing at last to seek food of negroes, I proceeded for thirteen days towards the sea.

In general I had followed the Columbia turnpike; at a quaint little chapel on the shore of Goose Creek, but a few miles out of Charleston, I turned to the north and bent my course for the coast above the city. About this time I learned that I should find no boats along the shore between Charleston and the mouth of the Santee, everything able to float having been destroyed to prevent the escape of the negroes and the desertion of the soldiers. I was ferried over the Broad River by a crusty old darky who came paddling across in response to my cries of "O-v-e-r," and who seemed so put out because I had no fare for him that I gave him my case-knife. The next evening I had the only taste of meat of this thirteen days' journey, which I got from an old negro whom I found alone in his cabin eating possum and rice.

I had never seen the open sea-coast beaten by the surf, and after being satisfied that I

had no hope of escape in that direction it was in part my curiosity that led me on, and partly a vague idea that I would get Confederate transportation back to Columbia and take a fresh start westward bound. The tide was out, and in a little cove I found an abundance of oysters bedded in the mud, some of which I cracked with stones and ate. After satisfying my hunger, and finding the sea rather unexpectedly tame inside the line of islands which marked the eastern horizon, I bent my steps towards a fire, where I found a detachment of Confederate coast-guards, to whom I offered myself as a guest as coolly as if my whole toilsome journey had been prosecuted to that end.

In the morning I was marched a few miles to Mount Pleasant, near Fort Moultrie, and taken thence in a sail-boat across the harbor to Charleston. At night I found myself again in the city jail, where with a large party of officers I had spent most of the month of August. My cell-mate was Lieutenant H. G. Dorr of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, with whom I journeyed by rail back to Columbia, arriving at "Camp Sorghum" about the 1st of November.

I rejoined the mess of Lieutenant Byers and introduced to the others Lieutenant Dorr, whose cool assurance was a prize that procured us all the blessings possible. He could borrow frying-pans from the guards, money from his brother Masons at headquarters, and I believe if we had asked him to secure us a gun he would have charmed it out of the hand of a sentinel on duty.

Lieutenant Edward E. Sill, of General Daniel Butterfield's staff, whom I had met at Macon, during my absence had come to "Sorghum" from a fruitless trip to Macon for exchange, and I had promised to join him in an escape when he could secure a pair of shoes. On the 29th of November our mess had cut down a big pine tree and had rolled into camp a short section of the trunk, which a Tennessee officer was to split into shingles to complete our hut, a pretty good cabin with earthen fireplace. While we were resting from our exertion, Sill appeared with his friend Lieutenant A. T. Lamson of the 104th New York Infantry, and reminded me of my promise. The prisoners always respected their parole on wood-chopping expeditions, and went out and came in at the main entrance. The guards were a particularly verdant body of back country militia, and the confusion of the parole system enabled us to practice ruses. In our present difficulty we resorted to a new expedient and forged a parole. The next day all three of us were quietly walking down the guard-line on the outside. At the creek, where all the camp came for water, we

found Dorr and Byers and West, and calling to one of them in the presence of the guard asked for blankets to bring in spruce boughs for beds. When the blankets came they contained certain haversacks, cups, and little indispensable articles for the road. Falling back into the woods, we secured a safe hiding-place until after dark. Just beyond the village of Lexington we successfully evaded the first picket, being warned of its presence by the smoldering embers in the road. A few nights after this, having exposed ourselves and anticipating pursuit, we pushed on until we came to a stream crossing the road. Up this we waded for some distance and secured a hiding-place on a neighboring hill. In the morning we looked out upon mounted men and dogs, at the very point where we had entered the stream, searching for our lost trail. We spent two days during a severe storm of rain and sleet in a farm barn where the slaves were so drunk on apple-jack that they had forgotten us and left us with nothing to eat but raw turnips. One night, in our search for provisions, we met a party of negroes burning charcoal who took us to their camp and sent out for a supply of food. While waiting a venerable "uncle" proposed to hold a prayer meeting. So under the tall trees and by the light of the smoldering coal-pits the old man prayed long and fervently to the "blessed Lord and Massa Lincoln," and hearty amens echoed through the woods. Besides a few small potatoes, one dried goat ham was all our zealous friends could procure. The next day, having made our camp in the secure depths of a dry swamp, we lighted the only fire we allowed ourselves between Columbia and the mountains. The ham, which was almost as light as cork, was riddled with worm holes, and as hard as a petrified sponge.

We avoided the towns, and after an endless variety of adventures approached the mountains, cold, hungry, ragged, and foot-sore. On the night of December 13 we were grouped about a guide-post, at a fork in the road, earnestly contending as to which way we should proceed. Lieutenant Sill was for the right, I was for the left, and no amount of persuasion could induce Lieutenant Lamson to decide the controversy. I yielded, and we turned to the right. After walking a mile in

a state of general uncertainty we came to a low white farm-house standing very near to the road. It was now close upon midnight and the windows were all dark, but from a house of logs, partly behind the other, gleamed a bright light. Judging this to be servants' quarters, two of us remained back while Lieutenant Sill made a cautious approach. In due time a negro appeared, advancing stealthily, and, beckoning to my companion and me, conducted us in the shadow of a hedge to a side window, through which we clambered into the cabin. We were made very comfortable in the glow of a bright wood fire. Sweet potatoes were already roasting in the ashes, and a tin pot of barley coffee was steaming on the coals. Rain and sleet had begun to fall, and it was decided that after having been warmed and refreshed we should be concealed in the barn until the following night. Accordingly we were conducted thither and put to bed upon a pile of corn-shucks high up under the roof. Secure as this retreat seemed, it was deemed advisable in the morning to burrow several feet down in the mow, so that the children, if by any chance they should climb so high, might romp unsuspecting over our heads. We could still look out through the cracks in the siding and get sufficient light whereby to study a map of the Southern States, which had been brought us with our breakfast. A luxurious repast was in preparation, to be eaten at the quarters before starting, but a frolic being in progress, and a certain negro present of questionable fidelity, the banquet was transferred to the barn. The great barn doors were set open, and the cloth was spread on the floor by the light of the moon. Certainly we had partaken of no such substantial fare within the Confederacy. The central dish was a pork pie, flanked by savory little patties of sausage. There were sweet potatoes, fleecy biscuits, a jug of sorghum, and a pitcher of sweet milk. Most delicious of all was a variety of corn-bread, having tiny bits of fresh pork baked in it, like plums in a pudding.¹

Filling our haversacks with the fragments, we took grateful leave of our sable benefactors and resumed our journey, retracing our steps to the point of disagreement of the evening before. Long experience in night marching

¹ Major Sill contributes the following evidence of the impression our trio made upon one, at least, of the pickaninnies who looked on in the moonlight. The picture of Lieutenants Sill and Lamson which appears on page 937 was enlarged from a small photograph taken on their arrival at Chattanooga, before divesting themselves of the rags worn throughout the long journey. Years afterwards Major Sill gave one of these pictures to Wallace Bruce of Florida, now United States consul at Glasgow. In the winter of 1888-89 Mr. Bruce, at his Florida home, was showing

the photograph to his family when it caught the eye of a colored servant, who exclaimed: "O Massa Bruce, I know those gen'men. My father and mother hid 'em in Massa's barn at Pickensville and fed 'em; there was three of 'em; I saw 'em." This servant was a child scarcely ten years old in 1864, and could only have seen us while we were eating our supper in the barn door, and that in the uncertain moonlight. Yet more than twenty years thereafter he greeted the photograph of the ragged Yankee officers with a flash of recognition.

had taught us extreme caution. We had advanced along the new road but a short way when we were startled by the barking of a house dog. Apprehending that something was moving in front of us, we instantly withdrew into the woods. We had scarcely concealed ourselves when two cavalrymen passed along, driving before them a prisoner. Aware that it was high time to betake ourselves to the cross-roads and describe a wide circle around the military station at Pickensville, we first sought information. A ray of light was visible from a hut in the woods, and believing from its humble appearance that it sheltered friends, my companions lay down in concealment while I advanced to reconnoiter. I gained the side of the house, and looking through a crack in the boardssaw, to my horror, a soldier lying on his back before the fire and playing with a dog. I stole back with redoubled care. Thoroughly alarmed by the dangers we had already encountered, we decided to abandon the roads. Near midnight of December 16 we passed through a wooden gate on a level road leading into the forest. Believing that the lateness of the hour would secure us from further dangers, we resolved to press on with all speed, when two figures with lighted torches came suddenly into view. Knowing that we were yet unseen, we turned into the woods and concealed ourselves behind separate trees at no great distance from the path. Soon the advancing lights revealed two hunters, mere lads, but having at their heels a pack of mongrel dogs, with which they had probably been pursuing the coon or the possum. The boys would have passed unaware of our presence, but the dogs, scurrying along with their noses in the leaves, soon struck our trail and were instantly yelping about us. We had possessed ourselves of the name of the commanding officer of the neighboring post at Pendleton, and advanced boldly, representing ourselves to be his soldiers. "Then where did you get them blue pantaloons?" they demanded, exchanging glances, which showed they were not ignorant of our true character. We coolly faced them down and resumed our march leisurely, while the boys still lingered undecided. When out of sight we abandoned the road and fled at the top of our speed. We had covered a long distance through forest and field before we heard in our wake the faint yelping of the pack. Plunging into the first stream, we dashed for some distance along its bed. Emerging on the opposite bank, we sped on through marshy fields, skirting high hills and bounding down through dry watercourses, over shelving stones and accumulated barriers of driftwood; now panting up a steep ascent, and now resting for a moment to rub our shoes

with the resinous needles of the pine; always within hearing of the dogs, whose fitful cries varied in volume in accordance with the broken conformation of the intervening country. Knowing that in speed and endurance we were no match for our four-footed pursuers, we trusted to our precautions for throwing them off the scent, mindful that they were but an ill-bred kennel and the more easily to be disposed of. Physically we were capable of prolonged exertion. Fainter and less frequent came the cry of the dogs, until, ceasing altogether, we were assured of our escape.

At Oconee, on Sunday, December 18, we met a negro well acquainted with the roads and passes into North Carolina, who furnished us information by which we traveled for two nights, recognizing on the second objects which by his direction we avoided, like the house of Black Bill McKinney, and going directly to that of friendly old Tom Handcock. The first of these two nights we struggled up the foothills and outlying spurs of the mountains, through an uninhabited waste of rolling barrens, along an old stage road, long deserted, and in places impassable to a saddle mule. Lying down before morning, high up on the side of the mountain, we fell asleep, to be awakened by thunder and lightning and to find torrents of hail and sleet beating upon our blankets. Chilled to the bone, we ventured to build a small fire in a secluded place. After dark, and before abandoning our camp, we gathered quantities of wood, stacking it upon the fire, which when we left it was a wild tower of flame lighting up the whole mountain side in the direction we had come, and seeming, in some sort, to atone for a long succession of shivering days in fireless bivouac. We followed the same stage road through the scattering settlement of Casher's Valley in Jackson County, North Carolina. A little farther on, two houses, of hewn logs, with verandas and green blinds, just fitted the description we had received of the home of old Tom Handcock. Knocking boldly at the door of the farther one, we were soon in the presence of the loyal mountaineer. He and his wife had been sleeping on a bed spread upon the floor before the fire. Drawing this to one side, they heaped the chimney with green wood and were soon listening with genuine delight to the story of our adventures.

After breakfast next day, Tom, with his rifle, led us by a back road to the house of "Squire Larkin C. Hooper," a leading loyalist, whom we met on the way, and together we proceeded to his house. Ragged and forlorn, we were eagerly welcomed at his home by Hooper's invalid wife and daughters. For several days

we enjoyed a hospitality given as freely to utter strangers as if we had been relatives of the family.

Here we learned of a party about to start through the mountains for East Tennessee, guided by Emanuel Headen, who lived on the crest of the Blue Ridge. Our friend Tom was to be one of the party, and other refugees were coming over the Georgia border, where Headen, better known in the settlement as "Man Heady," was mustering his party. It now being near Christmas, and the 'squire's family in daily expectation of a relative, who was a captain in the Confederate army, it was deemed prudent for us to go on to Headen's under the guidance of Tom. Setting out at sunset on the 23d of December, it was late in the evening when we arrived at our destination, having walked nine miles up the mountain trails over a light carpeting of snow. Pausing in front of a diminutive cabin, through the chinks of whose stone fireplace and stick chimney the whole interior seemed to be red hot like a furnace, our guide demanded, "Is Man Heady to hum?" Receiving a sharp negative in reply, he continued, "Well, can Tom get to stay all night?" At this the door flew open and a skinny woman appeared, her homespun frock pendent with tow-headed urchins.

"In course you can," she cried, leading the way into the cabin. Never have I seen so unique a character as this voluble, hatchet-faced, tireless woman. Her skin was like yellow parchment, and I doubt if she knew by experience what it was to be sick or weary. She had built the stake-and-cap fences that divided the fields, and she boasted of the acres she had plowed. The cabin was very small. Two bedsteads, with a narrow alleyway between, occupied half the interior. One was heaped with rubbish and in

the other slept the whole family, consisting of father, mother, a daughter of sixteen, and two little boys. When I add that the room contained a massive timber loom, a table, a spinning wheel, and a variety of rude seats, it will be understood that we were crowded uncomfortably close to the fire. Shrinking back as far as possible from the blaze, we listened in amused wonder to the tongue of this seemingly untamed virago, who, nevertheless, proved to be the kindest-hearted of women. She cursed, in her high-pitched tones, for a pack of fools, the men who had brought on the war. Roderic Norton, who lived down



LIEUTENANTS E. E. SILL AND A. T. LAMSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT CHATTANOOGA.)

the mountain, she expressed a profane desire to "stomp through the turnpike" because at some time he had stolen one of her hogs, marked, as to the ear, with "two smooth craps an' a slit in the left." Once only she had journeyed into the low country, where she had seen those twin marvels, steam cars and brick chimneys. On this occasion she had driven a

now, had their copper stills in the rock houses, while others, more wary of the recruiting sergeant, wandered from point to point, their only furniture a rifle and a bedquilt. On December 29, we were joined at the cavern by Lieutenant Knapp and Captain Smith, Federal officers, who had also made their way from Columbia, and by three refugees from Georgia,

whom I remember as Old Man Tigue and the two Vincent boys. During the night our party was to start across the mountains for Tennessee. Tom Handcock was momentarily expected to join us. Our guide was busy with preparations for the journey. The night coming on icy cold, and a cutting wind driving the smoke of the fire into our granite house, we abandoned it at nine o'clock and descended to the cabin. Headen and his wife had gone to the mill for a



WE ARRIVE AT HEADEN'S.

heifer to market, making a journey of forty miles, walking beside her horse and wagon, which she took along to bring back the corn-meal received in payment for the animal. Charged by her husband to bring back the heifer bell, and being denied that musical instrument by the purchaser, it immediately assumed more importance to her mind than horse, wagon, and corn-meal. Baffled at first, she proceeded to the pasture in the gray of the morning, cornered the cow and cut off the bell, and, in her own picturesque language, "walked through the streets of Walhalla cussin'." Rising at midnight she would fall to spinning with all her energy. To us, waked from sleep on the floor by the humming of the wheel, she seemed by the light of the low fire like a witch in a sun-bonnet, darting forward and back.

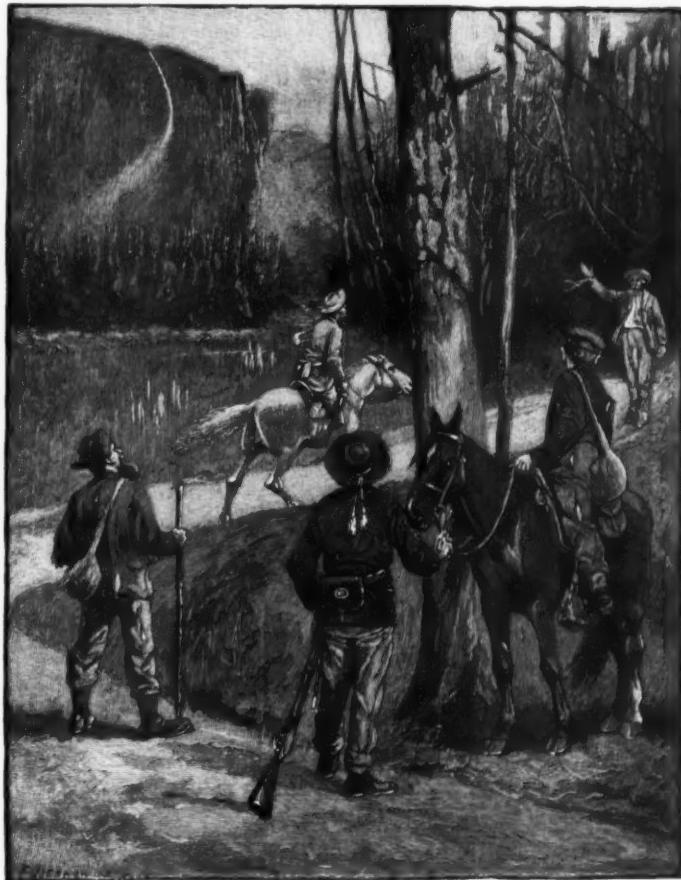
We remained there several days, sometimes at the cabin and sometimes at a cavern in the rocks such as abound throughout the mountains, and which are called by the natives "rock houses." Many of the men at that time were "outliers"—that is, they camped in the mountain fastnesses, receiving their food from some member of the family. Some of these men, as

supply of corn-meal. Although it was time for their return, we were in no wise alarmed by their absence, and formed a jovial circle about the roaring chimney. About midnight came a rap on the door. Thinking it was Tom Handcock and some of his companions, I threw it open with an eager "Come in, boys!" The boys began to come in, stamping the snow from their boots and rattling their muskets on the floor, until the house was full, and yet others were on guard without and crowding the porch. "Man Heady" and his wife were already prisoners at the mill, and the house had been picketed for some hours awaiting the arrival of the other refugees, who had discovered the plot just in time to keep out of the toils. Marshaled in some semblance of military array, we were marched down the mountain, over the frozen ground, to the house of old Roderic Norton. The Yankee officers were sent to an upper room, while the refugees were guarded below, under the immediate eyes of the soldiery. Making the best of our misfortune, our original trio bounced promptly into a warm bed, which had been recently deserted by some members of the family, and secured a good night's rest.

Lieutenant Knapp, who had imprudently indulged in frozen chestnuts on the mountain side, was attacked with violent cramps, and kept the household below stairs in commotion all night humanely endeavoring to assuage his agony. In the morning, although quite recovered, he cunningly feigned a continuance of his pains, and was left behind in the keeping of two guards, who having no suspicion of his deep designs left their guns in the house and went out to the spring to wash. Knapp, instantly on the alert, possessed himself of the muskets, and breaking the lock of one, by a powerful effort he bent the barrel of the other, and dashed out through the garden. His keepers, returning from the spring, shouted

and rushed indoors only to find their disabled pieces. They joined our party later in the day, rendering a chapfallen account of their detached service.

We had but a moderate march to make to the headquarters of the battalion, where we were to spend the night. Our guards we found kindly disposed towards us, but bitterly upbraiding the refugees, whom they saluted by the ancient name of Tories. Lieutenant Cogdill, in command of the expedition, privately informed us that his sympathies were entirely ours, but as a matter of duty he should guard us jealously while under his military charge. If we could effect our escape thereafter we had only to come to his mountain home and he would conceal us until such time as he could despatch us with safety over the borders. These mountain soldiers were mostly of two classes, both opposed to the war, but doing

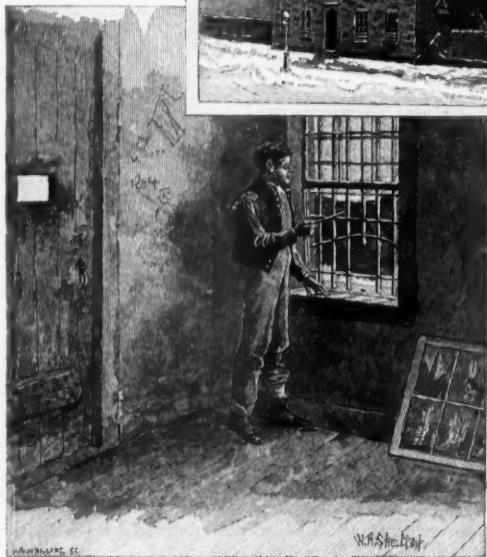


THE ESCAPE OF HEADEN.

home-guard duty in lieu of sterner service in the field. Numbers were of the outlier class, who, wearied of continual hiding in the laurel brakes, had embraced this service as a compromise. Many were deserters, some of whom had coolly set at defiance the terms of their furloughs, while others had abandoned the camps in Virginia, and, versed in mountain craft, had made their way along the Blue Ridge and put in a heroic appearance in their native valleys.

That night we arrived at a farm-house near the river, where we found Major Parker, commanding the battalion, with a small detachment, billeted upon the family. The farmer was a gray-haired old loyalist, whom I shall always remember, leaning on his staff in the middle of the kitchen, barred out from his place in the chimney-corner by the noisy circle of his unbidden guests. Major Parker was

a brisk little man, clad in brindle jeans of ancient cut, resplendent with brass buttons. Two small piercing eyes, deep-set beside a hawk's-beak nose, twinkled from under the rim of his brown straw hat, whose crown was defiantly surmounted by a cock's feather. But he was exceedingly jolly withal and welcomed the Yankees with pompous good humor, despatching a sergeant for a jug of apple-jack, which was doubtless as inexpensive to the major as his other hospitality. Having been a prisoner at Chicago, he prided himself on his knowledge of dungeon etiquette and the military courtesies due to our rank.



GREENVILLE JAIL.

We were awakened in the morning by high-pitched voices in the room below. Lieutenant Sill and I had passed the night in neighboring caverns of the same miraculous feather-bed. We recognized the voice of the major, informing some culprit that he had just ten minutes to live, and that if he wished to send any dying message to his wife or children then and there was his last opportunity; and then followed the tramping of the guards as they retired from his presence with their victim. Hastily dressing, we hurried down to find what was the matter. We were welcomed with a cheery good morning from the major, who seemed

to be in the sunniest of spirits. No sign of commotion was visible. "Step out to the branch, gentlemen; your parole of honor is sufficient; you'll find towels—been a prisoner myself." And he restrained by a sign the sentinel who would have accompanied us. At the branch, in the yard, we found the other refugees trembling for their fate, and learned that Headen had gone to the orchard in the charge of a file of soldiers with a rope. While we were discussing the situation and endeavoring to calm the apprehensions of the Georgians the executioners returned from the orchard, our guide marching in advance and looking none the worse for the rough handling he had undergone. The brave fellow had confided his last message and been thrice drawn up towards the branch of an apple tree, and as many times lowered for the information it was supposed he would give. Nothing was learned, and it is probable he had no secrets to disclose or conceal.

Lieutenant Cogdill, with two soldiers, was detailed to conduct us to Quallatown, a Cherokee station at the foot of the Great Smoky Mountains. Two horses were allotted to the guard, and we set out in military order, the refugees two and two in advance, Headen and Old Man Tigue lashed together by the wrists, and the rear brought up by the troopers on horseback. It was the last day of the year, and although a winter morning, the rare mountain air was as soft as spring. We struck the banks of the Tuckasegee directly opposite to a feathery waterfall, which, leaping over a crag of the opposite cliff, was dissipated in a glittering sheet of spray before reaching the tops of the trees below.

As the morning advanced we fell into a more negligent order of marching. The beautiful river, a wide, swift current, flowing smoothly between thickly wooded banks, swept by on our left, and on the right wild, uninhabited mountains closed in the road. The two Vincents were strolling along far in advance. Some distance behind them were Headen and Tigue; the remainder of us following in a general group, Sill mounted beside one of the guards. Advancing in this order, a cry from the front broke on the stillness of the woods, and we beheld Old Man Tigue gesticulating wildly in the center of the road and screaming, "He's gone! He's gone!"

Catch him!" Sure enough the old man was alone, the fragment of the parted strap dangling from his outstretched wrist. The guard, who was mounted, dashed off in pursuit, followed by the lieutenant on foot, but both soon returned, giving over the hopeless chase. Thoroughly frightened by the events of the morning, Headen¹ had watched his opportunity to make good his escape, and as we afterwards learned, joined by Knapp and Tom Handcock, he conducted a party safely to Tennessee.

At Webster, the court town of Jackson County, we were quartered for the night in the jail, but accompanied Lieutenant Cogdill to a venison breakfast at the parsonage with Mrs. Harris and her daughter, who had called on us the evening before. Snow had fallen during the night, and when we continued our march it was with the half-frozen slush crushing in and out, at every step, through our broken shoes. Before the close of this dreary New Year's day we came upon the scene of one of those wild tragedies which are still of too frequent occurrence in those remote regions, isolated from the strong arm of the law. Our road led down and around the mountain side, which on our right was a barren, rocky waste, sloping gradually up from the inner curve of the arc we were describing. From this direction arose a low wailing sound, and a little farther on we came in view of a dismal group of men, women, and mules. In the center of the gathering lay the lifeless remains of a father and his two sons; seated upon the ground, swaying and weeping over their dead, were the mother and wives of the young men. A burial party, armed with spades and picks, waited by their mules, while at a respectful distance from the mourners stood a circle of neighbors and passers-by, some gazing in silent sympathy, and others not hesitating to express a quiet approval of the shocking tragedy. Between two families, the Hoopers and the Watsons, a bitter feud had long existed, and from time to time men of each clan had fallen by the rifles of the other. The Hoopers were loyal Union men, and if the Watsons yielded any loyalty it was to the State of North Carolina. On one occasion shortly before the final tragedy, when one of the young Hoopers was sitting quietly in his door, a light puff of smoke rose from the bushes and a rifle ball plowed through his leg. The Hoopers resolved to begin the new year by wiping out their enemies, root and branch. Before light they had surrounded the log cabin of the Watsons and secured all the male in-

mates, except one who, wounded, escaped through a window. The latter afterwards executed a singular revenge, by killing and skinning the dog of his enemies and elevating the carcass on a pole in front of their house.

After a brief stay at Quallatown we set out for Asheville, leaving behind our old and friendly guard. Besides the soldiers who now had us in charge, a Cherokee Indian was allotted to each prisoner, with instructions to keep his man constantly in view. To travel with an armed Indian, sullen and silent, trotting at your heels like a dog, with very explicit instructions to blow out your brains at the first attempt to escape, is neither cheerful nor ornamental, and we were a sorry looking party plodding silently along the road. Detachments of prisoners were frequently passed over this route, and regular stopping-places were established for the nights. It was growing dusk when we arrived at the first cantonment, which was the wing of a great barren farm-house owned by Colonel Bryson. The place was already occupied by a party of refugees, and we were directed to a barn in the field beyond. We had brought with us uncooked rations, and while two of the soldiers went into the house for cooking utensils, the rest of the party, including the Indians, were leaning in a line upon the dooryard fence; Sill and Lamson were at the end of the line, where the fence cornered with a hedge. Presently the two soldiers reappeared, one of them with an iron pot in which to cook our meat, and the other swinging in his hand a burning brand. In the wake of these guides we followed down to the barn, and had already started a fire when word came from the house that for fear of rain we had best return to the corn-barn. It was not until we were again in the road that I noticed the absence of Sill and Lamson. I hastened to Smith and confided the good news. The fugitives were missed almost simultaneously by the guards, who first beat up the vicinity of the barn, and then, after securing the remainder of us in a corn-crib, sent out the Indians in pursuit. Faithful dogs, as these Cherokees had shown themselves during the day, they proved but poor hunters when the game was in the bush, and soon returned, giving over the chase. Half an hour later they were all back in camp, baking their hoe-cake in genuine aboriginal fashion, flattened on the surface of a board and inclined to the heat of the fire.²

That I was eager to follow goes without saying, but our keepers had learned our slip-

taken as prisoner, has been dead for years. Old Tom Handcock is dead.—W. R. HOOPER."

² Sill and Lamson reached Loudon, Tennessee, in February. A few days after their escape from the Indian guard they arrived at the house of "Shooting John

¹ A short time ago the writer received the following letter: "Casher's Valley, May 28, 1890. Old Manuel Headen and wife are living, but separated. Julia Ann is living with her mother. The old lady is blind. Old man Norton (Roderic), to whose house you were

pery character. All the way to Asheville, day and night, we were watched with sleepless vigilance. There we gave our parole, Smith and I, and secured thereby comfortable quarters in the court-house, with freedom to stroll about the town. Old Man Tigue and the Vincents were committed to the county jail. We were there a week, part of my spare time being employed in helping a Confederate company officer make out a correct pay-roll.

When our diminished ranks had been recruited by four more officers from Columbia, who had been captured near the frozen summit of the Great Smoky Mountains, we were started on a journey of sixty miles to Greenville in South Carolina. The night before our arrival we were quartered at a large farm-house. The prisoners, together with the privates of the guard, were allotted a comfortable room, which contained, however, but a single bed. The officer in charge had retired to enjoy the hospitality of the family. A flock of enormous white pullets were roosting in the yard. Procuring an iron kettle from the servants, who looked with grinning approval upon all forms of chicken stealing, we sallied forth to the capture. Twisting the precious necks of half a dozen, we left them to die in the grass while we pierced the side of a sweet-potato mound. Loaded with our booty we retreated to the house undiscovered, and spent the night in cooking in one pot instead of sleeping in one bed. The fowls were skinned instead of plucked, and, vandals that we were, dressed on the backs of the picture frames, taken down from the walls.

At Greenville we were lodged in the county jail to await the reconstruction of railway bridges, when we were to be transported to Columbia. The jail was a stone structure, two stories in height, with halls through the center on both floors and square rooms on each side. The lock was turned on our little party of six in one of these upper rooms, having two grated windows looking down on the walk. Through the door which opened on the hall a square hole was cut as high as one's face and large enough to admit the passage of a plate. Aside from the rigor of our confinement we were treated with marked kindness. We had scarcely walked about our dungeon before the jailer's daughters were at the door with their autograph albums. In a few days we were playing draughts and reading Bulwer, while the girls, without, were preparing our food and knitting for us warm new stockings. Notwithstanding all these at-

Brown," who confided them to the care of the young Hoopers and a party of their outlying companions. From a rocky cliff overlooking the valley of the Tuckasegee they could look down on the river roads dotted with the sheriff's posse in pursuit of the Hoopers. So near were they that they could distinguish a rela-

tions, we were ungratefully discontented. At the end of the first week we were joined by seven enlisted men, Ohio boys, who like ourselves had been found at large in the mountains. From one of these new arrivals we procured a case-knife and a gun screwdriver. Down on the hearth before the fire the screwdriver was placed on the thick edge of the knife and labored with a beef bone until a few inches of its back were converted into a rude saw. The grate in the window was formed of cast-iron bars, passing perpendicularly through wrought-iron plates, bedded in the stone jambs. If one of these perpendicular bars, an inch and a half square, could be cut through, the plates might be easily bent so as to permit the egress of a man. With this end in view we cautiously began operations. Outside of the bars a piece of carpet had been stretched to keep out the raw wind, and behind this we worked with safety. An hour's toil produced but a few feathery filings on the horizontal plate, but many hands make light work, and steadily the cut grew deeper. We recalled the adventures of Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, and Sixteen-string Jack, and sawed away. During the available hours of three days and throughout one entire night the blade of steel was worrying, rasping, eating the iron bar. At last the grosser yielded to the temper and persistence of the finer metal. It was Saturday night when the toilsome cut was completed, and preparations were already under way for a speedy departure. The jail had always been regarded as too secure to require a military guard, although soldiers were quartered in the town; besides, the night was so cold that a crust had formed on the snow, and both citizens and soldiers, unused to such extreme weather, would be likely to remain indoors. For greater secrecy of movement, we divided into small parties, aiming to traverse different roads. I was to go with my former companion, Captain Smith. Lots were cast to determine the order of our going. First exit was allotted to four of the Ohio soldiers. Made fast to the grating outside were a bit of rope and strip of blankets, along which to descend. Our room was immediately over that of the jailer and his sleeping family, and beneath our opening was a window, which each man must pass in his descent. At eleven o'clock the exodus began. The first man was passed through the bars amid a suppressed buzz of whispered cautions. His boots were handed after him in a haversack. The

tive of the Watsons leading the sheriff's party. One of the Hooper boys, with characteristic recklessness and to the consternation of the others, stood boldly out on a great rock in plain sight of his pursuers (if they had chanced to look up), half resolved to try his rifle at the last of the Watsons.

rest of us, pressing our faces to the frosty grating, listened breathlessly for the success of the movement we could no longer see. Suddenly there was a crash, and in the midst of mutterings of anger we snatched in the rag ladder and restored the piece of carpeting to its place outside the bars. Our pioneer had hurt his hand against the rough stones, and, floundering in mid-air, had dashed his leg through sash and glass of the window below. We could see nothing of his further movements, but soon discovered the jailer standing in the door, looking up and down the street, seemingly in the dark as to where the crash came from. At last, wearied and worried and disappointed, we lay down in our blankets upon the hard floor.

At daylight we were awakened by the voice of Miss Emma at the hole in the door. "Who got out last night?" "Welty." "Well, you was fools you did n't all go; pap would n't a' stopped you. If you'll keep the break concealed until night we 'll let you all out." The secret of the extreme kindness of our keepers was explained. The jailer, a loyalist, retained his position as a civil detail, thus protecting himself and sons from conscription. Welty had been taken in the night before, his bruises had been anointed, and he had been provisioned for the journey.

We spent the day repairing our clothing and preparing for the road. My long-heeled cowhides, "wife's shoes," for which I had exchanged a uniform waistcoat with a cotton-wooled old darky on the banks of the Salsuda, were about parting soles from uppers, and I kept the twain together by winding my feet with stout cords. At supper an extra ration was given us. As soon as it was dark the old jailer appeared among us and gave us a minute description of the different roads leading west into the mountains, warning us of certain dangers. At eleven o'clock Miss Emma came with the great keys, and we followed her, in single file, down the stairs and out into the back yard of the jail. From the broken gratings in front, the bit of rope and strips of blanket were left dangling in the wind.

We made short work of leave-taking, Captain Smith and I separating immediately from the rest, and pushing hurriedly out of the sleeping town, by back streets, into the bitter cold of the country roads. We stopped once to warm at the pits of some negro charcoal burners, and before day dawned had traveled sixteen miles. We found a sheltered nook on the side of the mountain open to the sun, where we made a bed of dry leaves and remained for the day. At night we set out again, due west by the stars, but before we had gone far my companion, who claimed to know something of the country, insisted upon going to the left, and within a mile turned into another

left-hand road. I protested, claiming that this course was leading us back. While we were yet contending we came to a bridgeless creek whose dark waters barred our progress, and at the same moment, as if induced by the thought of the fording, the captain was seized with rheumatic pains in his knees; so that he walked with difficulty. We had just passed a house where lights were still showing, and to this we decided to return, hoping at least to find shelter for Smith. Leaving him at the gate, I went to a side porch and knocked at the door, which was opened by a woman who proved to be friendly to our cause, her husband being in the rebel army much against his will. We were soon seated to the right and left of her fireplace. Blazing pine knots brilliantly lighted the room, and a number of beds lined the walls. A trundle-bed before the fire was occupied by a very old woman, who was feebly moaning with rheumatism. Our hostess shouted into the old lady's ear, "Granny, them 's Yankees." "Be they!" said she, peering at us with her poor old eyes. "Be ye sellin' tablecloths?" When it was explained that we were just from the war, she demanded, in an absent way, to know if we were Britishers. We slept in one of the comfortable beds, and as a measure of prudence passed the day in the woods, leaving at nightfall with well-filled haversacks. Captain Smith was again the victim of his rheumatism, and directing me to his friends at Caesar's Head, where I was to wait for him until Monday (it then being Tuesday), he returned to the house, little thinking that we were separating forever.

I traveled very rapidly all night, hoping to make the whole distance, but day was breaking when I reached the head waters of the Salsuda. Following up the stream I found a dam on which I crossed, and although the sun was rising and the voices of children mingled with the lowing of cattle in the frosty air, I ran across the fields and gained a secure hiding-place on the side of the mountain. It was a long, solitary day, and glad was I when it grew sufficiently dark to turn the little settlement and get into the main road up the mountain. It was six zigzag miles to the top, the road turning on log abutments, well anchored with stones, and not a habitation on the way until I should reach Bishop's house, on the crest of the divide. Half way up I paused before a big summer hotel, looming up in the woods like the ghost of a deserted factory, its broken windows and rotting gateways redoubling the solitude of the bleak mountain side. Shortly before reaching Bishop's, "wife's shoes" became quite unmanageable. One had climbed up my leg half way to the knee, and I knocked at the door with the wreck of the other in my hand. My visit had been preceded but a

day by a squad of partisan raiders, who had carried away the bedding and driven off the cattle of my new friends, and for this reason the most generous hospitality could offer no better couch than the hard floor. Stretched thereon in close proximity to the dying fire, the cold air coming up through the wide cracks between the hewn planks seemed to be cutting me in sections as with icy saws, so that I was forced to establish myself lengthwise of a broad puncheon at the side of the room and under the table.

In this family "the gray mare was the better horse," and poor Bishop, an inoffensive man, and a cripple withal, was wedded to a regular Xantippe. It was evident that unpleasant thoughts were dominant in the woman's mind as she proceeded sullenly and vigorously with preparations for breakfast. The bitter bread of charity was being prepared with a vengeance for the unwelcome guest. Premonitions of the coming storm flashed now and then in lightning cuffs on the ears of the children, or crashed venomously among the pottery in the fireplace. At last the repast was spread, the table still standing against the wall, as is the custom among mountain housewives. The good-natured husband now advanced cheerfully to lend a hand in removing it into the middle of the room. It was when one of the table legs overturned the swill-pail that the long pent-up storm burst in a torrent of invective. The prospect of spending several days here was a very gloomy outlook, and the relief was great when it was proposed to pay a visit to Neighbor Case, whose house was in the nearest valley, and with whose sons Captain Smith had lain in concealment for some weeks on a former visit to the mountains. I was curious to see his sons, who were famous outliers. From safe cover they delighted to pick off a recruiting officer or a tax-in-kind collector, or tumble out of their saddles the last drivers of a wagon train. These lively young men had been in unusual demand of late and their hiding-place was not known even to the faithful, so I was condemned to the society of an outlier of a less picturesque variety. Pink Bishop was a blacksmith, and just the man to forge me a set of shoes from the leather Neighbor Case had already provided. The little still-shed, concealed from the road only by a low hill, was considered an unsafe harbor, on account of a fresh fall of snow with its sensibility to tell-tale impressions. So we set up our shoe factory in a deserted cabin, well back on the mountain and just astride of that imaginary line which divides the Carolinas. From the fireplace we dug away the cornstalks, heaping the displaced bundles against broken windows and windy cracks, and otherwise secured our retreat against frost and enemies. Then ensued three days of

primitive shoemaking. As may be inferred, the shoes made no pretension to style. I sewed the short seams at the sides and split the pegs from a section of seasoned maple. Rudely constructed as these shoes were they bore their wearer triumphantly into the promised land.

I restrained my eagerness to be going until Monday night, the time agreed upon, when, my disabled companion not putting in an appearance, I set out for my old friend's in Casher's Valley. I got safely over a long wooden bridge within half a mile of a garrisoned town. I left the road, and turned, as I believed, away from the town, but I was absolutely lost in the darkness of a snow-storm, and forced to seek counsel as well as shelter. In this plight I pressed on towards a light, glimmering faintly through the blinding snow. It led me into the shelter of the porch to a small brown house, cut deeply beneath the low eaves and protected at the sides by flanking bed-rooms. My knock was answered by a girlish voice, and from the ensuing parley, through the closed door, I learned that she was the daughter of a Baptist exhorter, and that she was alone in the house, her brother away at the village, and her father, having preached the day before at some distance, was not expected home until the next morning. Reassured by my civil-toned inquiries about the road, she unfastened the door and came out to the porch, where she proceeded to instruct me how to go on, which was just the thing I least desired to do. By this time I had discovered the political complexion of the family, and, making myself known, was instantly invited in, with the assurance that her father would be gravely displeased if she permitted me to go on before he returned. I had interrupted my little benefactress in the act of writing a letter, on a sheet of foolscap, which lay on an old-fashioned stand in one corner of the room beside the ink-bottle and the candlestick. In the diagonal corner stood a tall bookcase, the crowded volumes nestling lovingly behind the glass doors—the only collection of the sort that I saw at any time in the mountains. A feather-bed was spread upon the floor, the head raised by means of a turned-down chair, and here I was reposing comfortably when the brother arrived. It was late in the forenoon when the minister reached home, his rickety wagon creaking through the snow, and drawn at a snail's pace by a long-furred, knock-kneed horse. The tall but not very clerical figure was wrapped in a shawl and swathed round the throat with many turns of a woolen tippet. The daughter ran out with eagerness to greet her father and tell of the wonderful arrival. I was received with genuine delight. It was the enthusiasm of a patriot,

eager to find a sympathetic ear for his long-repressed views.¹

When night came and no entreaties could prevail to detain me over another day, the minister conducted me some distance in person, passing me on with ample directions to another exhorter, who was located for that

the morning, intending to put me in the company of a man who was going towards Cashier's Valley on a hunting expedition. When we reached his house, however, the hunter had gone; so, after parting with my guide, I set forward through the woods, following the tracks of the hunter's horse. The shoe-prints were



PINK BISHOP AT THE STILL.

night at the house of a miller who kept a ferocious dog. I came first to the pond and then to the mill, and got into the house without encountering the dog. Aware of the necessity of arriving before bedtime, I had made such speed as to find the miller's family still lingering about the fireplace with preacher number two seated in the lay circle. That night I slept with the parson, who sat up in bed in the morning, and after disengaging himself of a striped extinguisher nightcap electrified the other sleepers by announcing that this was the first time he had ever slept with a Yankee. After breakfast the parson, armed with staff and scrip, signified his purpose to walk with me during the day, as it was no longer dangerous to move by daylight. We must have been traveling the regular Baptist road, for we lodged that night at the house of another lay brother. The minister continued with me a few miles in

sometimes plainly impressed in the snow, and again for long distances over dry leaves and bare ground, but an occasional trace could be found. It was past noon when I arrived at the house where the hunters were assembled. Quite a number of men were gathered in and about the porch, just returned from the chase. Blinded by the snow over which I had been walking in the glare of the sun, I blundered up the steps, inquiring without much tact for the rider who had preceded me, and was no little alarmed at receiving a rude and gruff reception. I continued in suspense for some time until my man found an opportunity to inform me that there were suspicious persons present, thus accounting for his unexpected manner. The explanation was made at a combination meal, serving for both dinner and supper, and consisting exclusively of beans. I set out at twilight to make a walk of thirteen miles to

¹ The Rev. James H. Duckworth, now postmaster of Brevard, Transylvania County, North Carolina, and in 1868 member of the State Constitutional Convention, in his letter of June 24, 1890, says: "I have not forgotten those things of which you speak. I can almost see you (even in imagination) standing at the fire when I drove up to the gate and went into the house and

asked you, 'Have I ever seen you before?' Just then I observed your uniform. 'Oh, yes,' said I; 'I know who it is now.' . . . This daughter of whom you speak married about a year after, and is living in Morgantown, North Carolina, about one hundred miles from here. Hattie (for that is her name) is a pious, religious woman."

the house of our old friend Esquire Hooper. Eager for the cordial welcome which I knew awaited me, and nerved by the frosty air, I sped over the level wood-road, much of the way running instead of walking. Three times I came upon bends of the same broad rivulet. Taking off my shoes and stockings and rolling up my trousers above my knees, I tried the first passage. Flakes of broken ice were eddying against the banks, and before gaining the middle of the stream my feet and ankles ached with the cold, the sharp pain increasing at every step until I threw my blanket on the opposite bank and springing upon it wrapped my feet in its dry folds. Rising a little knoll soon after making the third ford, I came suddenly upon the familiar stopping-place of my former journey. It was scarcely more than nine o'clock, and the little hardships of the journey from Caesar's Head seemed but a cheap outlay for the joy of the meeting with friends so interested in the varied fortunes of myself and my late companions. Together we rejoiced at the escape of Sill and Lamson, and made merry over the vicissitudes of my checkered career. Here I first learned of the safe arrival in Tennessee of Knapp, Man Heady, and Old Tom Handcock.

After a day's rest I climbed the mountains to the Headen cabin, now presided over by the heroine of the heifer bell in the absence of her fugitive husband. Saddling her horse, she took me the next evening to join a lad

who was about starting for Shooting Creek. Young Green was awaiting my arrival, and after a brief delay we were off on a journey of something like sixty miles; the journey, however, was pushed to a successful termination by the help of information gleaned by the way. It was at the close of the last night's march, which had been long and uneventful, except that we had surmounted no fewer than three snow-capped ridges, that my blacksmith's shoes, soaked to a pulp by the wet snow, gave out altogether. On the top of the last ridge I found myself panting in the yellow light of the rising sun, the sad wrecks of my two shoes dangling from my hands, a wilderness of beauty spread out before me, and a sparkling field of frosty forms beneath my tingling feet. Stretching far into the west towards the open country of East Tennessee was the limitless wilderness of mountains drawn like mighty furrows across the toilsome way, the pale blue of the uttermost ridges fading into an imperceptible union with the sky. A log house was in sight down in the valley, a perpendicular column of smoke rising from its single chimney. Towards this we picked our way, I in my stocking feet, and my boy guide confidently predicting that we should find the required cobbler. Of course we found him in a country where every family makes its own shoes as much as its own bread, and he was ready to serve the traveler without pay. Not-



ARRIVAL HOME OF THE BAPTIST MINISTER.



SURPRISED AT MRS. KITCHEN'S.

W.H. Sargeant

withstanding our night's work, we tarried no longer than for the necessary repairs, and just before sunset we looked down upon the scattering settlement of Shooting Creek. Standing on the bleak brow of "Chunky Gall" Mountain, my guide recognized the first familiar object on the trip, which was the roof of his uncle's house. At Shooting Creek I was the guest of the Widow Kitchen, whose house was the principal one in the settlement and whose estate boasted two slaves. The husband had fallen by an anonymous bullet while salting his cattle on the mountain in an early year of the war.

On the day following my arrival I was conducted over a ridge to another creek, where I met two professional guides, Quince Edmonston and Mack Hooper. As I came upon the pair parting a thicket of laurel, with their long rifles at a shoulder, I instantly recognized the coat of the latter as the snuff-colored sack in which I had last seen Lieutenant Lamson. It had been given to the man at Chattanooga, where these same guides had conducted my former companions in safety a month before. Quince Edmonston, the elder, had led numerous parties of Yankee officers over the Wa-cheesa trail for a consideration of a hundred dollars, pledged to be paid by each officer at Chattanooga or Nashville.

Two other officers were concealed near by, and a number of refugees, awaiting a convoy, and an arrangement was rapidly made with

the guides. The swollen condition of the Valley River made it necessary to remain for several days at Shooting Creek before setting out. Mack and I were staying at the house of Mrs. Kitchen. It was on the afternoon of a memorable Friday, the rain still falling in torrents without, that I sat before the fire poring over a small Sunday-school book; the only printed book in the house, if not in the settlement. Mack Hooper was sitting by the door. Attracted by a rustling sound in his direction, I looked up just in time to see his heels disappearing under the nearest bed. Leaping to my feet with an instinctive impulse to do likewise, I was confronted in the doorway by a stalwart Confederate officer fully uniformed and armed. Behind him was his quartermaster sergeant. This was a Government party collecting the tax-in-kind, which at that time throughout the Confederacy was the tenth part of all crops and other farm productions. It was an ugly surprise. Seeing no escape, I ventured a remark on the weather; only a stare in reply. A plan of escape flashed through my mind like an inspiration. I seated myself quietly, and for an instant bent my eyes upon the printed pages. The two soldiers had advanced to the corner of the chimney nearest the door, inquiring for the head of the family and keeping their eyes riveted on my hostile uniform. At this juncture I was seized with a severe fit of coughing. With one hand upon my chest,

I walked slowly past the men, and laid my carefully opened book face down upon a chest. With another step or two I was in the porch, and bounding into the kitchen I sprang out through a window already opened by the women for my exit. Away I sped bareheaded through the pelting rain, now crashing through thick underbrush, and now to my waist in swollen streams, plunging on and on, only mindful to select a course that would baffle horsemen in pursuit. After some miles of running I took cover behind a stack, within view of the road which Mack must take in retreating to the other settlement; and sure enough here he was, coming down the road with my cap and haversack, which was already loaded for the western journey. Mack had remained undiscovered under the bed, an interested listener to the conversation that ensued. The officer had been assured that I was a friendly scout; but convinced of the contrary by my flight, he had departed swearing he would capture that Yankee before morning if he had to search the whole settlement. So alarmed were we for our safety that we crossed that night into a third valley and slept in the loft of a horse-barn.

On Sunday our expedition assembled on a hillside overlooking Shooting Creek, where our friends in the secret of the movement came up to bid us adieu. With guides we were a party of thirteen or fourteen, but only three of us officers who were to pay for our safe conduct. Each man carried his supply of bread and meat and bedding. Some were wrapped in faded bedquilts and some in tattered army blankets; nearly all wore ragged clothes, broken shoes, and had unkempt beards. We arrived upon a mountain side overlooking the settlement of Peach Tree, and were awaiting the friendly shades of night under which to descend to the house of the man who was to put us across Valley River. Premature darkness was accompanied with torrents of rain, through which we followed our now uncertain guides. At last the light of the cabin we were seeking gleamed humbly through the trees. Most of the family fled into the outhouses at our approach, some of them not reappearing until we were disposed for sleep in a half-circle before the fire. The last arrival were two tall women in homespun dresses and calico sunbonnets. They slid timidly in at the door, with averted faces, and then with a rush and



THE MEETING WITH THE 2D OHIO HEAVY ARTILLERY.

a bounce covered themselves out of sight in a bed, where they had probably been sleeping in the same clothing when we approached the house. Here we learned that a cavalcade of four hundred Texan Rangers had advanced into Tennessee by the roads on the day before. Our guides, familiar with the movements of these dreaded troopers, calculated that with the day's delay enforced by the state of the river a blow would have been struck and the marauders would be in full retreat before we should arrive on the ground. We passed that day concealed in a stable, and as soon as it was sufficiently dark we proceeded in a body to the bank of the river attended by a man and a horse. The stream was narrow, but the current was full and swift. The horse breasted the flood with difficulty, but he bore us all across one at a time, seated behind the farmer.

We had now left behind us the last settlement, and before us lay only wild and uninhabited mountains. The trail we traveled was an Indian path extending for nearly seventy miles through an uninhabited wilderness. Instead of crossing the ridges it follows the trend of the range, winding for the most part along the crests of the divides. The occasional traveler having once mounted to its level pursues his solitary way with little climbing.

Early in the morning of the fourth day our little party was assembled upon the last mountain overlooking the open country of East Tennessee. Some of us had been wandering in the mountains for the whole winter. We were returning to a half-forgotten world of farms and fences, roads and railways. Below us stretched the Tellico River away towards the line of towns marking the course of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. One of the guides who had ventured down to the nearest house returned with information that the four hundred Texan Rangers had burned the depot at Philadelphia Station the day before, but were now thought to be out of the country. We could see the distant smoke arising from the ruins. Where the river flowed out of the mountains were extensive iron-works, the property of a loyal citizen, and in front of his house we halted for consultation. He regretted that we had shown ourselves so soon, as the rear guard of the marauders had passed the night within sight of where we now stood. Our nearest pickets were at Loudon, thirty miles distant on the railway, and for this station we were advised to make all speed.

For half a mile the road ran along the bank

of the river and then turned around a wooded bluff to the right. Opposite to this bluff and accessible by a shallow ford was another hill, where it was feared that some of the Rangers were still lingering about their camp. As we came to the turn in the road our company was walking rapidly in Indian file, guide Edmonston and I at the front. Coming around the bluff from the opposite direction was a countryman mounted on a powerful gray mare. His overcoat was army blue, but he wore a bristling fur cap, and his rifle was slung on his back. At sight of us he turned in his saddle to shout to some one behind, and bringing his gun to bear came tearing and swearing down the road, spattering the gravel under the big hoofs of the gray. Close at his heels rode two officers in Confederate gray uniforms, and a motley crowd of riders closed up the road behind. In an instant the guide and I were surrounded, the whole cavalcade leveling their guns at the thicket and calling on our companions to halt, who could be plainly heard crashing through the bushes. The dress of but few of our captors could be seen, nearly all being covered with rubber talmas, but their mounts, including mules as well as horses, were equipped with every variety of bridle and saddle to be imagined. I knew at a glance that this was no body of our cavalry. If we were in the hands of the Rangers the fate of the guides and refugees would be the hardest. I thought they might spare the lives of the officers. "Who are you? What are you doing here?" demanded the commander, riding up to us and scrutinizing our rags. I hesitated a moment, and then, throwing off the blanket I wore over my shoulders, simply said, "You can see what I am." My rags were the rags of a uniform, and spoke for themselves.

Our captors proved to be a company of the 2d Ohio Heavy Artillery, in pursuit of the marauders into whose clutches we thought we had fallen. The farmer on the gray mare was the guide of the expedition, and the two men uniformed as rebel officers were Union scouts. The irregular equipment of the animals, which had excited my suspicion most, as well as the animals themselves, had been hastily impressed from the country about the village of Loudon, where the 2d Ohio was stationed. On the following evening, which was the 4th of March, the day of the second inauguration of President Lincoln, we walked into Loudon and gladly surrendered ourselves to the outposts of the Ohio Heavy Artillery.

W. H. Shelton.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Partisan Recognition of the Independent Voter.

OF late years attention has been directed to a class of voters supposed to be unique. Party and partisan considerations have been so engrossing that the Independent Voter has seemed to the popular mind a new development. Investigation will prove, however, that the independent voter has been abroad from the earliest days of the Republic; that he is the natural product of free institutions and universal suffrage; and that his power has been felt with effect long before he was given a distinctive name.

A review of the course of party history ought to convince even the most bitter partisan that every party, whether in nation or state, has appealed to the independent voter for his support, and that party supremacy has generally been decided by this vote. By the independent voter we mean not only the voter who avows no party allegiance whatever, but also the thoughtful citizen who, while believing in parties as means of effective political action, still holds principle above the shibboleths of political nomenclature, and will bravely follow his convictions across the lines of partisan organization.

Our political history naturally divides itself into periods when important or vital issues have come up for settlement. Most of these have been of local or temporary interest. No single question has divided parties from the beginning, in 1787, down to the present. It is often asserted that some of the issues of Washington's or Jefferson's time still remain unsettled. But this is not true. Not one of these has remained without question the peculiar property of the various parties that have succeeded each other, and whose adherents at different periods and for different reasons have ranged themselves on one side or the other of the tariff question, the States' rights question, or the question of strengthening the national authority. The interests of persons or of sections have shifted from time to time, and have demanded a changed interpretation.

Besides, such issues have never presented the same face at different periods. So, while it is common to refer all our divergences of party opinion to these questions, the truth is, this has been a forced construction. Most of the temporary issues which have been settled in one way or another had only the remotest relation to rival fiscal theories, or to States' rights, or to centralization. In truth, these principles, supposed to lie at the basis of all the politics we have, and to be the cause of party division, have been lost sight of so constantly that men have often been compelled to cross party lines in order to find congenial associations or sympathy for their peculiar opinions.

The Federal party, organized as the bulwark of the Constitution, afforded the independent voter an opportunity to exercise his privilege. When the necessity of giving up the Confederation became apparent, public sentiment was far from being unanimous in favor of the proposed grant of power by the States to the Federal Government. As a majority could not be com-

manded, there was nothing to do but win it by appeal to the country. If the Federalists had refused to ask for aid, or to accept it when tendered, they could never have created a sentiment in favor of the Constitution, which, even with this assistance, was neither adopted nor ratified without a contest. Its friends did not hesitate to make their appeal to the people, and it is nowhere recorded that they asked any questions about the former opinions or affiliations of their converts. They not only used arguments, but they invoked aid in the names of Washington and the fathers of the Republic then living. They won, because they were able to get the support, not of their own followers or sympathizers alone, but of the independent voters of that day; and in doing this they created a precedent since followed.

In due time the influences that had surrounded Washington and the founders were no longer potent. The fortunes of the party were intrusted to leaders who lived in the past, or used their power unwisely, or put undue confidence in the affection and credulity of their followers. So a new appeal was made. The Republican or Jeffersonian party did not trust to its own resources, or give the least hint of an intention to drive voters away because of any previous differences of opinion; on the contrary, it asked patriotic, thinking, and independent men to come over and help it. Enough of them did so not only to give it the power and responsibility of the government, but to send a once victorious party to death and oblivion.

The independent voter was again appealed to during our second war with Great Britain, after Jefferson and Madison, by vacillation or mistake, had to some extent forfeited the united support of their own party followers. Especially in the Middle and Southern States the remnants of their old opponents, the Federalists, then came to the support of Madison during his second term, and thus created a public sentiment which not only carried the war to a successful conclusion, but completed the enfranchisement of the country. The remainder of the Jeffersonian régime—the eight years of Monroe—is the history of commonplace, or of drifting with the tide, only to be followed by the four years of John Quincy Adams, too brief and unsubstantial greatly to impress the country.

The popular impression seems to be that the Jackson period was a purely partisan one. Filled as his administration was with things to be criticized, it must be admitted that voters were attracted to the man who could formulate a decided policy and carry it out with courage and perseverance. Owing to the fact that he was thus challenged, he could command for himself the most loyal support ever given a President of the United States, and bequeathed his power to his chosen successor unimpaired.

But General Jackson was not without rivals in his appeal for general or independent support. The great Whig leaders of that day, by ability and character, drew to themselves and their party thousands of the former supporters of Jackson and his party. These

men had not only their own strong personalities, but they conjured in the name of the American system, internal improvements, and the enlargement of the powers of government, all of which were potent to fascinate. So in that time, as in others of activity, or passion, or strong leadership, the independent voter was compelled to give heed to the demands and the promises of a vigorous partisan.

The next period of interest to show the value of the independent voter may be termed the era of national expansion. Great personalities had disappeared or lost their power and influence, and great national policies were to be settled. This was the period from 1845 to 1860, when the admission of Texas, the Mexican war, the discovery of gold in California, Manifest Destiny, fiscal reform, and industrial development became engrossing. It was during this time that the abolition of slavery, a great moral question, competed with questions of purely material import for the support of the independent voter. This competition broke down or reconstructed party lines, and carried even leading men from the ranks of one party into those of the other. At no period in our history has party discipline been more severe, and yet there has been none when men of intelligence and independence broke away from these trammels in greater numbers, or responded with more zeal and alacrity to the appeals made to them.

The Lincoln period, or the era of national preservation, gave the independent voter a golden opportunity. A President elected by the votes of less than two-fifths of the people was dependent for the success of his administration upon men who had voted against him and his party. He was able to command support from these voters, not because he bought it with offices, or gave pensions to them or the class they represented, or recommended large appropriations for rivers and harbors or public buildings. He gained them because he represented the conscience of the country, because he stood for its preservation and safety. When the crisis had passed, many who had come to his assistance returned to their old allegiance. They had done their work as independent voters, and having supported a cause deemed fit their duty to renew their old associations.

It was not until the last two periods mentioned that the party platform came to have its modern authority. Appeal was made to the intelligence or independence of voters upon the action of parties in Congress and the utterances of leaders. About the time that the slavery question began to project itself into discussion the distinctive declaration of principles became more and more important. It is interesting to note how the great political parties which between them have divided the allegiance of Americans for more than a generation have appealed to the independent voter. Putting entirely out of the account those third party movements which have caused many voters to break away from old attachments, it will be found that existing political organizations, instead of contemning the voter with real independence, have at all times, in both national and State conventions, vied with each other in asking his help.

The National Democratic Convention held in Baltimore in 1848 nominated Lewis Cass as its candidate for President, and declared that it placed its trust "in

the intelligence, the patriotism, and the discriminating justice of the American people." In 1856, when the convention was held at Cincinnati, James Buchanan was nominated as its candidate, and it made its appeal anew in the same language.

The Republicans at their first national convention, in 1856, nominated the late General Frémont as their candidate, and in their platform invited "the affiliation and coöperation of the men of all politics, however differing from us in other respects, in support of the principles herein declared." The convention of 1860, by which Abraham Lincoln was nominated, made its declaration of principles and invited "the coöperation of all citizens, however differing on other questions, who substantially agree with us in their affirmation and support."

In 1868, when the issues of the war period were still unsettled, the Democrats in national convention appealed to patriots and conservative men for their support, and declared that "to all such, to whatever party they may have heretofore belonged, we extend the right hand of fellowship, and hail all such, coöperating with us, as friends and brethren."

The Liberal Republican Convention of 1872 invited and cordially welcomed "the coöperation of all patriotic citizens, without regard to previous political affiliations."

In 1876 the Democrats emphasized the urgent need of reform, and in order to secure it appealed to their "fellow-citizens of every former political connection" to undertake with them this duty.

In 1880 the Greenbackers asked the "coöperation of all fair-minded people," and the Prohibitionists in national convention in the same year invited "all voters, without regard to former party affiliations, to unite with us in the use of the ballot for the abolition of the drinking system."

The Democrats in 1884 declared that "the great issue of reform and change is submitted to the people in calm confidence that the popular voice will pronounce in favor of new men and new and more favorable conditions for the growth of industry, the extension of trade, the employment and due reward of labor and capital, and the general welfare of the whole country."

In 1888 the Democratic party submitted "its principles and professions to the intelligent suffrages of the American people." In the same presidential canvass the Republicans invited "the coöperation of patriotic men of all parties."

Not only has appeal been made to the independent voter in the platforms, but he has been invited in the formal calls for these conventions. In 1876, 1880, and 1884 the National Democratic Committee asked all "Democratic, conservative, and other citizens of the United States, irrespective of past political associations, . . . to join in sending delegates to the national convention."

But if such appeals have been made by the national representatives of the parties, those in the States have been even more solicitous to gain independent support. This is due to the fact not only that political initiative must begin in State conventions, but that, in addition to questions of national policy, those of State interest must be considered and settled there. In many cases a party finds that the policy of its leaders on a given local or State issue has had a tendency

to imperil its success in what are generally deemed the more important questions of national policy; and in order to overcome this defection it must draw votes from other elements.

The appeal to the independent voter, which has been answered so emphatically during late years, had its first open development just after the close of the presidential canvass of 1872, when the war issues began to pall on the public mind. The party then in power had been forced to meet an open revolt, in which many of its ablest and best men had taken part. It had succeeded in overcoming this and had barely escaped defeat. Even this was due to the refusal of a large number of men in the Democratic party to cast their votes for a lifelong opponent. But it had scarcely won the victory when its leaders in many States recognized that it could not long maintain power unless it corrected the abuses which had developed within it. In order to do this it became both necessary and desirable to bring back to its ranks the men who had deserted it. No effort was made to do this by subjecting them to severe criticism, or by refusing them recognition. Just the opposite policy was adopted, and what was known as "reform within the party" was attempted. Once begun, this movement soon extended to both parties, and the highest professions of morality became the fashion in party platforms at State conventions.

The credit of beginning this movement must be given to the Republicans of Connecticut, under the leadership of Joseph R. Hawley, now a United States senator. On February 5, 1873, they incorporated in their platform the following sweeping condemnation of their own party:

We denounce corruption of men of all parties in high places. We have no apology for those of our own, but desire the fullest investigation and demand the punishment of the guilty, conscious that the Republican party is strong enough to purify its own ranks, that it cannot be strong if it neglects its duty in this respect, and that it can only continue to commend itself to the confidence of the country by purging itself of unworthy elements.

The Republicans of Ohio followed on May 21, with the sweeping declaration: "We demand pure official conduct, and the punishment of unfaithful public men, State and national, who, having betrayed the confidence freely extended to them, shall not be shielded from the disgrace of their acts by any partisanship of ours." And the Republicans of Minnesota, two months later, adopted as their own the same declaration.

On June 25 the Republicans of Iowa went a step beyond their brethren in other States, and announced that, "to make an end to bad men forcing their elections by securing a party nomination, we declare it the duty of every Republican to oppose the election of a bad and incompetent candidate, whether he be a candidate upon our own or upon any other ticket."

The Democrats, not to be outdone by their opponents, adopted the same policy. It first found expression in the West. On July 30, 1873, the Democrats of Ohio came together in convention, in response to a call issued by the Democrats of Allen County. Among the declarations of party doctrine was the following: "We declare against the infallibility of party, and that when the caucus or the convention fails to present

fit candidates for office it is the high privilege, as well as the bounden duty, of all good citizens to withhold their votes from such candidates, and, regardless of party affiliations, to support the best men presented for official position."

This had a decided effect upon the regular organization, which, in its convention on August 6th, resolved, "We earnestly appeal to the patriotic men of every class, *without regard to party names or past differences*, to unite with us on terms of perfect equality, in the struggle to rescue the Government from the hands of dishonest men." The Democrats of Maine and Pennsylvania adopted this sentiment as expressive of their opinions.

The Democrats of Maryland, then, as now, in power in their State, pledged themselves to "a careful scrutiny of official conduct, and the prompt and vigorous punishment of all official delinquencies." The Democrats of Iowa declared, "We will not knowingly nominate any bad man to office, . . . and will at the polls repudiate any candidate known to be unfit or incompetent." In Massachusetts the Democrats resolved, "We invite the co-operation and welcome to full fellowship in political action all patriotic citizens who agree with us in these principles."

The habit of appealing directly to the conscientious and independent voter was not dropped. In nearly every State, South as well as North, he was made to know his own power. The Democrats of New York in 1875 again invited "the co-operation of every true Democrat, every Liberal Republican, and *all our fellow-citizens, of whatever party name.*" The Republicans of the same State in their convention to choose delegates to the national convention of 1876 asked everybody to unite with them in carrying out their declared purposes. In the same year the Democrats of South Carolina resolved, "We call upon all patriot sons of South Carolina to join us"; and in the following year the representatives of the same party in Mississippi declared, "We invite the co-operation of citizens, *without regard to past differences*, in support of the candidates nominated by this convention." The Massachusetts Democrats appealed to "all good citizens, *regardless of their politics or party associations*"; while the New York Republicans issued a summons to "all good citizens" to unite with them.

In 1878 the Democrats of Connecticut asked the support of "all voters," and those of Massachusetts called upon "all citizens, *of whatever political views*," to unite with them. In 1879 the Maryland Democrats, after commanding their ticket to their own followers, asked the "approval of all other good citizens." In 1882, when, after many years of exclusion from power, the Democrats of Pennsylvania elected their State ticket, they did so after having formally invited "the co-operation of all honest citizens."

It is not necessary to quote further from party utterances to show that the independent voters have not come unbidden to the political feast. Their course needs no defense. At many a crisis in the politics of the separate States and of the United States these same voters, the men who have refused slavishly to follow corrupt or designing party leaders, have proved themselves the saving power.

Whenever the dominance of a party depended merely upon the momentum given it by some great leader, or

attachment to some great principle, formulated under past conditions, then a large and influential body of voters have been ready for independent political action. So long as parties have remained intelligent as well as active and aggressive, they have been able to divide the allegiance of thoughtful and unselfish voters; but when an earnest and living patriotism in one party has been met by supineness or trust in party traditions in the other, the independent voter has uniformly disturbed the balance of politics. It is this, universally recognized above all the clamor of partisans, though not always confessed, that has made ours the most conservative government in the world.

A Test of Good Citizenship.

THE people of New York are so used to having their city elections and their city government run for them by groups of interested persons; they are so accustomed to the expert rule of the Bosses and the Boys, that it affords a good deal of amusement, even outside of the Boys themselves, when a company of reputable citizens go to work, in an entirely disinterested spirit, to try to get fit men elected and appointed to the public offices—in other words, to rescue the city government from private to public uses.

"Reformers" are always sneered at by the professional politicians and their friends (and sometimes by people who would not like to be classed among the "friends" of the Boys) as nothing but "amateurs"; somewhat as if an honest citizen called upon to defend his house against a burglar should be gibed at by the burglar as nothing but an "amateur" who ought to be sleeping quietly in his bed, and not thus clumsily interfering with the accomplished industry of "professionals."

It may be suspected that neither the ridicule nor the mirth of the professional politician, and of his journalistic, business, or social partner, is quite as self-comforting and hilarious as it seems; for though the cynic is always underestimating the virtue inherent in the individual and in the community, he yet occasionally has an unexpected lesson as to the weight of the kick of that mysterious beast Public Opinion, and thus a thread of anxiety is often woven in the warp of his happy humor.

The gibing cynic with his sense of humor is, moreover, quite apt to underestimate the sense of humor of others. Indeed, the reformer himself may be possessed of quite as much of this saving sense as his critic; and then the public, too, have a funny-bone which if struck by the Boy, or the Boss, may result in sudden and terrible disaster to the striker. There is no more "practical" element in a campaign than the deadly humor of the cartoonist—and there is a humorous aspect to such "rings" as those which have at various times possessed our city government, which the cartoonist and the newspaper wit have brought out with tremendous effect.

At the time of writing this the programme of the People's Municipal League of New York has not been fully announced, but it would seem probable that every voter in the city will be forced at the next municipal election to a test of his public spirit, and often of his moral courage. The rogues alone could never debauch our city, State, or national politics; they get their opportunity and power through the

weak acquiescence of "respectable" citizens. So if the government of New York remains, as now, largely in the hands of a sordid group who run it for what they can make out of it, it will be by the action of men who claim to be "good citizens," but who are, in point of fact, the efficient allies of the most depraved elements of the community. We confess to more respect for the "toughs" who fight in politics only as they have been taught from youth up, than for their "gentlemen" allies who fear lest their own personal success may be interfered with should they seem to break with their party or party friends, or stand opposed to some influential ring, by voting on city affairs without regard to national issues. But until such voting is the rule in New York our municipal government will be a reproach to republican institutions.

The Merit System in the Fifty-first Congress.

NOT since the passage of the Pendleton bill, in 1883, have there been such important legislative contests over the merit system of making appointments in the civil service as have just occurred in the first session of the present Congress. There are now nearly a hundred and fifty thousand offices in the gift of the National Government; and under the old vicious spoils or patronage system there are, in whichever party is dominant for the time being, for every one such office at least three or four office-seekers, clamorously demanding the reward of their political activity. In other words, there are half a million office-brokers and office-seekers, patronage-mongers and patronage-cravers, who are directly interested in breaking down and discrediting the merit system as the chief obstacle in their way. Taken as a whole, they believe that "the Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in politics"—in other words, that lying, theft, and bribery are legitimate adjuncts of what ought to be the great and noble work of national self-government. They trust much to the indifference and apathy of the great mass of voters, whose interest in the maintenance of the reform legislation is merely that which all good citizens feel in seeing any just and righteous law upheld.

This half-million or so of men who wish to treat the Government service as so much plunder are of course especially active when the administration at Washington is changed. It is at such a time that they are sure to make their chief efforts to overturn the law. Naturally, therefore, during the present session of Congress these adherents of the old spoils system—the self-seeking politicians, both on and off the floor, and their allies among the newspapers, together with all the honest men who were puzzle-headed, and all the men whose instincts inclined them to go wrong even when they had no interest in the matter—united to make a resolute push against the merit system. They had neither the power nor the courage to attempt an open repeal of the law; and so they made their attack in two ways—they attempted to defeat the annual appropriation of money to carry the law into effect, and they attempted by charges as false as they were foolish to discredit the commissioners to whose hands its execution was intrusted.

The battle was thus joined in the lower House of Congress. In both attacks the enemies of the merit system suffered complete defeat. They were beaten

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two to one in the fight over the appropriation bill; and they failed, utterly and ignominiously, to sustain their charges of corruption and wrong-doing when an investigation was ordered. Under the circumstances the composition of the House Committee on the Reform of the Civil Service was of the utmost importance, and Speaker Reed deserves great credit for having made up an excellent committee, of whose members more than a working majority were stanch upholders of the law. Moreover, the cause was very fortunate in the standing and ability of the congressmen who were its especial champions in committee and on the floor.

The Massachusetts and South Carolina members supported the law and its administration with practical unanimity. The leading part in its defense was taken again and again by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, who was the first to take the floor on its behalf, and to stem the tide which, at the moment, seemed to be flowing strongly against it. His colleagues from the same State, Messrs. Greenhalge and Andrew, likewise gave it hearty support. That Mr. Dargan of South Carolina should be one of its foremost champions was to be expected.

To no one, however, is a greater debt due than to Mr. Butterworth of Ohio, his exceptional brilliancy as a debater, his parliamentary skill, and the high regard in which he is held by the entire House rendering him able to do invaluable service. Space does not permit the mention of the many others who stood up manfully for a clean and non-partisan system of governmental administration; but particularly effective work must be credited to Mr. Bayne of Pennsylvania,

Mr. Lehbach of New Jersey, Mr. McKinley of Ohio, Mr. Henderson of Iowa, Mr. Hopkins of Illinois, Mr. Moore of New Hampshire, Mr. McComas of Maryland, Mr. Tracey of New York, Mr. Blount of Georgia, Mr. Boatner of Louisiana, and Mr. Dockery of Missouri.

The defenders of the merit system on the floor of Congress represented in their attitude on this question both the virtue and the common sense of the country. The spoils system is as absurd and unreasonable as it is demoralizing. As Mr. Lodge ably shows in his CENTURY article, it really has no right to exist in a free country. Personally, we cannot agree with every comment made by Mr. Lodge in his present article, but we think it contains one of the strongest, most spirited and convincing statements yet made in favor of the merit system and in opposition to the system of spoils; which he clearly proves to be "a system born of despotisms and aristocracies," "a system of favoritism and nepotism, of political influence and personal intrigue," and "as un-American as anything could well be."

The remarks of this Republican leader are most interestingly supplemented by the Open Letter by the Democratic member of the United States Civil Service Commission, the Hon. Hugh S. Thompson of South Carolina, who was twice governor of that State, and who was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under President Cleveland. Every disinterested citizen who reads these powerful pleas for fair play and business-like dealing in connection with our public service will wish to put his shoulder to the wheel and push forward the reform to its utmost limit.

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The Merit System.

AN OPEN LETTER BY COMMISSIONER THOMPSON.

THE civil service, as the expression is now generally used, is taken to mean that portion of the public service to which entrance is obtained under the provisions of "An act to regulate and improve the civil service of the United States," which was approved January 16, 1883.

This use of the term civil service is misleading. All branches of the Government except the military and the naval service are in the civil service, without regard to whether appointments in them are filled under the patronage system or the examination system. The proper term to designate the latter is the merit system. The service covered by this system includes all places in the classified civil service—about thirty thousand in number—to which admission is obtained through examinations intended to test the merits of applicants regardless of their personal or political influence. This service now embraces the ordinary clerkships in the departments at Washington, in eleven of the largest customs districts, in forty-five post-offices, and in the railway mail service.

It is not proposed in this article to discuss the relative merits of the patronage system and of the merit system. It may safely be assumed that whatever modifications may be made in the merit system as it now exists its essential features will remain unchanged. It

may suit the taste and temper of the opponents of the merit system to decry it and denounce it as un-American; but the people at large, who are more interested in the purity and efficiency of the public service than in the individuals who fill the offices, will rebuke sternly every attempt to return to the spoils system. Hereafter no political party will dare enter a contest for the Presidency avowing as its purpose in the event of success to restore the patronage system, the inevitable tendency of which is to corrupt the public service. A distinguished opponent of the merit system said recently that his confidence in the members of the Cabinet was such that he preferred to trust appointments to them rather than to have them made through the machinery of the Civil Service Commission. The fact is, however, that under the spoils system selections for appointment are made not by cabinet ministers, but by influential persons in sympathy politically with the party in power, and usually as a reward for zealous party services. It would be impossible for any member of the Cabinet to give the time and attention needed for the selection of his subordinates, even if the place-hunters and their friends permitted him to do so. A correct understanding of the merit system will contribute to its growth, to the great benefit of the public service and therefore of the people of the country. A brief statement of the methods and of some of the results of this system will, it is believed, be useful at this time.

The Civil Service Commission is composed of three persons, appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, not more than two of whom shall be adherents of the same political party. The giving representation on the board to both political parties is a wise provision, intended to insure non-partisan action by the Commission. It is essential to the proper working of the merit system that the examinations be fair and impartial as well as practical, so as to test the fitness of applicants for the work which will be required of them. There are three steps in the examination. First, the application, which must be in the handwriting of the applicant, giving in answer to carefully prepared questions a brief history of himself, accompanied by satisfactory evidence that he is a citizen of the State or Territory in which he claims residence, and by certificates of persons residing in the same State or Territory as to his character and reputation. An applicant for the position of railway mail clerk must also file the certificate of a physician as to his physical condition. The second step is the scholastic examination, which is wholly in writing. Each applicant signs his examination papers with a number, and the name of any applicant who makes known his number before his papers are marked by the examiners is stricken from the rolls. The papers of all applicants are marked by a board of examiners composed of members of both political parties, the names of those who obtain eligible averages — seventy per cent. — being entered upon the register in the order of merit as shown by the marks. When vacancies occur in the classified service they are filled by promotion, or by selection from the eligible lists of the Commission. In the latter case, upon requisition of the appointing officer the names of the three persons standing highest upon the register from which certification is made are submitted to him from which to make a selection. From these names he must choose one, though he may, if the needs of the service require it, appoint all three. Each eligible is entitled to three certifications during the period of his eligibility, that period being one year, except in certain special cases. The third step in the examination is the probationary appointment, which forms the practical test of the fitness of the applicant. The officer under whom a probationer is serving is required to keep a record and to make a report of his punctuality, industry, habits, ability, and aptitude, and if the probationer's conduct and capacity are satisfactory he receives absolute appointment at the close of his probationary term, which is six months. No probationer can receive absolute appointment until all these requirements have been complied with, but he may be dismissed at any time if he should prove incompetent or his service is unsatisfactory. That the three steps thus described have been found in practice well adapted to testing the qualifications of applicants is shown by the fact that ninety-eight per cent. of the probationers certified by the Civil Service Commission have received absolute appointments. The utmost vigilance is exercised to prevent fraud in each step of the examination. The chances that fraud will be practiced successfully are very small, and are certainly no greater than in any other department of the Government in which important transactions are made daily, based upon the confidence which superior officers must repose in their subordinates. Fraud in the examinations can rarely, if

ever, be committed except by collusion between an applicant and all the members of a board of examiners. These boards are composed of men carefully selected because of special fitness for their work, whose character and qualifications furnish every guarantee that their duties will be discharged honestly and efficiently. Besides the well-devised checks against deception which the Commission and the examiners employ, there is another and a very strong one furnished by the applicants themselves, who will be quick to discern and ready to expose any wrong-doing by those with whom they compete. Between the vigilance of the examiners on the one hand and the jealous watchfulness of the candidates on the other, fraud will rarely escape detection.

What has been said of the examinations refers specially to those held at Washington. It does not apply equally to the examinations held at the custom-houses and post-offices. This arises not from fraud, but from the fact that it is not possible to select the members of the local examining boards with the same care as is exercised in choosing the central board at Washington. The local boards are generally composed of clerks who, even if they have the ability and training, seldom have the time for the satisfactory performance of the duties of examiners. The remedy for this evil is to increase the clerical force of the Commission so as to permit the marking of all examination papers at Washington. In this way alone can accuracy and uniformity in marking the papers of applicants for positions in custom-houses and post-offices be attained. This additional force would cost about \$32,000 a year, an insignificant sum when compared with the importance of the work.

There is probably nothing in the merit system which gives its opponents more apparent concern than the character of the questions asked of applicants. On this subject no joke is too old to meet with hearty favor, no story too absurd to find willing believers. The constant aim of the Commission is to make the questions practical, and the best evidence that in this respect a good measure of success has been attained is found in the fact that the questions of which complaint is made generally have no existence except in the imagination of the complainants. In the Sixth Annual Report of the Civil Service Commission is a frank and fair statement of the character of the examinations, and a complete answer to those who charge that the questions used are not "practical."

Exceptionally good opportunities for observation justify me in asserting that the following are among the benefits to the public service resulting from the merit system.

(1) It has taken the appointment of about 30,000 of the minor clerical positions out of politics. The appointing officer does not know who will be certified to him to fill vacancies, and therefore he can have no motive except the good of the service for making removals.

(2) It secures a fair distribution of appointments on the basis of population. Under the spoils system appointments were made because of personal or political influence without regard to population. The unfair distribution of the offices now existing in the departments at Washington is one of the evil results of the spoils system which the merit system was designed to correct, and which it is gradually correcting.

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(3) It furnishes a better class of clerks, and consequently a better public service. This is especially true of those branches of the service requiring technical skill and knowledge.

The average age of those who pass the ordinary departmental examination is twenty-eight years. This fact is the best answer to the oft-repeated assertion that the examinations are especially suited to boys fresh from school or college. Through the merit system the Government secures the services of persons who to at least a fair common-school education have added some experience in business.

(4) It insures that permanence in office which is essential to good administration. An officer of high character who has been for many years in the civil service of the Government recently gave it as the result of his observation that under the patronage system the period intervening between the election and the inauguration of a President was marked by demoralization of the service which diminished the efficiency of the ordinary clerk at least fifty per cent. Employees of the Government, uncertain of their future, neglected their duties to seek influence to secure their retention or promotion. What percentage of removals usually followed a change of administration cannot be stated, but it may safely be asserted that it was greater under the spoils system when the different administrations were of the same party than under the merit system, which within the last five years has stood the crucial test of two changes as between the two great political parties. The records show that of those who entered the classified service through the merit system the removals and resignations under the administration of President Cleveland averaged from three to eight per cent. a year, and that in one year of the administration of President Harrison similar changes averaged a little less than eight per cent. These figures teach the valuable lesson that retention and promotion in the classified departmental service depend upon merit, and not upon the personal or political influence which employees can bring to bear upon an appointing officer. The resulting benefit to the public service is obvious. Mr. Secretary Windom in his last annual report to Congress found time amid the exacting duties of his great office to bear testimony to the value of the merit system. I quote only a part of what he said on this subject.

"It is my belief that the personnel and efficiency of the service have been in no way lowered by the present method of appointments to clerical positions in the department. The beneficial influences of the civil service law in its practical workings are clearly apparent. Having been at the head of the department both before and after its adoption, I am able to judge by comparison of the two systems, and have no hesitation in pronouncing the present condition of affairs as preferable in all respects. Under the old plan appointments were usually made to please some one under political or other obligations to the appointee, and the question of fitness was not always the controlling one. The temptation to make removals only to provide places for others was always present and constantly being urged by strong influences, and this restless and feverish condition of departmental life did much to distract and disturb the even current of routine work. Under instrumentalities which are now used to secure selections for clerical places the department has some as-

surance of mental capacity, and also of moral worth, as the character of the candidates is ascertained before examination."

I trust it will be deemed pardonable State pride if I call attention to the record of my own State with reference to the merit system. On the 22d of December, 1884, both houses of the legislature of South Carolina adopted the following resolution:

Whereas the general assembly of the State of South Carolina did, at the regular session of 1880, adopt a concurrent resolution, to wit:

"Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, That our senators and representatives in the Congress of the United States be requested to urge Congress to take such measures as may be expedient for the reformation of the civil service, so that the tenure of office under the General Government may no longer be dependent upon party success nor subject to levy by means of forced pecuniary contributions to any political party, and so that capacity and character shall be the test of fitness for office and the sole but certain guarantee of its tenure";

And whereas this general assembly, in view of the change in the administration of the National Government, desires to reiterate and reaffirm the principles and policy of the said resolution:

"Be it now resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, That this general assembly adheres to the same, and tenders to the administration of the President-elect the approval and support of the people of this State in carrying out the provisions of the law in regard to civil service reform.

Resolved, That his Excellency the governor is hereby requested to forward a copy of this resolution to President Cleveland when he shall have been inaugurated.

These resolutions were passed after the election and before the inauguration of President Cleveland by a legislature a majority of whose members in both branches were politically in sympathy with him. They express briefly and forcibly the cardinal principles of the merit system. I do not claim that the opponents of that system are necessarily corrupt politicians, nor that its advocates have a monopoly of the political virtues, but I do claim that it is thoroughly American and in perfect harmony with the theory of our government, in that it recognizes the equality of all men before the law, and makes merit the sole test for public office.

Hugh S. Thompson.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Does Vivisection Help?

IT may not be out of place to re-examine the foundation for some of the great claims now made for recent advances in medicine and surgery. Some light may be thrown upon this subject by other discoveries—the discovery, for instance, in Sanskrit and classical literature of full descriptions of certain medical and surgical methods and appliances in use among the ancients.

In some cases, as, for instance, from the excavations at Pompeii, instruments have been found, both surgical and dental, almost identical with our own. In others, as in the works of Hippocrates and in the "Susruta," a commentary on the "Yajur Veda" of the Hindus, full descriptions are given of more than a hundred surgical instruments of steel; of many kinds of bandages; and the specifications for a splint, like the patented bamboo splint now in use by British army surgeons. Susruta also describes surgical operations which are claimed as crowning glories of nineteenth-century surgery. The

surgical operation for the stone, and the rhinoplastic, or that which consists in making an artificial nose from flesh and skin taken from the patient's own forehead, were fully known and practiced by the ancient Hindus.

And finally, the antiseptic treatment of wounds, one of the glories of modern surgery, is proved to be a rediscovery. Hippocrates, in his book on wounds, which is a small manual on this method of treatment, describes it, and calls it by the Greek word for non-putrescible. The plain truth seems to be that the ancients knew pretty nearly as much as we do about surgery and medicine; for unfortunately happens that with all our increased scientific knowledge of disease, its etiology, its diagnosis and prognosis, we have arrived at the conclusion that the "expectant treatment," or the art of letting the disease severely alone, is the most scientific way of curing it—in other words, nature will effect the cure herself if we do not meddle with her. Certainly we run less risk of being killed by the doctors nowadays than at any other period of the world's history, but this can scarcely be claimed to the physicians' credit. The success of homeopathy is simply the success of the expectant treatment, just as the success of the so-called antiseptic treatment is due to the high ritual of perfect and microscopic cleanliness. Even educated surgeons could not be brought to see the necessity for absolute cleanliness in their operations till Professor Lister, with the genius of a great discoverer, elevated it into a dogma with a Greek name, and elaborated a ritual as complicated and significant as that of the Roman Church. Looking round the dirty wards of the ill-managed hospitals, where patients lay festering and rotting in their own discharges, where noxious emanations from ill-dressed wounds poisoned the atmosphere and penetrated all the walls and ceilings, Professor Lister made up his mind that doctors and patients should be compelled to wash and be clean; to ventilate, scour, purify, and scrub, though a ceremonial as troublesome and costly as the Jewish should have to be invented for the purpose.

If, however, this microscopic cleanliness can be reached more simply and directly, so much the better; the point is that absolute cleanliness shall be secured, the means by which it is attained being comparatively unimportant.

All the nonsense talked about the experiments upon living animals which enabled Lister to discover and perfect his new system did not blind the eyes of the great surgeons of the old school to the fact that plain water efficiently used was every whit as good as the carbolic-acid dressings, which killed the wonderful "germs" said to be the cause of the pyæmia and surgical fever which kills the patients. The plain truth is that experiments on animals had no more to do with these improvements in modern surgery than they had to do with the successful means used by the farmer's wife in securing the best results of her churn and milk dishes. Experience taught her that the scrubbing-brush and soap must unremittingly be used on all her vessels and implements, or her butter and cheese would infallibly spoil. The microscope taught the doctors that microbes and bacteria must be ruthlessly fought with similar weapons. Vivisection had no more to do with turning out the dirty surgeon, with his contaminated tools and ligatures, than it had to do with washing the pails and tiling the walls of the dairies of the Ayles-

bury Dairy Company. Hear Mr. Lawson Tait, the greatest abdominal surgeon in the world, on this.

BIRMINGHAM, October 9, 1889.

DEAR DR. BERDOE: You may take it from me that instead of vivisection having in any way advanced abdominal surgery, it has, on the contrary, had a uniform tendency to retard it. This I show to be particularly the case in operations upon the gall bladder, and refer you to the current number of the "Edinburgh Medical Journal," where in an article I point to the fact. As to the use of the antiseptics of Lister, it increased our mortality, prevented recoveries, and did a vast deal of harm by retarding true progress.

Yours very truly,
LAWSON TAIT.

Hear also Sir William Savory, late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, than whom no better surgical authority exists. Speaking at the Medical Congress held in London in 1881 he said: "If you examine the records of surgery in recent years, the fact that most impresses you is the very sudden and prodigious improvement which has taken place in certain quarters. At a single spring, as it were, they have passed from a frightful mortality to a very fair amount of success, and this because the mischief of filth and foulness from putrefaction has been recognized. Surgical wards, not long ago hotbeds of poison, are now made fairly safe for patients. . . . Still, no doubt, some startling novelty of practice was necessary, or at least greatly advantageous, to this end, yet I cannot doubt that the same end might have been reached by an adequate improvement in simple sanitary arrangements." ("Transactions of the International Medical Congress," Vol. II., p. 347. London, 1881.)

The great improvements during the last twenty years in the manufacture of the microscope, coupled with precise methods of cultivating minute organisms—microbes and bacteria,—have enormously increased our knowledge of diseases caused by "germs"; and though doubtless many experiments have been performed on animals in this connection, it is not correct to attribute to such methods successes which have been achieved through quite other means. It seems, however, that with what is known as the scientific school of doctors no practice or mode of treatment which is not founded on experimental research on the lower animals is worth much attention.

To the general public, not versed in the peculiar methods of controversialists, especially of those who, to use an American phrase, have "an ax to grind," nothing is more surprising or annoying than the way experts have of manipulating facts and figures to suit their particular contentions. The world was rather startled the other day to read some statistics which went to prove that drunkards live longer than total abstainers; but even this barefaced attempt to "make the worse appear the better reason" has been eclipsed within the past few months by an attempt to make the wonderful success of Mr. Lawson Tait's operations in abdominal surgery the result of experiments on living animals. In a late article on "Recent Progress in Surgery" the author says, "The most remarkable statistics recently published are those of Mr. Tait, and a mere statement of his percentages will go far to convince the non-medical public of the correctness of the above statements, startling as they appear to one unfamiliar with modern surgical progress." To drag in Mr. Tait as a witness in a long and elaborate argument

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on behalf of vivisection, as the letter just quoted as well as his published articles will prove, is about as honest as to make Luther speak in defense of the Papacy. Mr. Tait is unwearying in protesting that none of his successes can in any way be attributed to experiments on living animals. He published a few years ago an exceedingly clever treatise entitled "The Uselessness of Vivisection upon Animals as a Method of Scientific Research." He says that he never witnessed a single experiment on a living animal in the whole course of his medical education, and to the present moment has never found it necessary to instruct his pupils by any such method. He is equally skeptical as to the advantages of Listerism, and thinks cleanliness *plus* carbolic acid and high ritual no whit better than cleanliness *plus* common sense. Yet his statistics are so important in every argument relating to the triumphs of modern surgery that they must be made to do duty on the other side whether he will or no. Happily abdominal tumors, the kidney, spleen, and gall-stones can now be removed with every promise of success, and because Gross and others experimented on dogs in this direction it is the fashion to say that suffering humanity owes its relief from abdominal maladies to the operations on the animals; but the *real* history of surgery — not the romance history — teaches us that it was by Baker Brown and Keith, working by experience on the indications offered by human patients, that the mortality of the abdominal operations was so reduced that surgeons were emboldened to attempt what they now so nobly and bravely carry out. It is not because spleens, kidneys, and portions of intestines were successfully removed from dogs that surgeons learned to operate on these organs in man, but because the bold dexterity of Keith and others in dealing with abdominal tumors suggested the practicability of dealing successfully with organs lying in the region of the abdomen. We should have been precisely where we are now in this respect if a surgeon had never opened the peritoneal cavity of dog or rabbit. It is the fashion to deny this, but there is plenty of proof for the statement.

Then, as to the surgery of the brain, it is constantly stated "that without vivisection the exact localization of cerebral tumors and other such lesions, which is one of the chief glories of the present day, would be impossible." And then we are told of the wonderful works in localization of brain functions done by Ferrier, Schafer, and Horsley in England, and Fritsch, Hitzig, and Goltz in Germany. What we are not told is that these vivisectors are not at all in harmony with each other, and that it is highly improbable that either would allow another to localize his brain functions for him with a view to operating in case of necessity for surgical interference with his skull and its contents. Dr. Watts said that "Birds in their little nests agree," but nothing of the sort could be said of the physiologists we have named, for they anathematize one another like rival theologians, though, like them, they endeavor to conceal their disagreements before the heathen, with more or less success. Between the speaking brain of man and the dumb brain of the animal there can be but little analogy, as Professor Charcot has pointed out. Even if there were an actual similarity, it would still be useless to use the brains of animals for experiment, as accidents and inju-

ries to the human head have afforded surgeons abundant opportunity of localizing brain function, with sufficient approximation to precision, so far as operations for the relief of abscess, tumors, and injuries are concerned. It required no experiments on monkeys to teach the ancients to use the trephine for relieving pressure of depressed fracture of the skull; the symptoms were carefully noted, and the position of the depressed bone indicated the area with whose interference they were concerned. MacEwen of Glasgow achieved astonishing success in this department of surgery long before Ferrier's cruel experiments on monkeys set surgeons to work on the lines of his localizations. Surgery has advanced with giant strides: how much credit is due to the makers of surgical instruments, whose activity and ingenuity have done so much to aid its progress, we are not likely to learn from the transactions of any medical society or congress, but the fact remains that we are indebted to a great number of very humble artificers for much of it; and for the rest let the patient workers in methods which do not dazzle by their fashionable appeal to vulgar preconceptions have a place in the history of medicine, though their names are not yet recorded in its calendar.

Edward Berdoe.

An Anecdote of Sheridan.

WHILE the United States was engaged in the great civil war, France and Austria took advantage of our comparatively helpless condition to attempt the conquest of Mexico, with a view to construct a new empire there under Maximilian. General Grant was strongly opposed to this policy, and after Appomattox sent Sheridan with an army to the lower Rio Grande to observe the movements of the foreigners and to be in readiness to intervene whenever Congress gave permission. A colonel who was present with that portion of our army which was posted at Brownsville, opposite Matamoras, related the following incident, which can be recorded now; but which, if it had found its way into the newspapers of that day, would probably have led to international complications.

An orderly woke the colonel soon after daylight one morning and urged him to go down to the bank of the river, as something remarkable was going on there. The colonel did so, and had the gratification of seeing a combat — it could hardly be called a battle — between the national troops, the adherents of Juarez, and the Mexicans who were serving under the banner of Maximilian and who were in possession of Matamoras. The object of the Juarez troops was, of course, to drive the enemy from Matamoras and hold the place, as, owing to its proximity to the United States forces, it was a very important point. Each side seemed to be fortified, and was engaged in a contest at long range, which was neither very exciting nor destructive. The next morning the orderly came again to wake the colonel, and assured him that he would see some genuine fighting. The colonel hurried down to the bank, and there he saw the Juarez men leave their intrenchments, advance with the utmost intrepidity, storm the works at Matamoras, and drive the adherents of Maximilian through the town and far beyond out into the open country. Of course Sheridan could not send a force to the other side of the river without the authority of

Congress and the War Department. That would have been an unheard-of proceeding. *What he did do was to give one of his brigades a leave of absence*, and that settled the question so far as Matamoras was concerned.

A few days afterwards an Austrian staff officer came over and paid our troops a visit. After a critical examination he went back and reported to his chief that there was nothing to be done but to give up the contest and go back to Austria.

*Abner Doubleday,
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McClellan's Candidacy with the Army.

REFERENCE having been made to General McClellan as a presidential candidate in 1864, on page 638 of the February CENTURY, I ask a few words in which to express the feeling in the ranks of the Army of the Potomac.

No one denies that while the army was commanded by McClellan the rank and file hurrahed at every appearance of a major-general, and particularly so when the "little general" appeared, but no more so than afterwards at the sight of Meade, Sheridan, and Grant. The name of McClellan gradually dropped, other names grew brighter, and Lincoln's name was revered.

When the two parties had their candidates before the people in 1864 provisions of law had been made giving the soldiers the privilege of voting, and many would cast their first vote. They remembered that in legislative bodies the supporters of McClellan had voted against the "soldier suffrage." They had read of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," and they knew every one of them advocated McClellan and was an enemy of Lincoln. They had read of the draft riots in New York, and had seen regiments leaving the army to enforce the laws in the chief commercial city of the Union. They read of the burning of negro orphan asylums, of the dragging through the streets and hanging to lamp-posts of citizens of that city, and the soldiers knew that they who led the mob were supporters of McClellan.

They knew that Governor Seymour protested against the enforcement of the draft to fill their thinned ranks. They read the proceedings of Congress, and knew that the minority who voted against appropriations and levies of men were hurrahing for "Little Mac." They had read how the governor of Indiana was obliged to prorogue the legislature and borrow money from friends of the Administration to supply Indiana

soldiers with ration and uniforms, and that every filibuster was vociferous for the Chicago candidate.

They knew that the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution failed of a two-thirds vote, and that every "nay" was by a clamorous friend of McClellan. The Wisconsin soldiers knew that the legislative appropriation of their State to organize and equip new regiments, and to give the soldiers in the field the right to vote, was opposed by legislators who were noisy for McClellan.

They read the daily papers in camp and on the picket line in close proximity to the Confederate vidette, describing McClellan processions with banners bearing the motto, "The war is a failure," and exhibiting Lincoln painted as baboon.

The soldiers knew of General Sheridan's successes in the Valley, that General Sherman had reached Atlanta, that Admiral Farragut had passed the forts guarding the harbor of Mobile, that Grant was extending his lines to the left; they knew that the thinned ranks made by the battles in the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, and all along the line in front of Petersburg were not in vain, and that all the sacrifice of human life that summer was necessary, and that the war was not a failure.

The writer spent a day late in October, 1864, in hospitals in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, with comrades from Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, and other States; and every one with whom he spoke, lying on cots, emaciated and weak with fever and with wounded bodies, was anxious to vote for Lincoln. They could read the signal from the army, "We are all right"; that with a "little more grape" the war would end; that the flag they had followed so long and fought for and suffered for and bled for would float everywhere, with the Union cause triumphant and the war not a failure. The night after the election news of the result was wired to army headquarters. It soon reached the negro quarters, where loyal and fervent prayers went out for the great emancipator. Quickly the news went from tent to tent, from camp to camp; the glad tidings were carried to the picket line, where the sentinels in their loneliness commenced firing, and in language unmistakable informed the Confederates that Lincoln was elected.

The following is a summary of the vote of Wisconsin soldiers in the Army of the Potomac: Lincoln, 1408, McClellan, 266. The 2d Wisconsin, which had fought from the first Bull Run, cast one vote for McClellan.

VIROQUA, WISCONSIN.

Earl M. Rogers.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

To my Lost Luray.

IN a box with his brother,
Each solacing the other,
The puppy left Virginia by express,
A gift to me. He knew my first caress,
And made me love him by his puppy pranks,
His rousquish bites and barks and kissing thanks.

The pretty little fellow
Had paws of tawny yellow,
And nose and chops the same; and two tan spots
Above his hazel eyes, that seemed like dots
Of thought upon his forehead; and for the rest,
In sable, shiny black, Luray was dressed.

I thought him so much better

Than any puppy setter,

I took him to the Dog Show; with his eyes—
I know it was his eyes—he won the prize.
(He was the only entry in his class,
Some friends took pains to say—but let that
pass.)

As soon as he grew older

His fluffy puppy shoulder

Stood high and gaunt; his loins began receding;
In every line and point he showed his breeding.
The time has come, said I, to test his grain,
And now, if ever, to begin to reign.

I improvised a quarry
And made him fetch and carry,
And "charge" and "heel" and "find"; do all, in
short,
To fit a setter for a life of sport.
He did not learn his lesson in a day,
And often sought to shirk his work for play.

I tried not to upbraid him,
Though often, when I made him
Do this or that, he taxed my patience much;
For if I held a bone in careless clutch,
Which I would think to hide and make him find,
He'd steal up soft and snap it from behind.

And then to see him scamper
Was something of a damper
On training. How he'd frisk and twist and bound,
And toss the bone and catch it off the ground,
And wait, crouched low before, with hips held high
Till I approached him, when away he'd fly!

And then I'd shout: "Charge down, sir!
You'll never win renown, sir,
Behaving so." But by and by he came
To understand me and to find my game
More fun than his: he'd watch my wave of hand,
Or stop and listen to my least command.

So he was wise and sober
Some time before October,
When dogs and hunters take their tramps afield.
The first day he was puzzled, nor revealed
His sense; the next he nosed about; the third
He trailed, he pointed, and he fetched his bird.

He never made a blunder,
But hunted to the wonder
Of all who knew him. When another gun
Than mine had killed, and other dogs were done
With searching for the bird, my side he'd leave,
Go far within the bush, and then retrieve.

There never was a cartridge
More sure to find a partridge
Than he. What pride he took to fetch his bird —
The puppy with his partridge! Wilding heard
It all at night, I fancied, when Luray
Crept in his stall and close beside him lay.

They always slept together
In frosty autumn weather.
They loved each other. Wilding munched his hay
And breathed warm kisses on the dog; Luray
Coiled in the straw where Wilding put his nose
And gently licked it after every doze.

The next day, when the pony
Was in his cart, his crony
Before we started always rushed to kiss him;
He never failed, but Wilding seemed to miss him
Until he jumped and licked his face; the start
Thus authorized, he ran beneath the cart.

Alas! all that is ended:
An illness came, attended
With pain and poison; I have lost Luray.
'T is said that every dog must have his day;
Oh! why did not Luray have his? Two years —
So much for loving; all the rest for tears.

And now I've told my story,
I must tell you how I glory
In having loved Luray. What better than
Such love for such a dog? I loathe the man
Who snarls at dogs: his very soul's agog.
God made the world; God also made the dog.

John Eliot Bowen.

Mammy's Churning Song.

SET still, honey, let ole Mammy tell yer 'bout de churn,
Wid de cream en clabber dashin',
En de buttermilk er-splashin'.
Dis de chune hit am er-singin' 'fore hit 'gin ter turn:
Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, yum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Massa gib ole nigger some.



(Jump down, honey, en fotch me dat rag sum de
table, fer ter wipe off dis hyah led. Tole yer so, dat
milk gwine ter splatter up hyah 'reckly! Dar now,
dat's er good chile, git back in mer lap.)

Now de cream, en milk, en clabber 's churnin' up so
fas',

Hyah hit splatterin' en er-splutterin',
En er-mixin', en er-mutterin',
In de churn en roun' de dasher, singin' ter de las':
Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, yum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Massa gib ole nigger some.

(Uh-er! Teck kyah, honey, keep dem fingers way
sum dar! Butter mos' come now: set still jis er
leettle wile longer.)

Soon de lumps ob butter 'll be er-floatin' on de top —
Now de ole churn's fa'ry hummin',
Tell yer wot, de butter comin' —
Done come! Mammy's arm so ti-yerd, now she's
gwine ter stop.

Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, yum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Mammy 'll gib de baby some.

(Dar now! [removing the top and giving the dasher
a circular motion] jis peep in dar en see de lumps ob
yaller butter er-huddlin' tergedder. Now run fotch
yer leetle blue mug, en Mammy 'll gib yer some nice
sweet buttermilk right outen dis hyah churn.)

Edward A. Oldham.

THE CENTURY ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

A CLEAR CASE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC FEVER.



TAKEN WITH KODAK NUMBER ONE.

THE photographic fever made many victims in my neighborhood before it marked me for its own. Indeed, I might have escaped it altogether, but for the Kodak. I had struggled against it for several reasons. In the outset it was rather an expensive experiment to undertake. I felt that I could not afford such an outlay when I might tire of the whole thing very soon. Cameras were offered cheaply enough before long, so that objection no longer stood in the way. Still I could not be brought to feel that I must have a camera. The tripod and the focusing cloth were formidable objects. While on my travels I saw many views that I wanted to photograph, but the notion of lugging a camera to the spot, setting it up on three legs, and burying my head under a black cloth was not an alluring one. Such preparations cannot be made in a quiet and unobtrusive way. By the time that an operator has his view fixed and focused, he is the center of an admiring crowd of small boys and idlers. This sort of publicity is harrowing to a sensitive soul. I might have established a studio in the seclusion of my own back-yard, but the things that I wanted to photograph were not there and could not get there. The first detective cameras appealed to me; but they were a bit cumbersome, and the carrying around of glass-plates and plate-holders was something of a nuisance. I knew something about the nuisance of glass-plates, as I once

sat down on some which belonged to a distinguished amateur. I know that he must have felt much annoyed, but I hope that nothing could tempt me to use the language which he employed. I had about concluded that I did not care enough about photography to enter the field when I saw an advertisement of the Kodak. It was rather a fascinating advertisement, and I read it over two or three times. Then I spoke about it to some of my friends who were amateurs. They assured me that I did n't want it at all, that it was nothing but a toy; and they each offered to sell me, at reduced prices, other cameras which they had outgrown, and which would be just the thing for me. They had not seen the Kodak, but it could not be good for much, etc. However, I succumbed to the fascinations of the advertisement and ordered a Kodak. It was a neat but rather insignificant looking affair. I was inclined to think as I looked at it that my amateur friends with second-hand instruments to sell might be right after all, and that this small box was only a toy, of no real practical use as a camera. I thought it quite likely that I should give the matter up altogether after a brief experiment. You will perceive that at this time I was not an enthusiast. I was, photographically, in a state of extreme apathy. It is to persons thus indisposed to photography that the Kodak is particularly recommended. One dose, administered according to the directions, brings an instant and complete change. However, I read the book of instructions carefully through. The first symptoms of the photographic fever developed while I was reading the book. I began to be impatient; I wanted to try my camera. The agent from whom I purchased it offered to develop my first pictures for me, so that I might see the result without waiting to send my Kodak to headquarters. I started out on a bright day in the fall. Instantaneous pictures required a strong light, the book told me, and I had it. I snapped only four shots. Three of them were at random, only bits of the street. The fourth I deliberately aimed at an exceedingly pretty girl who wanted to know what that small box was. Very pretty indeed she looked as she asked me. I went down to the photographer's, and into the dark-room with him to see the operation. I watched him take out the back of the camera, cut off the four exposures that I had made, and put them in his tray. Then I

looked at him through the faint orange light, as he tipped the tray from side to side, and the developer flowed in little waves over the strips.

"You'll begin to see them start out in a minute," he said.

Backward and forward he rocked the tray. A minute passed, another, and the strips were as white as when he had cut them off.

"Were these out-of-door scenes?" he asked.

"I thought they were," I replied, rather timidly. Backward and forward—the strips washing—

from
oneside
to another
with rocking
of the tray. Not
a line, not a spot,
showed on any of them.

"I don't think that
there is anything here," said the photographer.

A toy indeed, and a worthless one. What nonsense to suppose that photographs could be taken by such an affair. A humbug, I—the words were rising to my lips when the photographer said, "Are you sure that you took off the cap?"

I shall never cease to regret those pictures, particularly that of the pretty young woman. Her attitude—her expression—how could I have failed to take off the cap to youth and beauty? But I did.

I have said that I wanted my first experiments developed by the local photographer. This was because I was impatient to see the results. Later, when the results more than satisfied me, I kept up the same practice because I could not spare my Kodak long enough to send it away. I have no doubt but better average results might be obtained by sending

the camera to the factory, but it is hard to part with the instrument, even for so brief a time. The backwoodsman said that it was strange what queer things a man saw when he had n't got a gun, and the general truth of this remark will strike the photographer who has sent his camera away. I do not now depend upon the local photographer. The passion for developing and finishing your own pictures is the second stage of the photographic fever.

Come with me for a walk, with my Kodak slung across my shoulder. Listen to the snap of the shutter as I catch, here a group of children, here a flagman at a railway-crossing, here a bit of water foaming over the rocks, here a quiet pool mirroring the trees which bend above it. Watch me in the evening as I pour the developer over the strips, and see the faint lines begin to show as by magic on the white film, a face slowly grow in the center of this circle, the branches of a tree start from the edge of that one. Watch the scenes of our walk gather here as if we had awakened memory itself in these white strips. Follow me thus, and I will make you the purchaser of a Kodak. From that it is a short and easy step to become an enthusiast. But the pictures are small, you say. They are, and so is the instrument. It has a very wide angle lens with a constant focus. It will do well what it is intended to do. Do not complain that it will not do more. Let me tell you what I have done with mine. One of my early attempts was a portrait of my little girl. I had no good photograph of her. You would have as vainly tried to persuade a fish to be quiet and comfortable out of water as to induce her to look at ease in a photographer's. Every attempt resulted in a stiff, prim look that was far from satisfactory. I had been the owner of my Kodak for about a week when I caught her in her own room at the window, reading. I caught her, and so did the Kodak. On the wall in her room hangs the bromide enlargement of that negative, for which I would gladly

have given twice the price of my Kodak. How much have I used it? It has been my constant companion in my walks. I took it with me to a baseball game. In one picture the batsman stands waiting for the ball; in another the ball has been delivered, the striker has struck out, and the ball is in the catcher's hands. I have taken it with me to the bathing beach,



TAKEN WITH KODAK
NUMBER TWO.
(FLASH LIGHT.)

and wading out into the water with the Kodak in my hands, have caught the swimmer breasting the wave—a curious little picture of the head and arms on a vast expanse of water.

I have delighted the farmer by sending him a picture of the best pair of steers in the county, and the farmer's wife has a picture of herself as she tugged at the old well-sweep. The gander that stretched his long neck and hissed at me, and the dog that barked at me, have each been printed in their appropriate attitudes of defiance; even the crusty agriculturist, "who did n't want no one trampin' over his lot," and ordered me off, was taken in the act. The country school-marm walking home from school with her little flock around her; the charcoal-burner, grimy with his trade, plodding home beside his unkempt horses and his rickety wagon; the little child, toddling along the street—in a word, whatever charms your eye and catches your fancy can be fixed on the card by this small camera. And these are, many of them, views that will not wait to be focused. They would be gone before you could set your camera on its stilts. What are the advantages of this small camera? Its portability and its unobtrusiveness. You may carry it with you as easily as you carry your cane. It is no impediment to your walk. It attracts no attention. I went without mine to an open-air celebration this summer. I fancied that the trap might be noted, and I did not care to attract even that slight attention. My neighbor on the train had a small paper parcel

in his hand. It looked like a cigar-box. I stood near him most of the time, and I did not know until the next day that he had wrapped his Kodak up, cutting a small trap in the paper over the lens. He had twenty little pictures, very clever ones, and nobody knew that he had taken one. The illustrations will show you the size of this Kodak picture. They cost ten cents each if you have them devel-

oped and printed at the factory; something less if you do the work yourself. The negatives are taken on a roll of transparent sensitive film. The advantage of this system is tremendous. Glass-plates are a great nuisance. They are bulky and easily broken. The roll in the number one Kodak contains film enough for one hundred pictures. These are not factory pictures which are printed here. They are not the work of a professional. More than that, they are not the work of a man of average mechanical ability. I took them, and I don't think that I could whittle out a button for a barn-door. I have no taste for experimental work. I cannot solve the simplest mechanical puzzle, and I am



TAKEN WITH KODAK NUMBER FOUR.

without manual dexterity. But I can take pictures with the Kodak, and so can anybody. Very likely you could take better pictures than these. They are simply average pictures; no more. Perhaps you will care for another instrument than the number one Kodak. A wide angle lens with a fixed focus will not do all that you want. It has its limitations. Not knowing what they are, you may get some rather curious dis-

tortions at first. You may want larger pictures. I agree with you. I want another camera, though I want the small one too because I can so easily carry it with me. I would advise you to lead yourself up to a larger instrument by the same path that I have traveled. I think, particularly if you are not sure whether you will care about photography or not, that no instrument will so easily convince you that you have in you great latent photographic talent. The fact remains, and I am obliged to state it frankly, that when your photographic

I am almost sorry that I have said so much about the number one Kodak and left so little room to tell you of the others. But the fact is that I cannot speak of that instrument without an affectionate interest which has betrayed me into leaving scant room. However, almost all that I said for it will apply equally well to them. I have said that in a camera compactness and portability are great recommendations. These are the distinctive features of these cameras. These views will show you something of what they will do. If you

can borrow any one of them you will end by buying it. The lens in the number four is a beauty. If you trifle with photography at all you will end by buying a number four Kodak.

The day is coming when the camera will be in almost every house. Allow, if you choose, that you can never care for photography as an art, yet there must be a thousand scenes in your life that you would like to preserve if



TAKEN WITH KODAK NUMBER THREE.

KURTZ

fever has reached a certain stage you will no longer regard the number one Kodak as a sufficient manifestation. Mine reached that stage. The symptoms were a good deal of restlessness and uneasiness. The diagnosis was easy. I knew that I wanted a larger camera, but I did not know what one I wanted. I knew that I wanted one that used films. I would not have one that used glass-plates, or even one that used the thick films that are sometimes put in the old-style plate-holders. I wanted my films in a roll, so there could be no changing of the plates to load after and keep track of. I could not find anything to meet my case until the Eastman company put some larger Kodaks on the market. Then I knew what I wanted. I wanted a number four Kodak. There are five new cameras, and if you are not already the owner of the number one Kodak you need two of these, and you must have one of them. I know that you do. Whatever your age, sex, or previous condition of servitude to any popular fad, you want a camera, and you want one of these.

you could do so easily. Do you travel? You would like mementoes of your journeys in views that would easily recall them to you. Do you walk or ride? If you have ever admired tree, cloud, or lake, or the fair stretch of green sward dotted with nibbling sheep, you would surely like to have them before you again on the polished card. And I am sure that nothing could give you greater pleasure than thus easily to preserve the faces and forms of those who are dear to you. All this you may do, if you will, with no more trouble than the pressing of a button. With a flash-light you are even independent of the sun. You may catch the group around the table when the evening lamp is lighted as easily as you take the sunlit street.

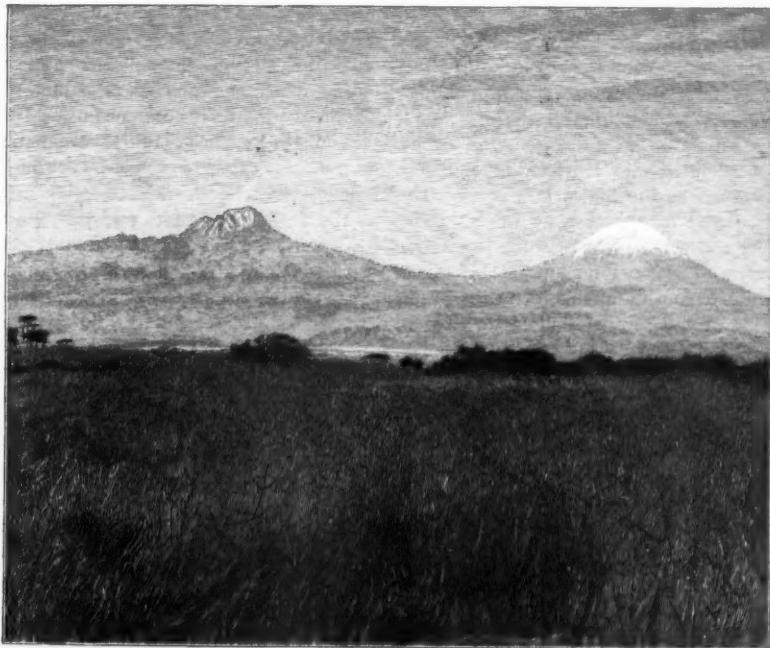
Allow that these things are possibilities, and I think that you will agree with me that you want a camera. They are possibilities. They are things of every-day accomplishment with the Kodak cameras.

M. L. Carleton.

* See advertising page 45.

THE CENTURY ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

A HAWK-EYE VIEW OF AFRICA.



KIMAWENZI.
THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF KILIMA-NJARO TAKEN WITH A HAWK-EYE CAMERA.
KIBO.

HE modern traveler has a great deal to be thankful for. How envious must be the shades of Baron Munchausen, Marco Polo, and "Sinbad the Sailor" of their prototypes of this year of grace 1890. In those ancient days the good people at home gaped and wondered, and at last refused to believe in the stories travelers told of the wonderful things they had seen, and the marvelous adventures they had passed through in distant lands.

Nor is it necessary to return to the ancients to illustrate the theme of this brief paper. The revolution that has been brought about, to the immense advantage of the traveler, is of very recent date indeed. When Stanley returned from finding Livingstone, in 1871, he was denounced as an impostor, and a forger of Livingstone's writings. A Hawk-Eye camera would have enabled Stanley to bring out of Africa proofs that would have immediately put his detractors to the blush.

May, '90.

When I went to Africa, a year ago, on behalf of the "New York World," to find Stanley, I was provided with a Hawk-Eye camera as a necessary part of my outfit. The extreme portability of this camera, and the ease and simplicity with which pictures may be taken with it, were great recommendations to one who is the veriest amateur. My confidence in it was fully justified, for, amateur as I am, it enabled me to bring away a collection of the most unique photographs that have ever been secured in Africa.

Two hundred miles from Mombasa is Mount Kilima-njaro, the most remarkable mountain in Africa, if not the whole world. It is a huge mountain mass, a hundred and fifty miles in circumference, with two distinct peaks. Its greatest length is from east to west. From the northern side it presents the appearance, as will be seen from the photograph, of an immense ridge, on the shoulder of which are perched two extinct volcanic cones.

The highest of these peaks is called Kibo,

and the other, Kimawenzi. Kibo is a perfect and symmetrical cone, and is always crowned with snow, though the mountain is almost under the equator. Dr. Meyers, a German explorer, who, with a companion, ascended Kibo last October, gives its height as 19,680 feet above sea-level. Kimawenzi is a less perfect cone, and is not always crowned with snow.

There is a population on the mountain, roughly estimated at fifty thousand souls. They are divided into fourteen independent States, known as the States of Chaga. The cultivated and inhabited zone begins about 2000 feet above the plain, or 4000 feet above sea-level, and is from one to a half dozen miles wide. From the plains below the bright green ring of the cultivated area can be seen, encircling the great waist of the mountain like a broad belt.

The great staple food of the Wa-Chaga is bananas, which grow in great abundance and perfection. Besides bananas, however, they grow immense quantities of beans, millet, cassava, and sweet-potatoes.

The first glimpse we caught of Kilima-njaro was a gleaming white patch in the sky, seen from the Lanjora Plain, beyond the Teita Mountains. It was the snow-capped peak of Kibo revealed in this strange manner through a break in the clouds that veiled the rest of the mountain.

The accompanying picture, taken with my Hawk-Eye camera, is from the plains to the northeast of the mountain. On the northern aspect the mountain is often free from clouds, and visible in its entirety. Not so, however, on the southern side. Even when the sky above the open plains is clear, the great mass of Kilima-njaro, from the southern and south-eastern prospect, is well-nigh always concealed behind dense masses of clouds. Its snowy peak, however, is often revealed in the manner described above.

Though this mountain, higher and grander in its proportions than Ararat, is but a two-weeks' march from the coast, until so recently as thirty years ago it was almost unknown to the civilized world. So incredible did it seem to the stay-at-home geographers of the day that a vast snowy mountain should exist in East Equatorial Africa, that its existence was regarded as a myth and a "traveler's tale" long after white men had seen it. There is no doubt about it these days, however, for,

like George Washington, the camera never lies.

The elevated plains about Kilima-njaro, for a radius of two hundred miles, is probably the finest big-game country in the world. Whilst scouting for Stanley or for news of him in this region, making my headquarters at Taveta, a forest Arcadia at the foot of Kilima-njaro, it was an easy matter to combine business with the pleasures of the chase in this sportsman's paradise. Rhinoceros and giraffes by the hundreds; buffaloes, hartebeest, wildebeest, eland, mpallah by the thousands; roam and graze over pastures that are luxuriant and well watered by clearstreams, fed by the snows on the mountain.

In your hunting excursions you take with you from the camp about a dozen followers: a couple of gun-bearers, and the others to carry home the trophies and meat. In a similar article in "Harper" and "Scribner" for this month may be found pictures and description of killing a python and crocodile, together with incidents of my trip which could not be given here. I have a number of heads and other trophies of the chase now on the way from Zanzibar to New York, by American sailing vessel. They will probably be set up by a taxidermist, and grace the rooms of the new "World" building.

The animal that intrudes upon your notice oftener than any others is the rhinoceros. All other animals run away at the sight of a caravan of men; the rhinoceros usually charges on sight. He is a big brute, and as stupid as he is big. Reveal yourself to a lion, or the far more dangerous buffalo, and either of these animals will flee. Wound them, however, and they become dangerous.

Not so the rhinoceros. His actions in an encounter with man are exactly the reverse. The louder you shout to try and drive a rhino off, the likelier is he to cock forward his stumpy little ears, and, elevating his pugnacious horns, come thundering after you. Don't run away, however; stand perfectly still, or squat in the grass, and so defective in his vision that he will likely mistake you for a rock or stump, and pass you by.

Or smash into him with a bullet as he comes on; his pig-headed courage escapes from the wound as air from a bladder, and swerving off, he hurries away at a heavy, ponderous trot, that suggests to you the weight and solidity of a locomotive.

Shooting at rhinoceroses, to prevent them charging and demoralizing your caravan, is, in some localities about the Kilima-njaro Plains, an affair of daily occurrence. Unwilling to inflict wounds on them from which they would die, I once essayed the experiment of trying to drive a trio of rhinos off our line of march by pricking their skins with a Winchester carbine, instead of using my 12-bore. The attempt nearly ended in disaster. As the three huge brutes came on to charge the caravan, I sent the wicked little 44's pattering against their horny hides; but the rhinos seemed to mind them no more than if I had been peppering them with a bean-shooter. I dodged behind a bush, and, as they went thundering on towards the mass of porters, my companion, Dr. Abbott, turned the tide of battle by banging into them with his big elephant-rifle.

Attention is called, with, I believe, pardonable pride, to the photograph of a band of Masai warriors. The securing of such a picture is a triumph alike for the Hawk-Eye camera and the amateur photographer. It must not be supposed that this war-party of wild El-moran are tractable "subjects" grouping themselves for the purpose of being photographed. The Masai warriors are the most intractable type of the African savage now in existence. The party in the photograph, armed with their huge, beautifully shaped spears and elliptical shields, are coming to our camp to demand "hongo," or tribute, for the privilege of passing through their country. At no slight risk, the writer concealed himself behind a bush, and as they came prancing and war-chanting up, the Hawk-Eye was leveled at them through an opening in the bush; a touch of the spring, and one of the most remarkable

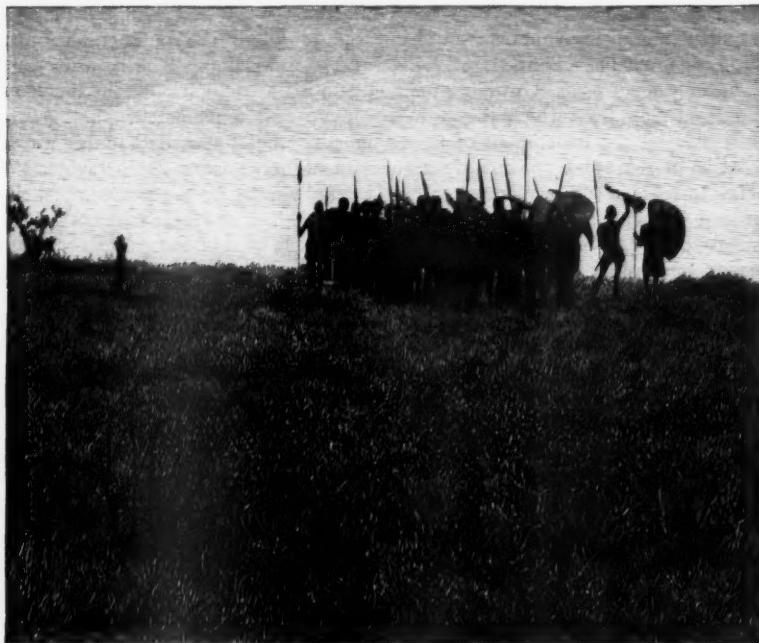


AFRICAN GAME.—A HAWK-EYE SNAP-SHOT.

The photograph of porters, carrying on their heads loads of meat, was taken on the Usuri Plain, to the east of Kilima-njaro, last July. It depicts a successful morning's hunt. The heads borne by the two central figures are those of a bull and cow eland, and the other loads are the hams and portions of their carcasses.

photographs ever brought out of the Dark Continent is secured.

It is quite evident that with an ordinary photographic apparatus, with tripod, complicated adjustment, darkening-cloth, and what-not, such a picture as this could never have been obtained.



"HONGO"! "HONGO"!

These bands of Masai warriors are the terror of East Africa. One of the peculiar and traditional beliefs of the El-moran is, that all cattle are for his particular use and benefit; and that for other Africans to own them is unpardonable presumption. Beside raising vast numbers for their own consumption, the Masai therefore make raiding and cattle-lifting among the neighboring tribes the serious business of their lives.

The Masai warriors are the Apaches of East Africa ; brave, warlike, and terrible in the estimation of other Africans. They live exclusively on a diet of beef and milk, permitting no other food to pass their lips. Their country

is swarming with herds of game that are almost as tame as their own half-wild cattle. Yet they never molest it, and would on no account taste its flesh. We used to joke with them, and tell them we were as much El-moran [warrior] as themselves. This, however, they would not admit ; arguing that nobody could be an El-moran unless, like them, he disdained all food save beef and milk. A little tact and plenty of patience is all that is necessary in dealing with most savages. A savage is naturally an amiable creature. It is because he does n't understand you nor you him, that you sometimes have to fight him.

Thomas Stevens.

NOTE BY THE BLAIR CAMERA CO. :— Readers of the above will recognize in this and other similar articles mentioned appearing in May, the same tact that enabled Mr. Stevens to accomplish his trip around the world on a bicycle. Without the Hawk-Eye, however, the pleasure of the thousands of CENTURY readers would have been greatly lessened, and in this connection attention is called to our announcement on advertising page 51 of this magazine, by which doubtless many will be convinced that a Hawk-Eye is a necessary part of every vacation outfit.

EXTRAS

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VOL. XL.

OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 6.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.
T. FISHER UNWIN. PATERNOSTER'S & LONDON.

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Terms:—\$4.00 a year in advance; 35 cents a number. Bound volumes (containing the numbers for six months) in old green cloth, gilt top, each \$3.00, or without gilt top, \$2.75. The same in half-russia, gilt top, \$4.00. Booksellers and Postmasters receive subscriptions. Subscribers may remit to us in P. O. or express money orders, or in bank checks, drafts, or registered letters. Money in letters is at sender's risk.

Back numbers will be exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes in gold cloth, with gilt top, for \$1.00 per volume (six numbers); half-russia for \$2.25; olive-green cloth, plain top, 75 cents each; subscribers paying charges both ways. Postage on THE CENTURY volumes, 35 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be marked with owner's name. We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine. Cloth covers for binding THE CENTURY, 50 cents. Volumes end with April and October numbers.

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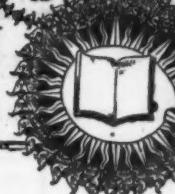
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THE CENTURY CO. 88 East 17th Street (Union Square), New York, N. Y.

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THE ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE CENTURY CO.



A POINT ABOUT "LACE."

SOMETIMES one can get a better idea book from a single example of a term defined in it than from a long description of the whole work. On this page are the illustrations which accompany "The Century Dictionary's" definition of the word "lace," —from which one learns that in old times it was spelled *las* and *laas*, that it comes from the Old French *las*, a noose or snare, derived from the Latin *laqueus*, a noose, which, in turn, is perhaps from *lacere*, to allure. After the various definitions, quotations, etc., come brief descriptions of different kinds of lace, and it is to this that we wish to call especial attention, for it is the feature which makes "The Century Dictionary" of the greatest possible use in the home. What is *Buckingham lace*? wherein does *Alençon* differ from *Antwerp*? what is *seaming-lace*?



* Alençon Lace (*Point d'Alençon*).

"The Century" defines the following different kinds of lace:

Albiola	Aurillac
Alençon	Auvergne
Antwerp	Ave Maria
Application-	Baby
Appliqué	Basket-
Argentan	Hayeux
Arras	Beaded

* These illustrations are seen to much better effect printed on the beautifully finished paper of the Dictionary.

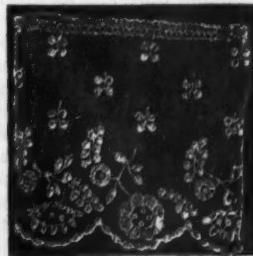
* Brussels Lace.	Lille
Beggar's	Limerick
Billment	Macklin
Bisette	Mechlin
Bobbin	Mignonet
Bobbin-net	Mirecourt
Bone point-	Needle-point
Border	Oyah
Bourg-Argental	Parchment-
Bride-	Pillow-
Braud	Plaited
Brussels	Point-
Buckingham	Pot-
Cadiz	Powdered
Carnival	Saxony
Cartisane	Seaming-
Caterpillar point-	Fuseau
Chain-	Genoa
Chantilly	Gold
Chenille	Grammont
Cluny	Gueuse
Cordover	Henriquez
Cork	Hollie-point
Cretan	Honiton
Crewel	Imitation
Crochet	Jesuit
Crown	Knotted
	Lille
	Limerick
	Macklin
	Mechlin
	Mignonet
	Mirecourt
	Needle-point
	Oyah
	Parchment-
	Pillow-
	Plaited
	Point-
	Pot-
	Powdered
	Saxony
	Seaming-
	Fuseau
	Genoa
	Gold
	Grammont
	Gueuse
	Henriquez
	Hollie-point
	Honiton
	Imitation
	Jesuit
	Knotted
	Lille
	Limerick
	Macklin
	Mechlin
	Mignonet
	Mirecourt
	Needle-point
	Oyah
	Parchment-
	Pillow-
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	Genoa
	Gold
	Grammont
	Gueuse
	Henriquez
	Hollie-point
	Honiton
	Imitation
	Jesuit
	Knotted

Looking over this list one notices an occasional hyphen. That is another point about "The Century Dictionary"—if one wishes to know whether to use a hyphen or not in writing chain-lace or thread lace "The Century Dictionary" will give the information.

Should one write *foretop-mast* or *fore-top mast* or *fore-topmast* or *foretopmast*?

The uniformity observed in the use of the hyphen has already made "The Century Dictionary" a standard in many printing offices.

The descriptive pamphlet with specimen pages costs five two-cent stamps.



* Mechlin Lace.



* Argentan Lace.

THE CENTURY CO. - 33 EAST 17TH STREET - NEW YORK

THE CENTURY FOR 1890-91.

THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE MAGAZINE.



HE twentieth anniversary of THE CENTURY, and the beginning of its forty-first half-yearly volume, is celebrated by the publication of the next (November) number. The date will be marked by an issue of special interest, and the twenty-first year of the magazine will contain a wealth and variety of literary and artistic material that can not be here fully detailed, but which is fairly indicated by the announcements that follow:

THE GOLD HUNTERS OF CALIFORNIA.

THE CENTURY series of separate illustrated papers on the romantic movement to California in 1849 and the events which preceded it begins in the November number, with a narrative, by General John Bidwell, of the experiences of "The First Emigrant Train to California." General Bidwell gives a graphic account of the organization of this first movement to California, and of the toils, perils, and mishaps of the journey. The article will be capably and picturesquely illustrated by Remington and Fenn, and by unpublished drawings by the late Charles Nahl, well known in California as an artist of the gold-hunting period.

Among other articles which will follow, as nearly as possible in chronological order, besides the contributions of General and Mrs. Frémont are "California before the Gold Discovery," a paper of unique interest by General Bidwell, who was for some years at Sutter's Fort, the headquarters of Americans; an historical sketch of the Missions by John T. Doyle, Esq., illustrated by Fenn; a description of "Ranch and Mission Life before the Gold Discovery," by Miss Guadalupe Vallejo, niece of General Vallejo, reflecting the life of the Spanish Californian; a historical

sketch of the Discovery of Gold, by Mr. John S. Hittell, the California historian—including memoranda by surviving members of Marshall's party; narratives of the trip to California by the different routes, including those by the way of Cape Horn, by Panama, by Nicaragua, by Vera Cruz and San Blas, and by the Gila River; important and graphic accounts of Life in the Mines, The Vigilance Committees (by the chairman of both committees, Wm. T. Coleman, Esq.); A Woman's Pioneer Experiences (by a survivor of the ill-fated Donner party); besides interesting shorter special memoranda in a new temporary department entitled "Californiana."

AN AMERICAN IN TIBET.

There is no part of the world of equal civilization of which so little has been divulged as Tibet,—separated as it is from India and China by the loftiest range of mountains in the world, and from Mongolia by high and uninhabitable steppes. A well-qualified and adventurous American traveler, Mr. W. Woodville Rockhill, formerly of the American diplomatic service, has recently returned from a long, perilous, and successful journey through this the unknown heart of Asia, and will give in a series of illustrated papers in THE CENTURY the results of his travels and observations. *For seven hundred miles of Mr. Rockhill's journey he passed through a country where no white man had ever set foot.* It was, of course, necessary that the author should travel in disguise. To show what dangers encompass the path of the foreigner we quote from the author's account:

"In Tibet nearly every crime is punished by the imposition of a fine, and murder is by no means an expensive luxury. The sum varies according to the social standing of the victim—two bricks of tea (worth a rupee a brick) for one of the upper ten . . . and so on down to two or three for a pauper or a wandering foreigner, as Lieutenant Lu Ming-Yang kindly informed me."



A Tibetan god.

THE CENTURY FOR 1890-91—Continued.

Monsignor Felix Birt, Vicar-Apostolic of Tibet, recently wrote to Mr. Rockhill, informing him of the imprisonment of certain of his servants, and of the fact that the explorer himself would have been killed if he had lingered at Tchegundo. The Bishop adds:

“ Since Messrs. Huc and Gabet's journey to L'Hassa in 1845, your exploring expedition, I do not hesitate to say, has been the most difficult and the most important executed in Asia in the course of this century—the most difficult and the most dangerous, I say, considering that you have traveled these immense steppes, that land of grass, without an escort, only accompanied by a few servants, living on tsamba, the meal of roasted barley and rancid butter, sleeping in the open air, unable to lay in a fresh stock of provisions in those desert regions, and dreading the habitations of man more than the solitude. . . . You have opened up the road, you have mapped out a route, a route of prime importance for commerce, and of political and civilizing influence for Tibet. . . . Your successful journey has opened up this fine country, teeming with natural riches which are lying forgotten and unutilized. May commercial associations and learned societies turn their attention to the people of Tibet, who have so long been forgotten and so vigorously been excluded from civilization by the tyrannical yoke of the Lamas.”

Curious and rare illustrations have been made from photographs, objects brought from the country by Mr. Rockhill, and sketches made by the author.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF LINCOLN.

Since completing their elaborate historical work on Abraham Lincoln, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay have undertaken to write for THE CENTURY several papers of a more intimate character on LINCOLN'S PERSONAL TRAITS. These papers will differ from the Life in being signed by their respective authors. They will be supplemented by a remarkable posthumous essay on Lincoln by Horace Greeley, written in the form of a lecture, which, as is believed, was not only never published, but was never even delivered. This estimate of Lincoln, by one whose relations to the President were so important, will be read with peculiar interest by those who have followed the history of these relations as set forth in the Life by Nicolay and Hay.

ADVENTURES OF WAR PRISONERS.

A phase of war literature interesting to everybody, because it is enlivened with

adventure and tinged with the personal heroism that colors all romance, is that which chronicles the experiences and escapes of war prisoners. During the



civil war captives, in numbers aggregating great armies, were held on each side in vast prison inclosures. Escapes were numerous from all of the “camps,” and some of the journeys through the enemy's country to friendly lines were wonderful for the endurance and daring of the fugitives. From time to time

the series begun in the July and August CENTURY with Dr. T. H. Mann's articles on “A Yankee in Andersonville,” and carried on in the present number with Lieutenant Shelton's “A Hard Road to Travel out of Dixie,” will be continued with papers by Confederate, as well as Union officers, who had thrilling adventures as prisoners of war.

MINISTER DALLAS AT THE COURT OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS.

Readers of THE CENTURY will be offered during the coming year passages from the diaries of George M. Dallas, a charming writer, who in his time was a great force in public affairs and an aspirant for the presidency. Under Polk he was vice-president of the United States; previous to which he had been United States senator, and under Van Buren, minister to Russia. In two or three illustrated papers will be given the most interesting parts of his diary during his mission to the Russian capital, where he was treated with distinction by the Czar Nicholas, and where he saw much of the social life of St. Petersburg. It was during his sojourn that the winter palace was burned. When his political rival, Buchanan, was elected president, Mr. Dallas accepted the mission to the Court of St. James, where he remained until the outbreak of the civil war.

INDIAN FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS.

Of the four generals who, since the civil war, have gained special renown as Indian fighters—Custer, Mackenzie, Crook, and Miles—the three first men-

THE CENTURY FOR 1890-91—Continued.

tioned have passed away. And as they and the only survivor did their work so well that Indian campaigns are virtually at an end in the great West, it is a fitting time to commemorate their work with papers descriptive of the character of these leaders and of the life of their campaigns. A brief series of articles by officers who served with them will appear in THE CENTURY, to be illustrated by Remington, an artist thoroughly at home among the cow-boys, troopers, and Indians of the plains.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH

FRIGATES IN THE
WAR OF 1812.

A genuine contribution to the naval history of the war of 1812-14 has been made by Edgar S. Maclay through his investigations in the French archives; and the results of his studies will be set forth in two handsomely illustrated papers to be printed in the November and December CENTURY. The well-known marine artist, Davidson, is the illustrator of these interesting chapters of history.

“THE FAITH DOCTOR,”
BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

The publishers are glad to announce a new novel by the author of “The Hoosier Schoolmaster,” “Roxy,” “The Graysons,” etc., one dealing with entirely new material, so far as the celebrated author is concerned. Dr. Eggleston has hitherto in his novels treated of Western life; in the present story, the scene is laid entirely in the city of New York; and the central theme is, as indicated by the title, one of the most curious and striking developments of modern and contemporaneous thought and life—namely, “Faith Cure” and “Christian Science.” But aside from this theme the novel deals with various phases of society in an amusing as well as philosophic manner. It will begin in a few months.

“COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE,” BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

One of the principal features of THE CENTURY’s coming year will be a number



“Chad,” in “Colonel Carter of Cartersville.”

of brief serial stories, illustrating the most varied features of American life. One of the most original of these will be a five-number story by Mr. Francis Hopkinson Smith. Mr. Hopkinson Smith is as well known in New York and vicinity as a raconteur as he is as artist and author; and

“Colonel Carter of Cartersville” will prove an old friend to many readers. The character has been elaborated; the good colonel is brought to New York, where he settles in bachelor quarters not far from the 10th Street Studio Building, and proceeds to promote his great financial scheme.

The plot is as novel as the principal character is typical; and the traits of the latter are brought out in such a way as to afford not only constant amusement but affectionate regard. The story will be illustrated by E. W. Kemble.

“THE SQUIRREL INN,” BY FRANK
R. STOCKTON.

“The Squirrel Inn” is a story of village and country life by the author of “Rudder Grange,” “Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine,” etc. To quote the author’s own description of it: It is a “story of the crooked course of love in a crooked house. It is unlike ‘The Merry Chanter,’ showing more of the fun of realism than of the realism of fun, and all who start for Hy-men’s altar (which is an easier place to reach than Boston) get there. Six persons take their places in the Dance to Wedlock, and the story is the story of their mazes, their whirls, and their twists, as merrily, or indignantly, they take their steps.”

The illustrations of “The Squirrel Inn” are by Mr. A. B. Frost, whose fortunate designs for “Rudder Grange” will be remembered. The artist and author have worked together in the preparation of the pictures for the new story, and something unusually striking and interesting may be expected in the way of pictorial accompaniment to the text.

THE CENTURY FOR 1890-91—Continued.

MMES. DE STAËL, ROLAND AND
RÉCAMIER.

Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason's papers on the "Women of the French Salons," which have been marked by their literary flavor and keen appreciation of the quality and influence of the social and literary centers of the old régime, have lacked only some account of the brilliant women, nearer to the spirit of the present age, who were the leaders of the "salons of the Revolution, Empire and Restoration." To supply such a conclusion to the series Mrs. Mason has prepared two supplemental papers which will be illustrated with portraits of Mme. De Staël, Mme. Roland, Mme. Récamier, and others.

PICTURES BY AMERICAN ARTISTS.

THE CENTURY during the coming year, among its other Art features, will aim to present in every number some striking example of the best contemporary work of American artists—engraved by the leading American wood-engravers after the originals. The first of this series will be Mr. Will Low's oil-painting, exhibited at the Society of American Artists, and entitled "The Portrait."

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

A short series of separate papers on this subject will be published during the coming year. The high character and authoritativeness of these papers may be judged from two which are now in preparation, namely, "The Press as a News Gatherer," by William Henry Smith, Esq., of New York, manager of the Associated Press; and "The Press and Public Men," by General H. V. Boynton, the veteran correspondent at Washington.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN
EUROPE AND AMERICA

The problem of municipal government is being studied with renewed interest in both the Old and the New World, and the articles by Dr. Albert Shaw on this subject, which THE CENTURY will print, will be among the most timely, valuable, and practically suggestive that have ever appeared in its columns.

Dr. Shaw will be remembered as the author of the striking article on "Glas-

gow," in this magazine for March, 1890. He will give studies of Metropolitan London; Paris and the French Municipal System; Berlin and the German cities (with running comments on Dresden, Leipsic, Munich, etc.); Recent Progress of Italian cities (said to be the most interesting of all); and modern city-making as illustrated by Vienna and Budapest. Dr. Shaw will also describe and discuss municipal government in the United States.

PRESENT DAY PAPERS.

This unique series of well-considered utterances by prominent writers, on the great questions of the day, will be continued during the coming year. The group has recently added to its own number, and now consists of the following:

CHARLES W. SHIELDS.	HUGH MILLER THOMPSON.
HENRY C. POTTER.	CHARLES A. BRIGGS.
THEODORE T. MUNGER.	WASHINGTON GLADDEN.
WM. CHAUNCEY LANGDON.	FRANCIS G. PEABODY.
SAMUEL W. DIKE.	WILLIAM F. SLOCUM, Jr.
SETH LOW.	EDWARD J. PHELPS.
RICHARD T. ELV.	WILLIAM J. SLOANE.
	CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

The above list, as large and varied as it is, gives only a part of the contents of the new year, special announcements of features in preparation being reserved. The readers of THE CENTURY will continue to enjoy Mr. Cole's unique engravings after the OLD MASTERS; Mr. George Kennan, who was interrupted in the preparation of his concluding papers, will, it is expected, before long give further chapters of the story of his travels in Siberia and Russia; Mrs. Van Rensselaer will publish her final papers on English Cathedrals, and Mr. La Farge will give his views of art in general, and especially of modern and western art methods, from the point of view of an oriental residence. Several story-writers, entirely new to THE CENTURY's readers, will make their appearance during the coming year, and there will be the usual range of poetical contributions, especially by the younger poets of America.

Terms of subscription, etc., will be found at the bottom of the second cover page. It is recommended that *new subscriptions should begin with November*. Subscribers are reminded that covers are ready for binding the volume which closes with the present number.

THE CENTURY CO. 33 EAST 17th STREET NEW YORK

NEW BOOKS.

THE LINCOLN LIFE.



S already announced in these pages, that great work "Abraham Lincoln: A History," by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, is now about to be issued in book form—in ten handsome volumes of 500 pages each, magnificently illustrated with portraits of distinguished statesmen, generals, and civilians, contemporaries of Mr. Lincoln. A full and complete index, accompanying the last volume, makes the work invaluable for reference.

"Abraham Lincoln: A History" is sold only by subscription. The Century Co. will gladly send further particulars on request.

* * *

To be sold through the trade. Ready October 10th.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

ONE of the most delightful books which has ever been offered to the public is the autobiography of the actor whose personality is perhaps dearer to Americans than that of any other player on the stage. What Joseph Jefferson would have to say of his eventful life, of the great men and women he has met, of the famous Jeffersons who preceded him, and of the creation of such a world-famous character as *Rip van Winkle* would be interesting under any circumstances, but when told in the charming natural style of which Mr. Jefferson has shown himself the thorough master, his book becomes one of the most notable that has ever been printed. The chapters which have appeared in THE CENTURY collected in book form (and such beautiful book form), with each picture on plate paper, and bound up in a cover of white and gold, make a volume of rare interest and attractiveness. The illustrations form a

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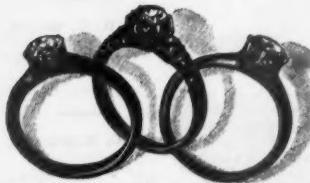
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20

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FOR THE TOILET

21



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22



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MUSIC

23



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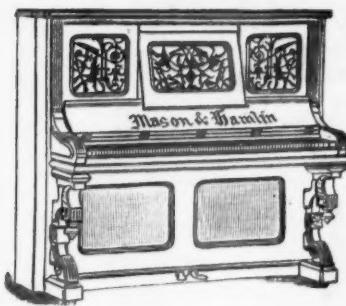
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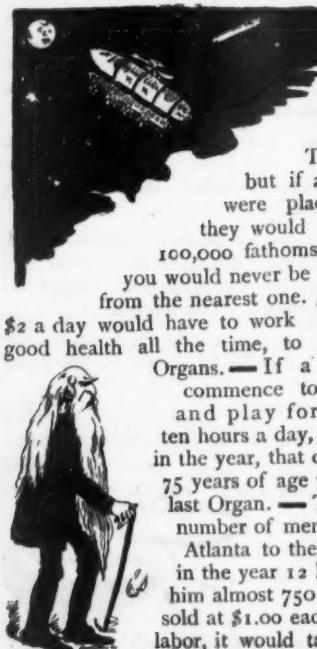
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PIANO-FORTES

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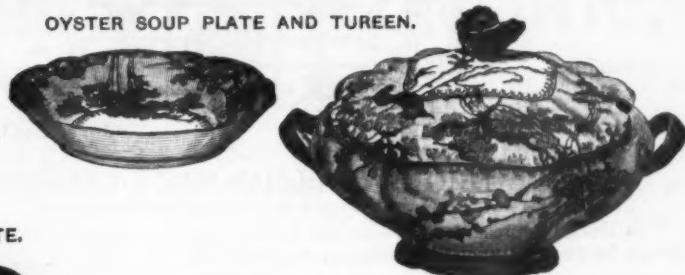
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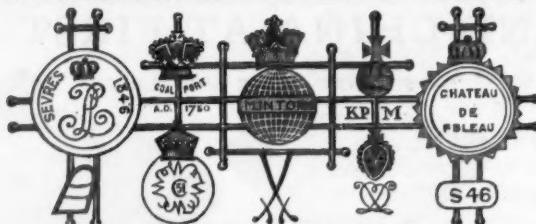
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TEA SPOONS
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\$14.00.



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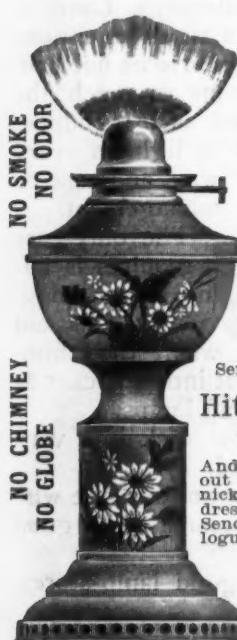
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HOUSE FURNISHING

31

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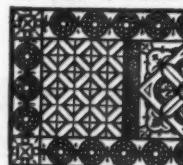
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HOUSE FURNISHINGS

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Girls.

BY HELEN EKIN STARRETT, IN *The Forum*.

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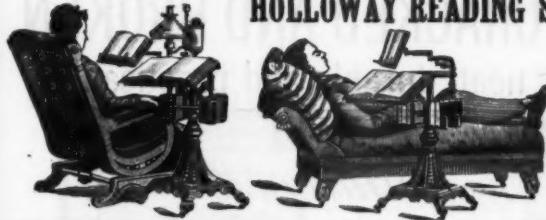


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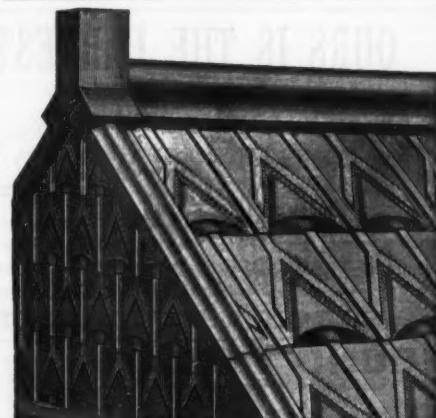
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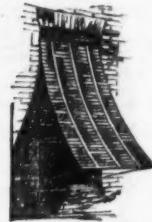
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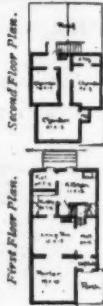


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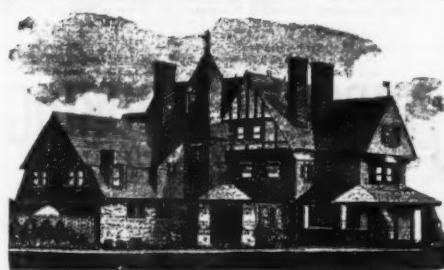
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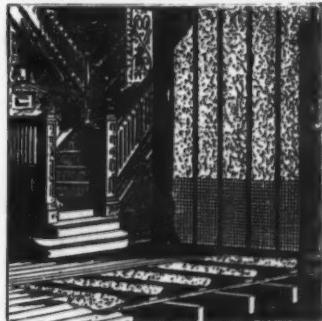
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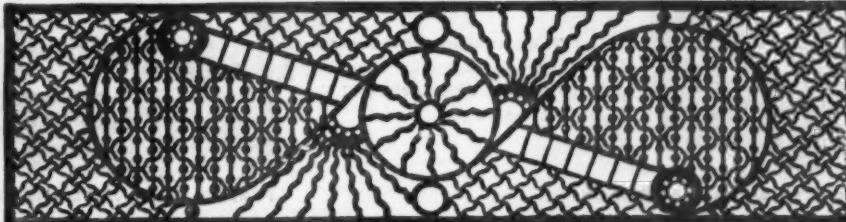
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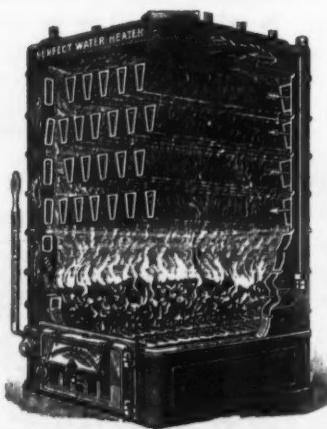


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HEATING APPARATUS

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Nothing is more essential to health than an even, comfortable temperature in our homes, offices and public buildings, and how this may be secured is a question of great importance and of general interest. Various devices for heating have been employed, grates, stoves and hot-air furnaces having been extensively used, but the superiority of steam or water for the distribution of heat is clearly demonstrated by the extent to which these two agents have taken precedence over all other methods. Great progress has been made during recent years in the appliances for their use, especially in Radiators. A new era has dawned. Indifference to appearance no longer exists. Artistic beauty as well as efficiency is now demanded and is available in our unrivaled assortment of steam and water Radiators, which comprises both the plain and ornamental of the latest styles and most pleasing designs, and in an almost endless variety of sizes.

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NEW-YORK, N. Y.

94 and 96 Centre Street.

CHICAGO, ILL.

55 Fifth Avenue.

The Glenwood Range is
the King of the Kitchen.



The Weir Stove Co. of Taunton, Mass., are the makers.

GREATEST RADIATION
SMALLEST COAL CONSUMPTION
REQUIRES LEAST CARE

PALACE KING.



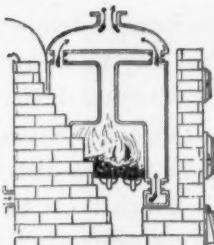
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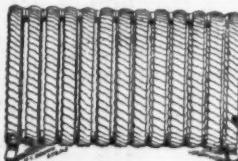
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The Hopson & Chapin M'f'g Co., of New London, Conn., will take pleasure in showing their plans and estimates for warming any building by Hot Water.

Radiators may be placed in the room to be warmed, or the warmed air may enter through Registers.

This Company's work has been in use for several years, and references to gentlemen of standing will

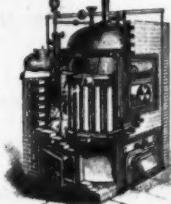


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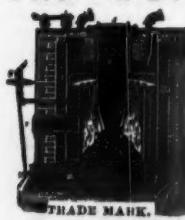
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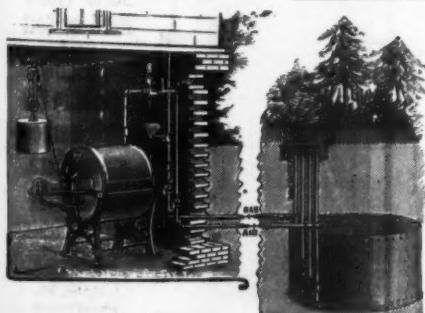
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HEATED BY BOLTON HEATER.

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It cannot cause FIRES or EXPLOSIONS.
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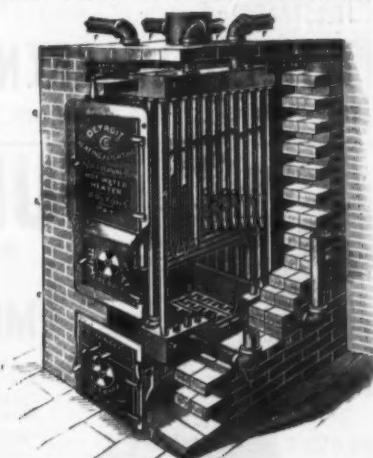
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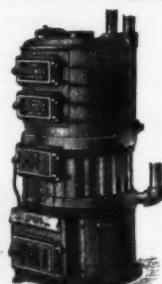


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45



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When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death."
—“October,” William Cullen Bryant.

“Golden October” is an ever-welcome month, and the evenings at home are rendered perfect when that home is the possessor of the

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The heater positively controlled by the temperature of the living rooms of the house. An EVEN TEMPERATURE maintained at all times. No running up and down stairs to change drafts of the furnace. No colds resulting from uneven temperature. No waste of fuel from over-heated furnaces.

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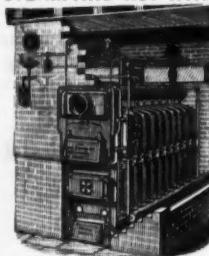
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STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING APPARATUS

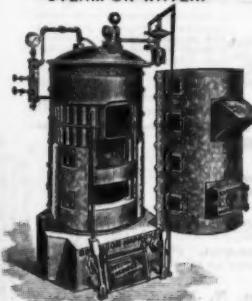
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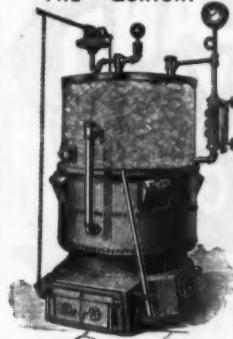


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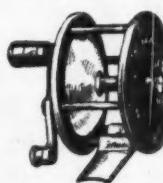
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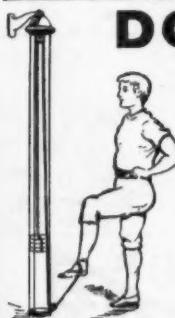
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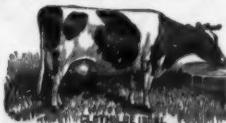
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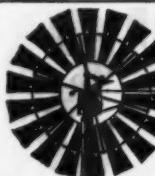
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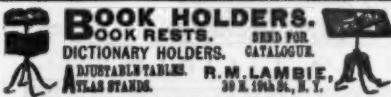


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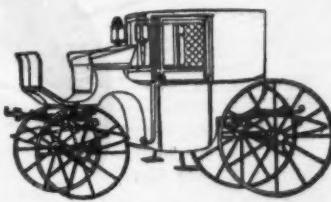
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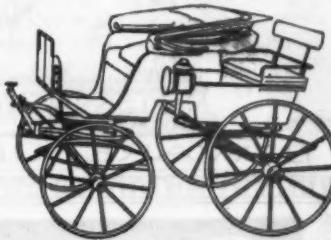
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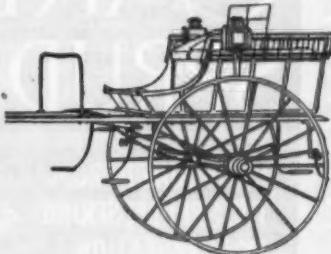
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FOR TOILET

65

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66



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Complexion?

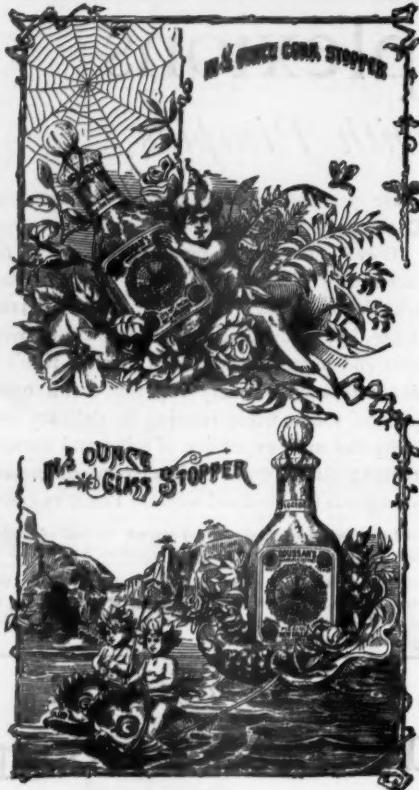
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W E A R I N G A P A R E L

69

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71

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FOR GENTLEMEN.
CLUETT, COON & CO.
MANUFACTURERS.**

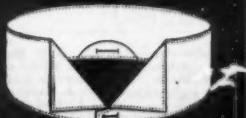
CLUETT, COON & CO.



OPEN BACK & FRONT

Cluett's

TOREDA



HEIGHT IN FRONT
2 IN

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NATICK



SPACE 1½ IN
WIDTH AT POINTS 2½

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Monarch
MARK.*

SHIRTS.

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It is universally endorsed by eminent physicians as the most Scientific Waist or Corset known.

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SHOULDER BRACE

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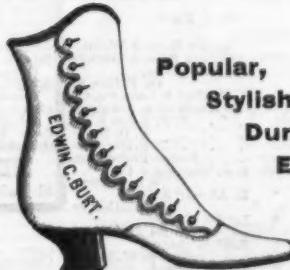
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The Agents named in the following list are supposed to carry a stock of the different styles and sizes, and purchasers who patronize them will be as well served as if they ordered direct from the factory. Should they not have what you want *insist upon their sending for it.*

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Boston	C. F. Horvey & Co.
"	H. Stearns & Co.
"	Jordan, Marsh & Co.
"	John G. Ford.
"	Isaac D. Allen & Co.
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"	W. J. Bigelow & Co.
Brockton	Bigelow, Raymond & Co.
Fall River	R. A. McWhirter & Co.
Fitchburg	Nichols & Frost.
Gloucester	Fred Allen.
Haverhill	C. N. Rhodes.
Holyoke	Ferguson & Logan.
Lawrence	Dora F. Hall.
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Marlboro	Miss Belle Niles.
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Northampton	A. McCullum & Co.
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Dover	A. E. Parker.
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Cleveland	W. H. Quincy.
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Sandusky	Kugel Bros.
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Lockport	Simon Blum & Son.
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"	301 Sixth Ave.
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Hartford	Geo. O. Sawyer.
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Winsted	H. W. Durfee.
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Bangor	Mrs. J. T. Lemont.
Biddeford	Owen Moore & Co.
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Portland	
Skowhegan	

Maine.

Middlebury	C. A. Libby.
Bangor	H. W. Durfee.
Biddeford	J. R. Libby.
Lewiston	Mrs. J. T. Lemont.
Portland	Owen Moore & Co.
Skowhegan	T. B. & J. A. Colby.

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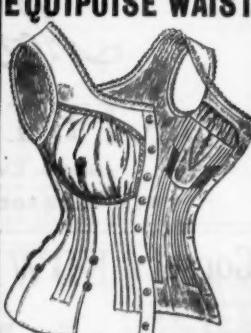
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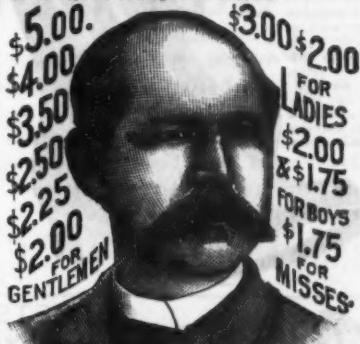
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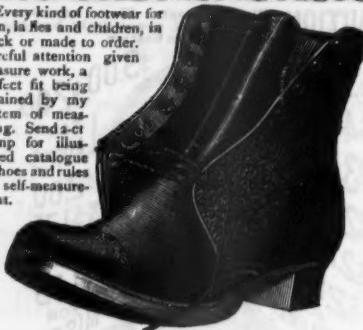
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77

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Oct. '90.

NEWSPAPERS & PERIODICALS

78



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NEWSPAPERS & PERIODICALS

79

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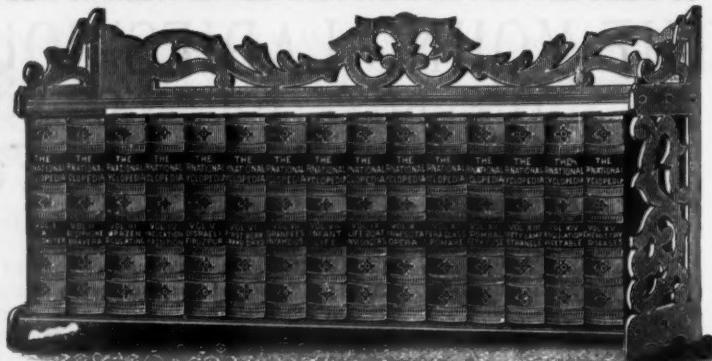
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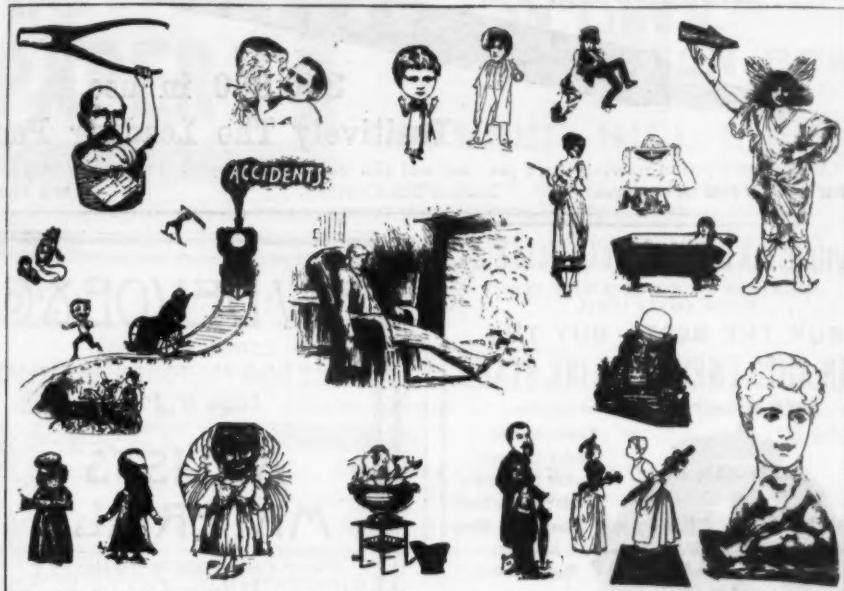
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31

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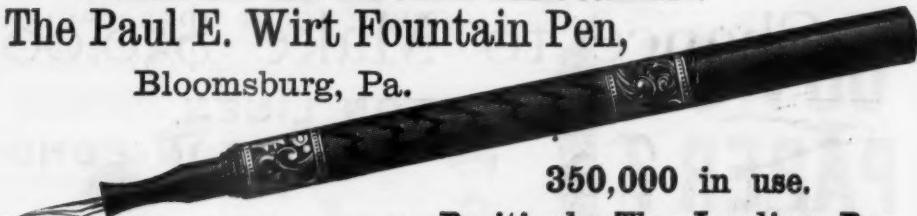
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Easier to Keep
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Easier to Sell.

Ink will not spill
if upset.

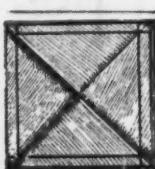
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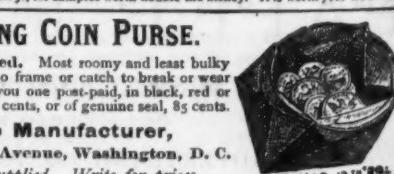
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PAT. MAR 12nd '89

STATIONERY

83

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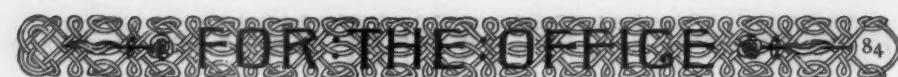
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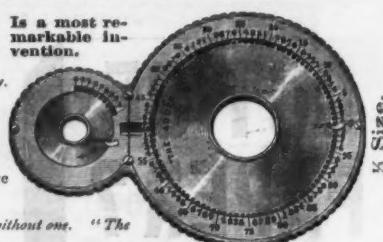
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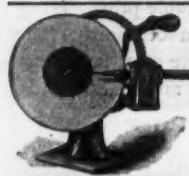
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85



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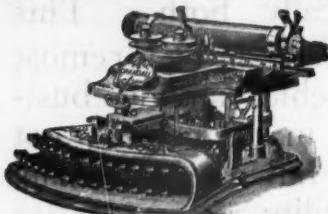
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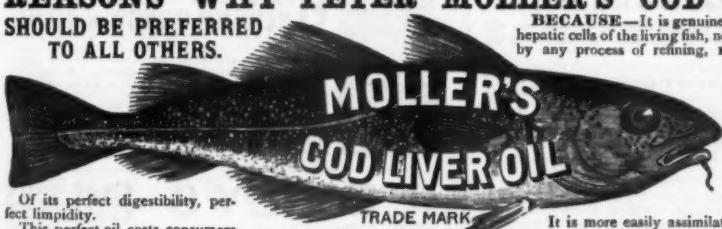


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FINANCIAL

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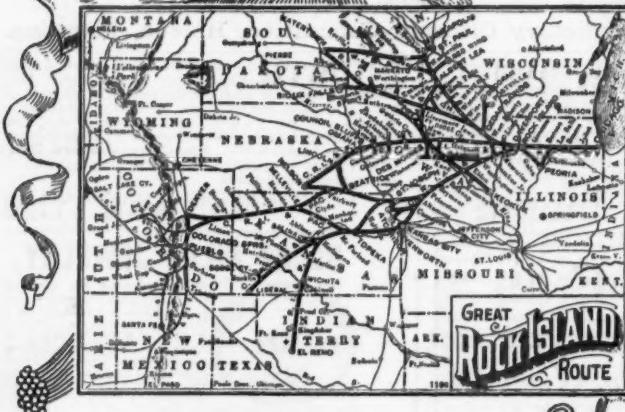
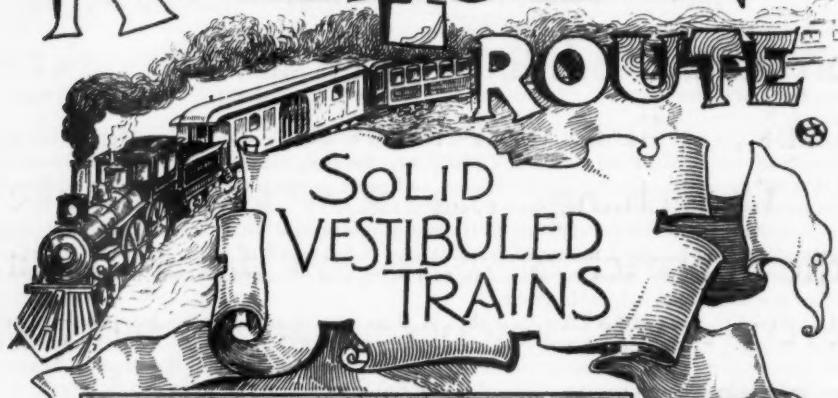
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